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may 1989

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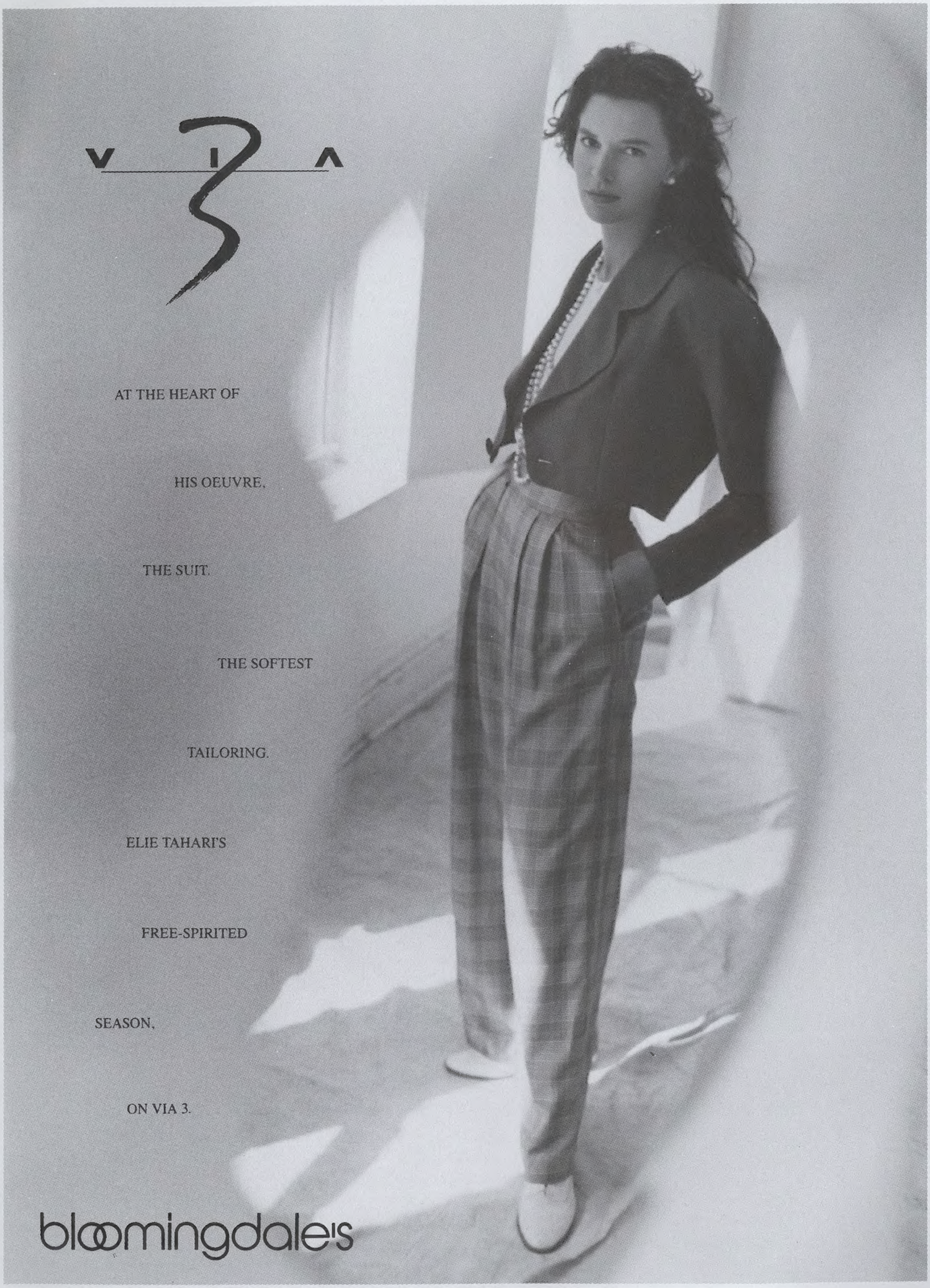

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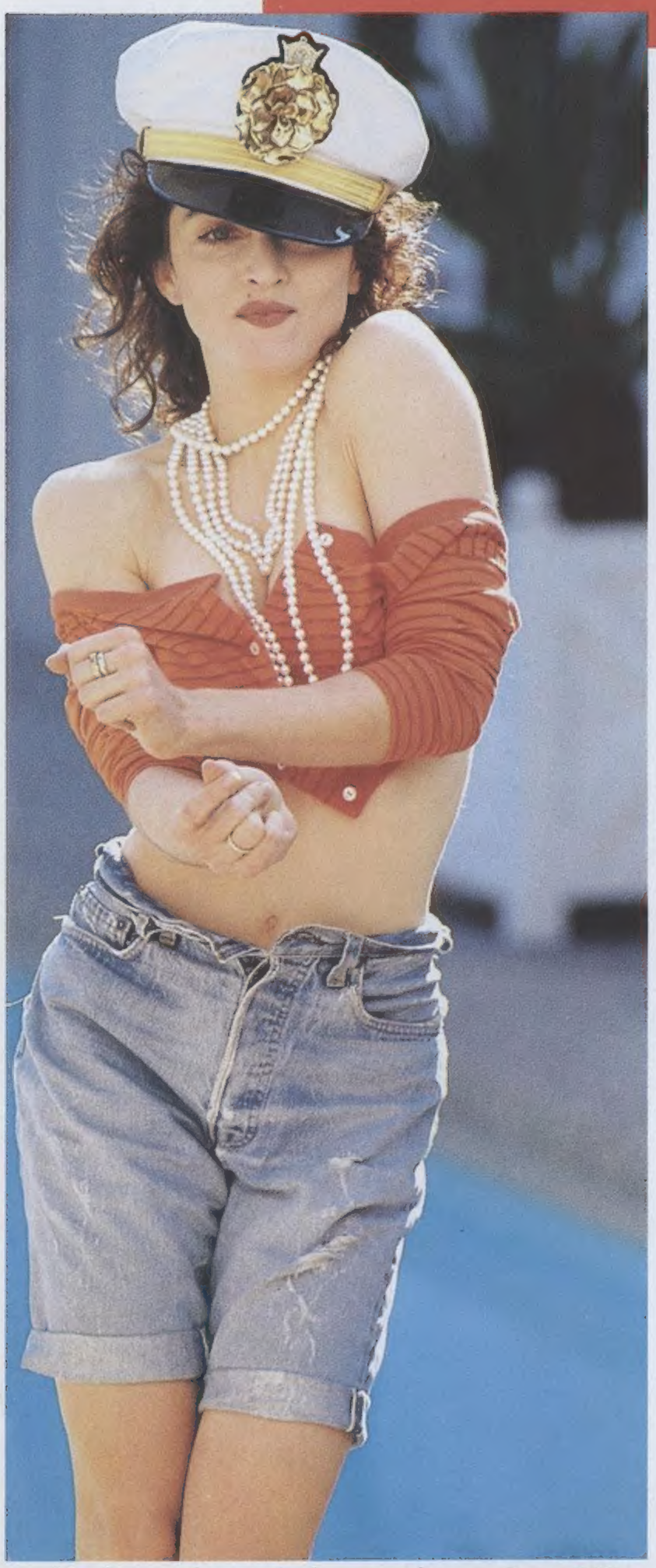

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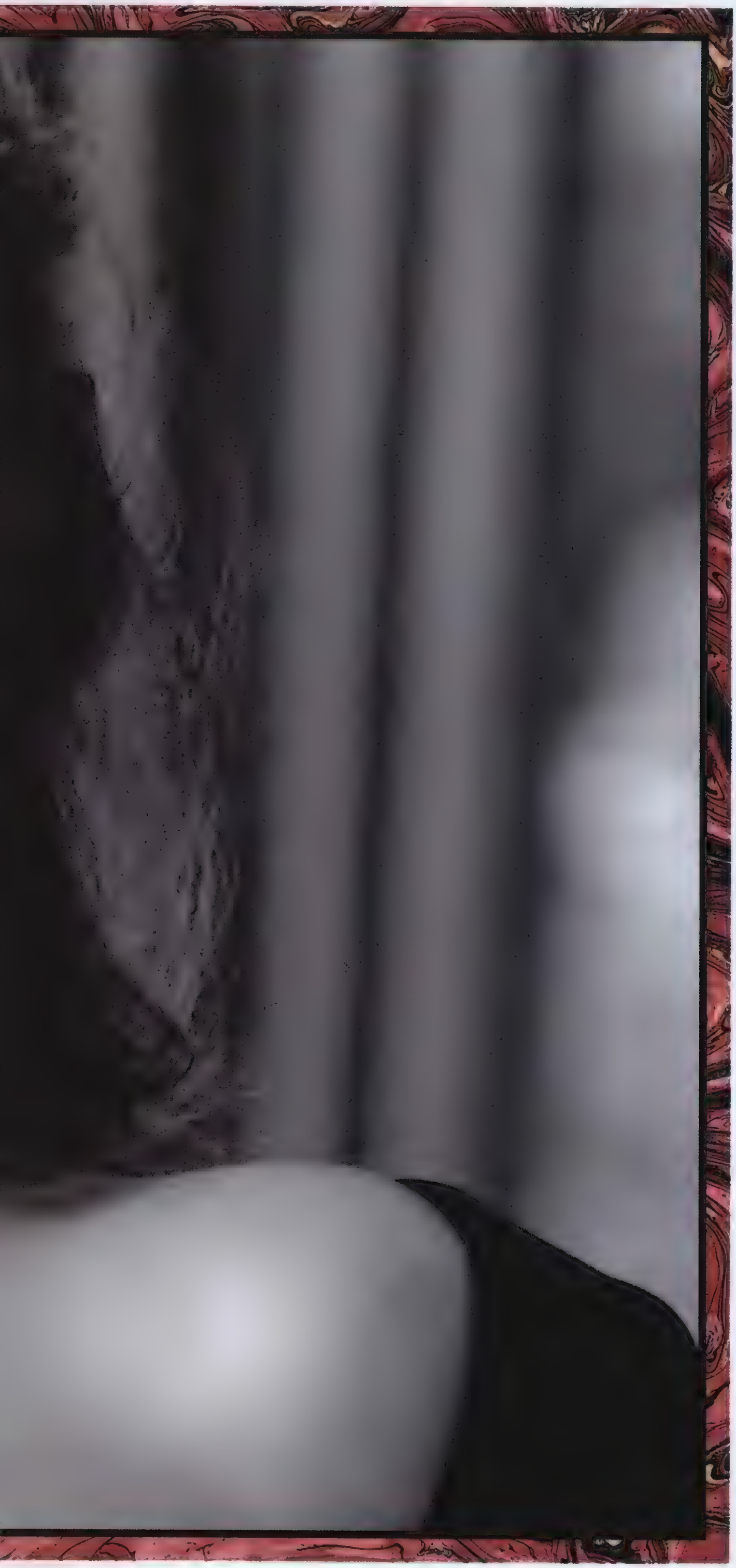

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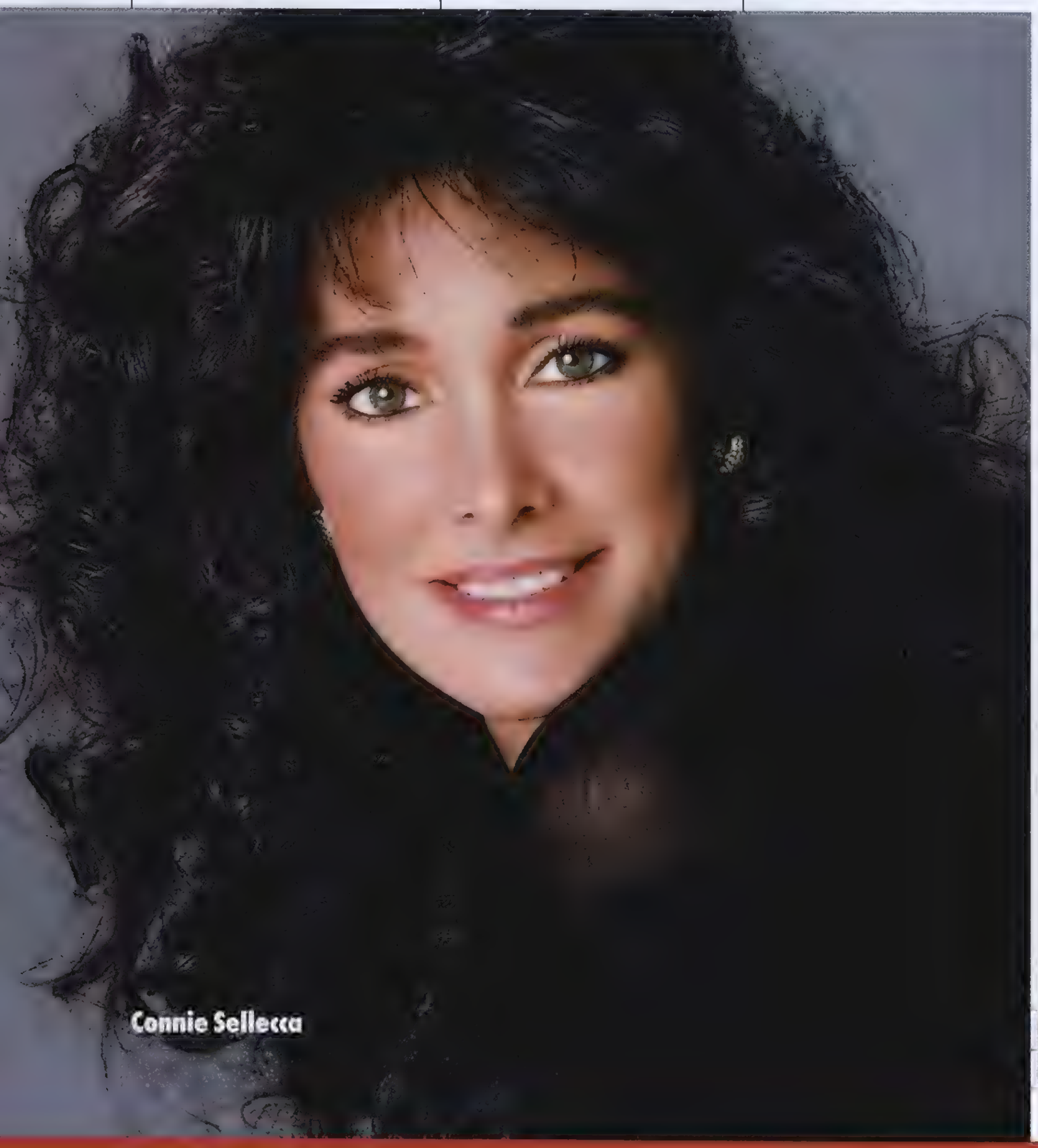

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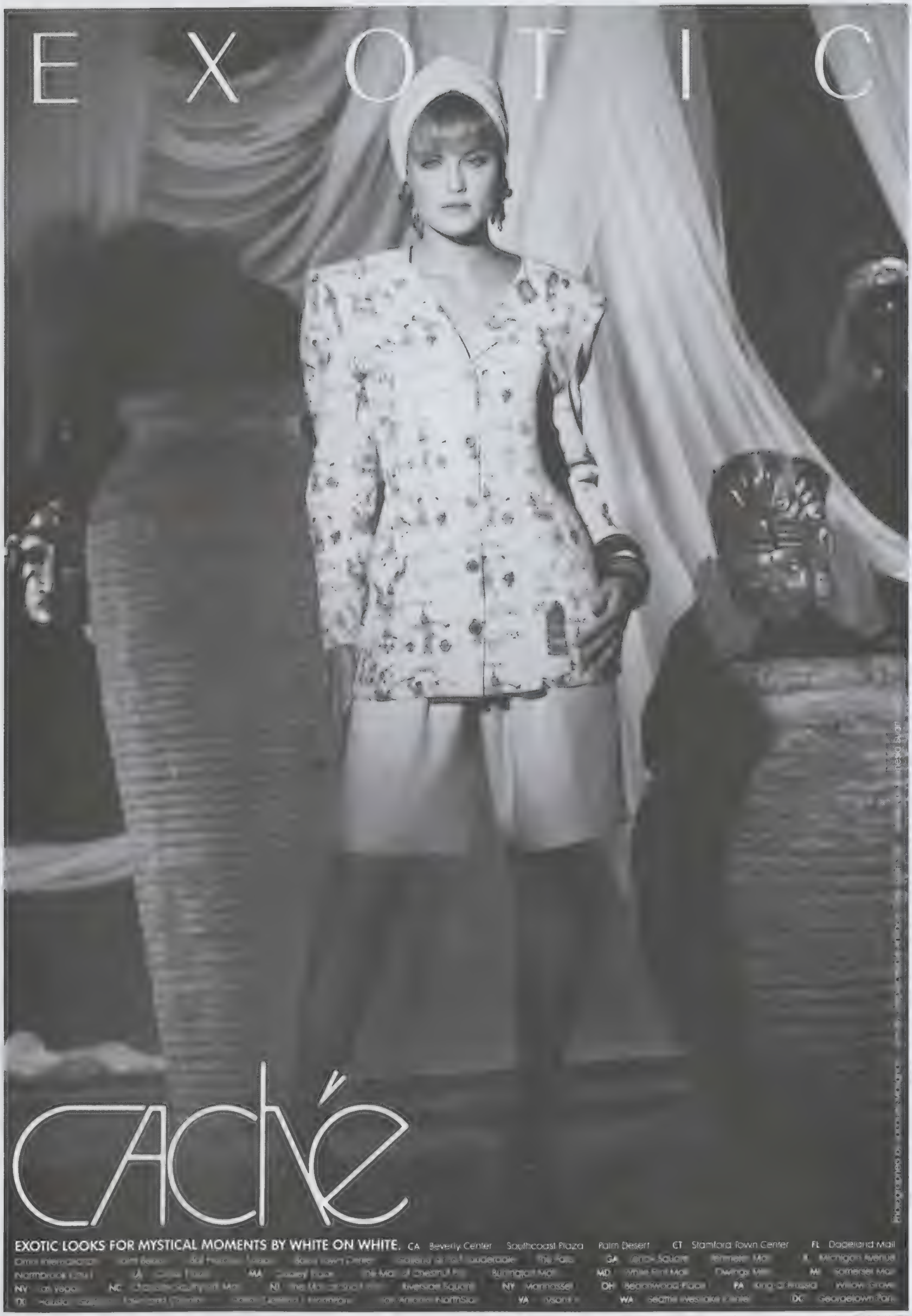
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Author Susan Sommers is an international fashion journalist and stylist and creative director for a prominent French cosmetic company. *French Chic* is hardbound, with 224 pages, 104 photos and 20 illustrations.

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Oberto Gili

"Being at Madonna's is like being at a radio station. There's music on all the time—mostly nonstop Madonna," says Oberto Gili, who spent a day photographing her house in the Hollywood Hills. "The architecture is very straightforward and simple, no fuss. She has no furniture—only a couch and two chairs. But those are really beautiful. And, of course, I loved all her boots."

Though Gili lives in New York City, he never spends more than two weeks there at a time. "Three weeks would drive me insane. In New York I have to share my life with my girlfriend's hysterical dachshund, the only dog I don't like. He has all the neuroses of the city." Luckily Gili's work takes him all over the world. He spends his spare time in the countryside of Central America or Mexico and especially loves his house in the Piedmont region of Italy, where he tends to his garden and plays with *his* three dogs. "One day, when I retire from photography, I'll really make my gardening into a business. Maybe next week."

Contributors ▶76

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bijan with his daughter alexandra and his wife tracy

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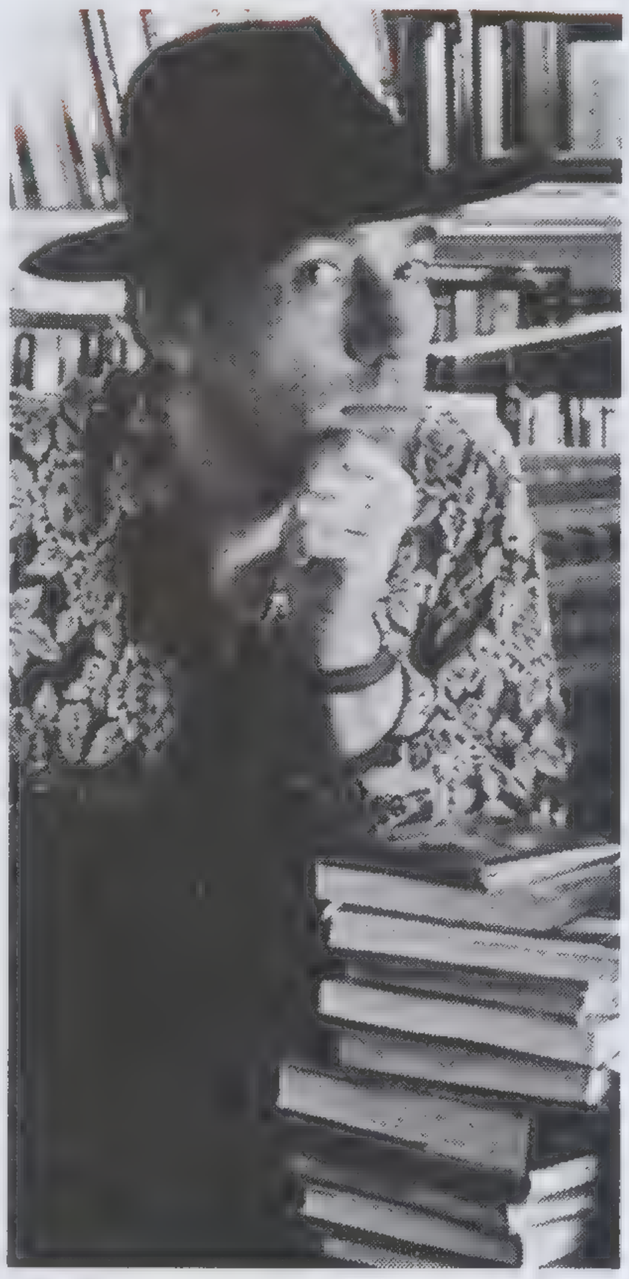

Simon Callow was working in the box office of a London theater when he first met Michael Gambon, the subject of his profile in this issue. Now a distinguished stage, film, and television actor in his own right, Callow recently directed *Shirley Valentine* on Broadway and published his second book, *Charles Laughton: A Difficult Actor.*

Asked how he manages three careers—acting, writing, and directing—Callow replies, "By the skin of my teeth. My craving to play different parts has transcended my job and taken over my life. Of all my occupations, acting is the healthiest and offers the most release; writing is the most difficult but offers the greatest possibility of actually getting it right; and directing is probably what I do best but least enjoy."

Jeffrey Steingarten

"When I go out to eat, I think I have a moral obligation to order things I detest or have never had," says Vogue's new food columnist, Jeffrey Steingarten. "And I always urge—or bribe—those I'm with to do so, too." Steingarten, a New York–based writer and lawyer, is a man who believes that the main purpose of food, after fuel, is pleasure, and that few people eat enough in amount or variety. His monthly contributions begin in this issue with a feature on food phobias—"a form of aesthetic blindness"—and his effort to eradicate them. "You could call me a healer of the tongue," he says. "Just last Thursday I cured someone's fish phobia. The man hadn't eaten fish in fifteen years."

Top: STEVE LYNE/ONYX; bottom: ANNE DAY

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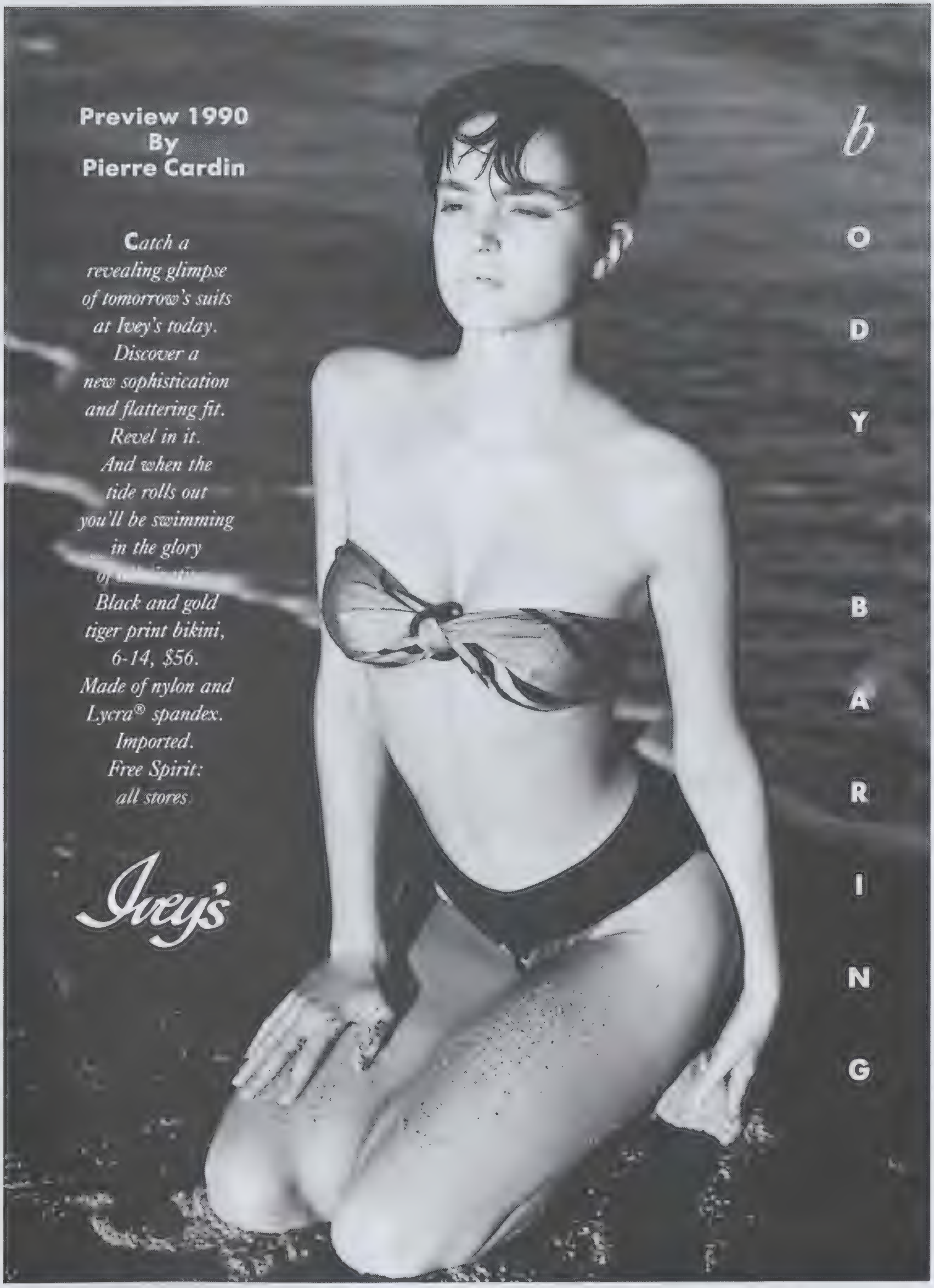

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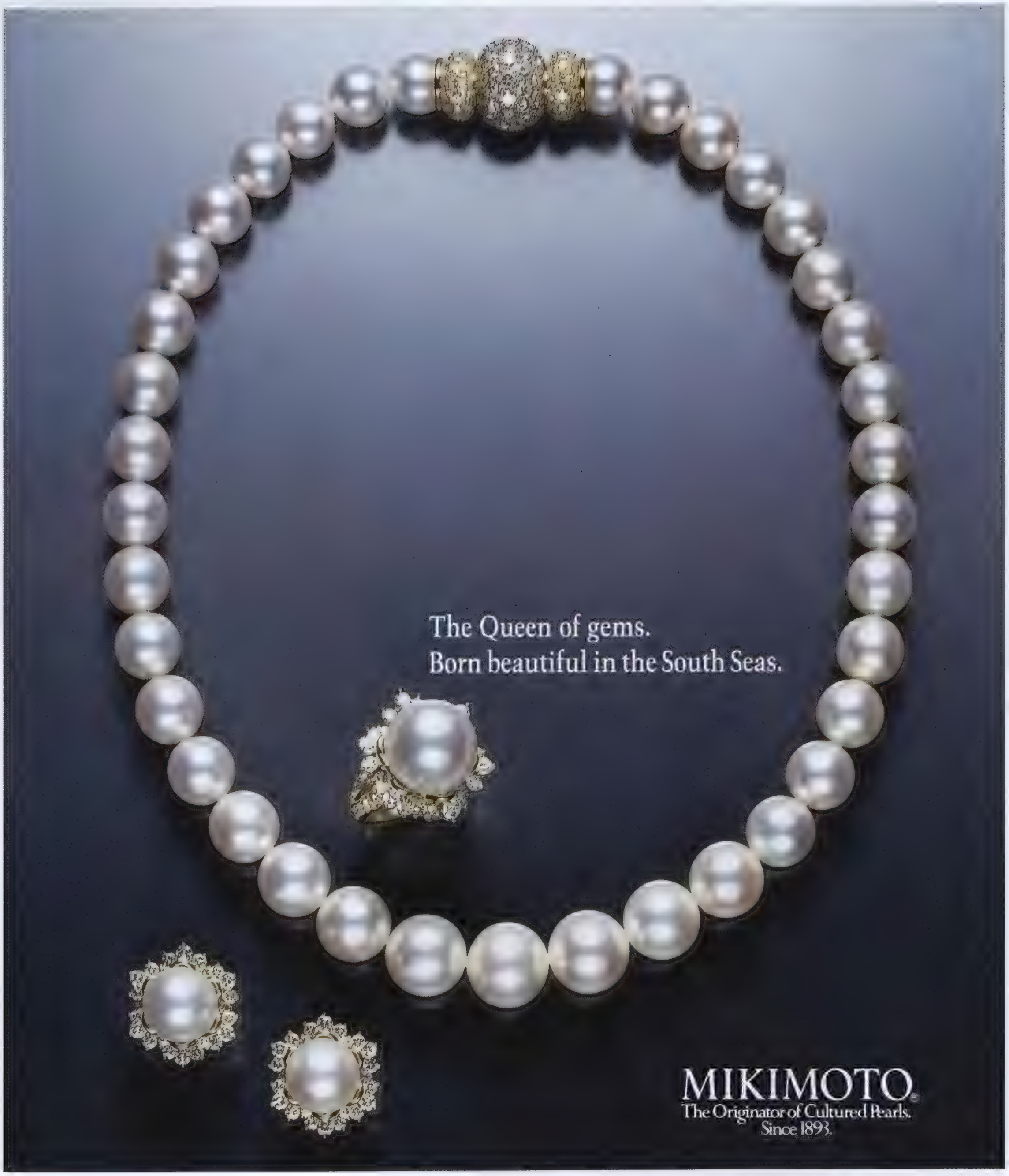

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GIVENCHY

BONWIT TELLER PARISIAN SAKOWITZ

Overseen and overheard

By Page Hill Starzinger

something borrowed, something new

Nancy Reagan may not be the only one to "borrow" ballgowns. Now, in New York City, One Night Stand stocks nine hundred designs that begin renting at about $250, for, say, a short, off-the-shoulder black velvet "diamond"-studded Scaasi; "sapphire" necklaces and earrings begin at $20. (A minimum rental of three nights is required.) A similar shop in Los Angeles, By Invitation Only, prides itself on long, frilly taffeta "Junior League" dresses, slinky beaded Hollywood extravaganzas, and mink coats. Though neither store will divulge clients' names, they include well-known models, actresses, socialites.... Polite all-night dinner parties are out. Discoing to seventies music in steamy boîtes is in, along with clothes that move, hair and makeup that stand up to the heat. Spotted at the hottest night spots: spare stretch bodysuits or cotton one-piece bathing suits that replace white T-shirts, flats that substitute for heels. Jewelry (except rings) gets left on the bureau. Hair that used to dangle in the face gets swept up into clean-looking ponytails or chignons.

bag ladies

Wacky handbags are the choice of stylish women in Milan and Manhattan. One woman was spotted with a bag shaped like a Mercedes hubcap slung over her shoulder. Another was seen carrying a legal-size leather-bound book—with an empty compartment inside (instead of pages)—as a briefcase. Designers seem to be picking up on the idea for spring: small navy-and-white striped clutches resemble candy boxes (Genny), navy leather totes look like shopping bags (Carolina Herrera).

paisley predictions

Once found only on dark, wintry wool challis scarves, paisley now appears where it's least expected. Bright and stylized, the pattern has a decidedly modern look. At Oleg Cassini, scanty bandeau-topped bikinis appear in hot-pink paisley with a navy background; at Byblos, paisley is large, red—decorating a long, fitted, scoop-neck yellow jacket....In the sixties, it was the Nehru jacket, in the seventies, Ravi Shankar. In the late eighties, culture points eastward again with a revival of anything remotely Middle Eastern. Perhaps inspired by Benazir Bhutto, prime minister of Pakistan, a version of the pink *dupatta* (shawl) she frequently wears was featured in Christian Lacroix's spring collection. Long, flowing Middle Eastern caftans with full, bell-shaped sleeves turn up at Isaac Mizrahi in ivory linen topped by Egyptian collars (wide, flat necklaces made of wooden beads). Geoffrey Beene mixes the ideas in a sheer dress with a wrapped and tied top and a long skirt; in polka-dotted hot-pink chiffon, it was a showstopper on the runway.

Warhol's fashion legacy

Andy Warhol got his start as a Pop artist by drawing shoe ads for I. Miller. And now the fashion world is cashing in on his celebrity status. Designers such as jeweler Stuart Freeman pay homage to Warhol with necklaces and bracelets made of miniature Campbell's soup cans, Coca-Cola bottles, and Brillo boxes. Downtown New Yorkers collect obviously fake Gucci and other brand-name T-shirts, bags, and belts to wear with a Pop sensibility. "A Vuitton T-shirt paired with biker shorts glorifies the idea of the designer logo just as Warhol elevated popular culture with his art," says Freeman. But some stores have taken the idea to an extreme, using Warhol's famous cow posters as backdrops for clothes and accessories that have nothing to do with Pop....The movie *Dangerous Liaisons*—and its steamy bedroom scenes—may have been released after designers manufactured their spring lingerie collections, but it's clear everyone's on the same wavelength. Young women are already wearing lingerie out at night—to restaurants and cafés. Loose white nightshirts edged in pale pink ribbon are tucked into jeans and worn with black ballerina flats. Cropped white corsets throw a new light on black stretch skirts.

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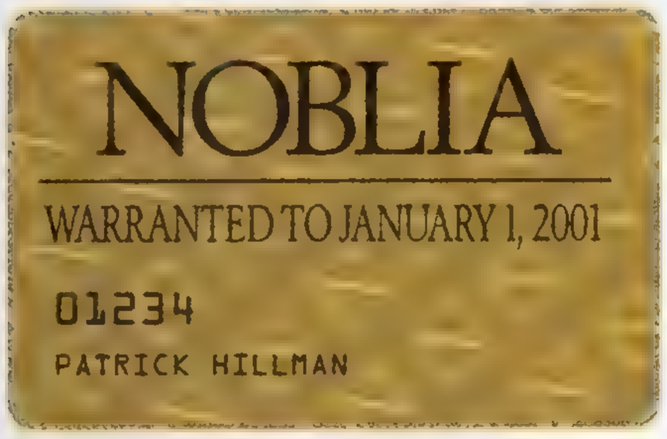

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MACY'S

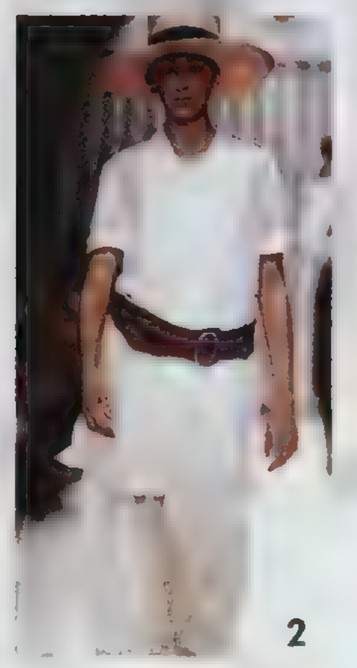
Editor: Laurie Schechter

the shirt circuit

Designers are taking liberties with the indispensable shirt

The shirt is like religion—it's part of the iconography that makes up fashion,'' says Isaac Mizrahi, the wizard of reinvention who turns a shirt into things it's never been before: a reversible jacket, a romper, an evening dress (''the longest shirt in the world''). And fashion religion it is to designers who build their collections around the basic shirt shape. Says Michael Kors: ''I always play with the shirt first because other ideas just seem to come off of it.'' His shirts take on the look and feel of accessories as they wrap and tie over jumpers or dresses. Nevertheless, shirt purists still prefer theirs traditional: ''I'm like Jay Gatsby,'' says writer Fran Lebowitz, owner of fifty Brooks Brothers shirts. She buys only cotton but says she is ''a little more flexible in the area of color'': her hoard includes white, blue, and ''lots of stripes.''

—LAURIE JAMES View ▶ 104



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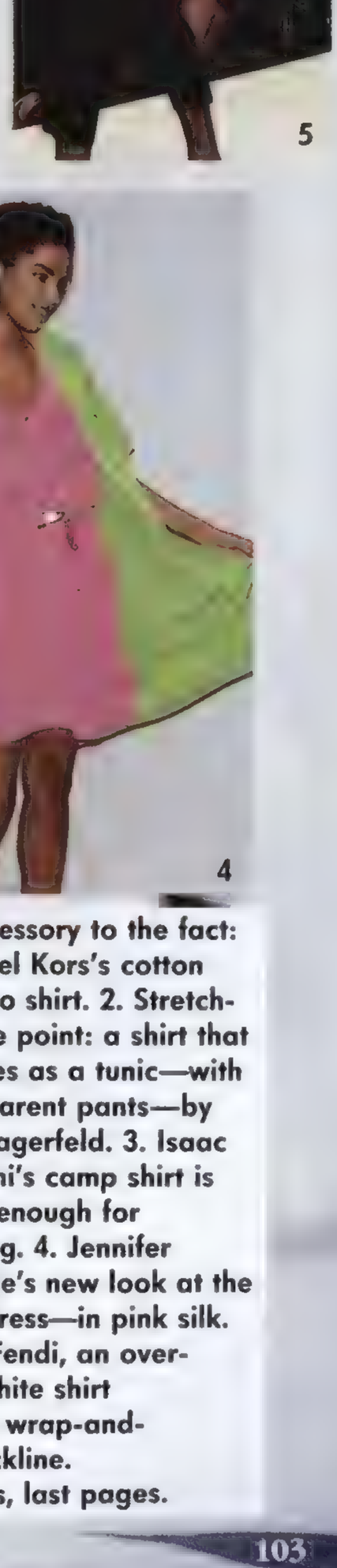

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1. Accessory to the fact: Michael Kors's cotton calypso shirt. 2. Stretching the point: a shirt that doubles as a tunic—with transparent pants—by Karl Lagerfeld. 3. Isaac Mizrahi's camp shirt is sheer enough for evening. 4. Jennifer George's new look at the shirt dress—in pink silk. 5. At Fendi, an oversize white shirt with a wrap-and-tie neckline. Details, last pages.

3

1, 4 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 2 GUY MARINEAU; 3 ARTHUR ELGORT, hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk; 5 LUCIO GERSI

fashion fidelity

Fashion insiders know where to turn for that perfect skirt or jacket. NINA MALKIN finds out why they keep going back for more

Squeals and kisses fill the air. Toes get trampled. Fistfights break out. And that's just outside. Inside, outrageous groupies, media gangs, paparazzi, superstars, and wanna-bes cram the 3,000-plus-capacity former meat market on the outskirts of Paris till there's no breathing space left. It could be a sold-out rock concert. Instead it's a typical Jean Paul Gaultier fashion show, where the audience always rivals the clothes.

Gaultier is a cult couturier in the extreme. On the flip side is a quieter, yet no less remarkable breed of cult designer who is celebrated not for flamboyance but for dependability. Though each member of this breed has carved a unique niche, they possess a common thread: a knack for transcending trends. Their followers—equally as loyal as their far more theatrical counterparts—share a bond as well: they're confident, independent women who, as Paul Smith says, "don't have to shout, 'Gosh, aren't I rich . . . aren't I stylish?' "

Isaia's micromini "sex skirts," which at first raised eyebrows, are now wardrobe staples. 1. The best-selling square-necked bodysuit in his signature cotton Lycra. 2. Isaia fans come back for his short skirts—and other lengths. 3. The simplest halter, a skirt with a wrapped look. 4. The designer himself (and his skin-tight jumper) laughs off the competition.

1-6,8,9 JACKIE NICKERSON; 7 THIERRY LESEBURE; 10 MONICA STEVENSON
Hair and makeup for photos 1-4: John DiCarlo. Hair and makeup for photos 5,6,8,9: Judith O'Connor

5

Isaia calls his fans "my cat girls—the vamps of the night; they've got the heads for it as well as the bodies"

Women literally flock to Paul Smith's twenty-four worldwide boutiques (he also sells to fifty-seven specialty stores) in droves—which is surprising, since he's a menswear designer. "It began at the Covent Garden shop with the wives and girlfriends of my customers," Smith recalls. Women such as singer Sade, model Hunter Reno, and actress Charlotte Rampling tune in to his personal involvement. "Sometimes they ring up and I answer the phone. They like the fact that the business isn't built on hype, that I'm down to earth, no prima donna."

But more than his personality, it's the clothes they're after. "Women like the boyishness and sense of humor," says Smith, who describes his clothes as "classical . . . with the unexpected": gray flannel sparked by electric blue stripes; a white shirt in Sea Island cotton, maybe with extrawide arms or flower-shaped buttons. His standards—the raincoat (which has changed in fabric and color but not in style through sixteen seasons), shirts, and vests—have become essential to both sexes, and Smith points out that his female fans have a talent for mixing his pieces, often with Chanel or Alaïa, or just a pair of jeans.

6

7

Devotees of Agnès B. have a similar flair, and she designs with them in mind. "I work for the woman who wants to look good but who also wants to appear as if she's more interested in art or literature than in fashion," Agnès explains. "I strive for ▶ 108

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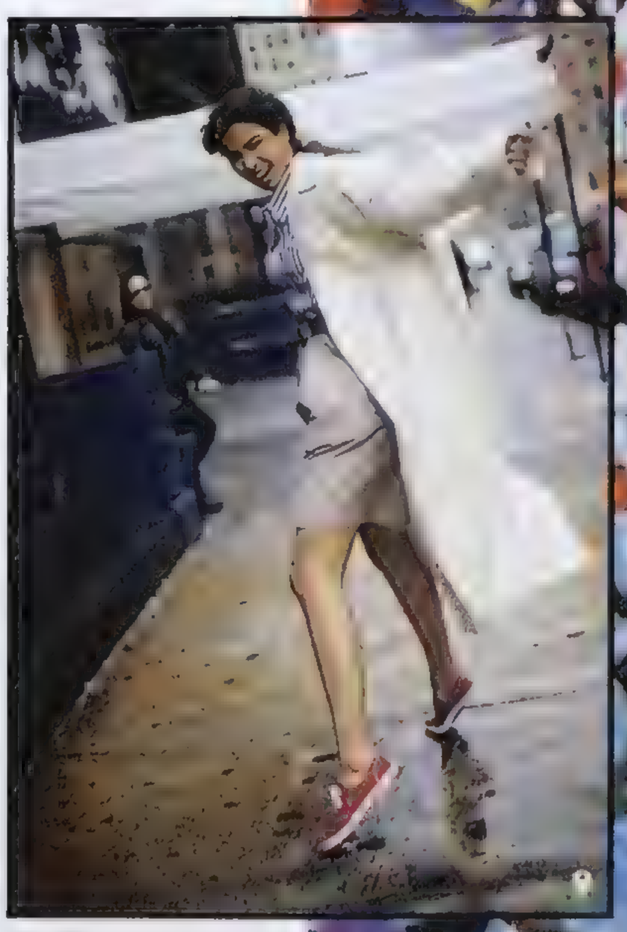

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Agnès B. reinvents the classics, again and again. 5. Her sailor-striped shirt, shortie shorts. 6. An ode to the French Revolution: tunic over cropped leggings. 7. Agnès B.: contemplating her next classical move. 8. Her vest is actually a jacket—here, in summery linen. 9. They may be men's clothes but women buy them: Paul Smith's trench, shorts, shirt. 10. A departure from his conservative striping: Smith's inspiration for this print came from *Sgt. Pepper*. Details, last pages.

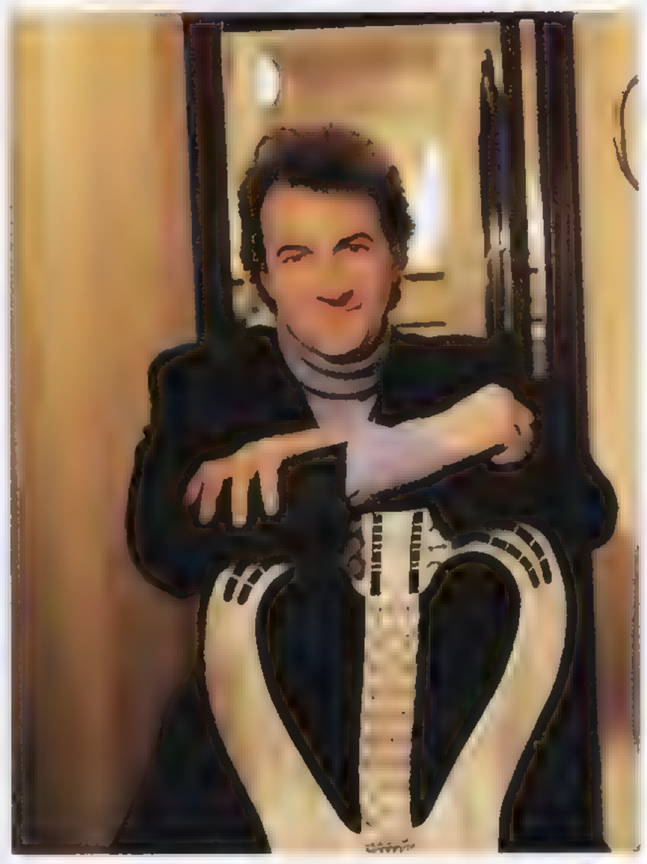
ADRIENNE VITTADINI

coherence and make clothes you can keep for a long time and wear with other things.'' No trace of anxiety on the faces of shoppers at her understated boutiques. They're sure to find exactly what they seek: that perfect shirt in cream or black, classic but not boring via contrasting stitching or a fine little print; a small, collarless leather jacket, free of flashy studs and buckles, defined instead by neat slash pockets and precise buttons. Effortlessly wearable basic skirts, but with a twist that comes from subtle texture or pleating.

Funny, but when Isaia first hit town, his sleek, snug cotton Lycra tube skirts, high-waisted leggings, and low-cut tank dresses were scandalously innovative; three years later, they're staples certain women can't get dressed without. He calls his fans ''my cat girls—the vamps of the night; they've got the heads for it as well as the bodies.''

For a cult designer, Isaia has an unexpectedly broad customer base. In Los Angeles he's stocked not only by the ultraexclusive Gallay, but by M.G.A., a jeans store. And though Barneys New York and Fiorucci attract different clienteles, Isaia's designs (those in black outdo colorful versions by three to one) fly out of both. Stripped-down and uncontrived, Isaia's pieces hold their incredible shape on the hanger, so aficionados, no matter what their age or tax bracket, know just how they'll look on the body. Another sign of his cult status: the relentless cloning of his designs by envious manufacturers. But true Isaia addicts will accept no substitutes.

While Go Silk's jumpsuits, shirts, and trousers are much more conservative and classic than Isaia's sexy cotton Lycra pieces, their appeal, ironically, is the same. Go Silk gives the daintiest of fabrics a suedelike, rugged quality; every piece is worry-free and travel-ready. Customers, from Yoko Ono to Jackie Onassis, ''want clothes they can be somewhat anonymous in,'' according to director of sales John Badum. ''It's a relief to plop something on and know you look good . . . and then, of course, buy that Hermès Grace Kelly bag to go with it.''



Paul Smith: far from his fanatical fans

Acquiring cult status certainly has its advantages. Norma Kamali's legions of faithful customers come back, for better or for worse, as if they'd shared wedding vows. ''I make clothes that have a long life,'' she says. ''In fact, I sell some styles for many years.'' The flight jumpsuit, sleeping-bag coat, and prom dress in many different fabrics are perennials that helped keep Kamali in business through union struggles two years ago.

Being the center of such adulation, however, can have curious disadvantages. Isaia showed his current collection in mustard, raisin, and olive green. ''Where's the black?'' more than one disgruntled fan demanded. ''The black stuff *is* addictive. It's a security blanket color and it sells like white bread,'' says Isaia, who cites Cher and Carly Simon among his fans. ''In a way I'm a prisoner of my own success. Just once, I'd love to do an alpaca coat!''

View ▶ 112

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Hamilton Hodge's accessories for De Vecchi combine old-world craftsmanship with modern sophistication

Hamilton Hodge draws on nature for inspiration and European know-how for quality. 1. His stenciled calfskin bag. 2. A silk clutch with wooden handle. 3. The woven leather purse; raffia and leather—in a belt. 4. A molded leather bag. 5. Hodge: a "country boy" with city sense. 6. A raffia-and-leather tote stands alone. Details, last pages.

A shorthand description of Hamilton Hodge might be something like "Renaissance man of accessories": he designs bags, belts, scarves, gloves, and jewelry. Hodge also deserves that Renaissance tag because of the way he works. In Modena, Italy, along with a small army of artisans, Hodge is involved in every aspect of his work—from carving the wooden frames for his handbags to sculpting molds for his jewelry.

Hodge's first-class training may have contributed to his mania for quality goods. A native of North Carolina, Hodge did design stints at Donna Karan, Ferragamo, and Bottega Veneta. With that exalted fashion background, it's no wonder the thirty-three-year-old started his own line with the best materials and workmanship. His first collection—De Vecchi by Hamilton Hodge—premiered last fall in the United States.

What ties Hodge's diverse accessories ▶ 118

1-4 CONSTANCE HANSEN; 5 CHRIS SANDERS; 6 ELLEN BURNIE

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has changed from stripes to solids.*

loved at 273 North Rodeo Drive is just the same, from the beautiful fashions to the personal service. And now his blockbuster new fragrance 273 is available only from the store or by calling 1-800-27-27--273. Which is a very solid reason for stopping by.

Fred Hayman and FRED HAYMAN Beverly Hills are no longer associated with Giorgio Beverly Hills, Inc. © 1989 Fred Hayman Beverly Hills

together is his sense of design: he mixes the primitive with the highly sophisticated. Asked about influences, Hodge says he's a "country boy" and rattles off a list of natural shapes: fossils, shells, bones. A handbag or jewelry inspired by nature may seem farfetched, but that's exactly what Hodge has created—a bag modeled after a tortoise shell, a chain necklace that uses the flexible mechanics of snake vertebrae.

These unique accessories require the handiwork of old-world craftsmen, and Hodge takes a great deal of pride in being able to maintain their traditions. However, he says, it sometimes takes all the power of his southern charm and a great deal of coaxing to bring about the necessary "marriage of old and new sensibilities." Only Hodge would give artisans who traditionally weave straw a new task: to braid a two-hundred-yard-long strip of leather into a handbag. Each and every production step is equally labor intensive. Bags are all hand-finished. Leathers are colored with vegetable dye instead of paint. All the jewelry and hardware, right down to the most minute hinges, are Hodge-designed. Though he savors the traditional, Hodge is not against exploiting modern technology. To create an evening bag with a fiberglass frame, he worked with casting experts at the Ferrari design studio. Although the bag has a lacquerlike finish, it is as hard as a rock; it could be, says Hodge, "a formidable weapon."

Classic colors are what Hodge is all about. Top to bottom: His triangle-shaped bag is a rich, timeless red suede. Reptile style: the alligator shoulder bag; a lizard clutch dressed with gold clasp. Details, last pages.

The prices of these accessories reflect the cut-no-corners way they're made. Leather bags start at $230; a version in alligator can escalate to $4,000. A steep figure—but not for an accessory made, as Hodge intends, "to be treasured for years."

Though surrounded by traditional craftsmen, Hodge is aware of the current fashion picture. Frequent trips to Paris, New York, and Tokyo give him a vision of the city woman, and he designs accordingly. But there is a limit to how far he'll follow fashion. A handbag in acid-green leather will never bear Hodge's De Vecchi label. It would only be worn for one season, and that "wouldn't make much sense at $800, would it?" ▼ View ▶ 120

CONSTANCE HANSEN.

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Mon Parfum
Mon rouge

Paloma Picasso

knockout clothes

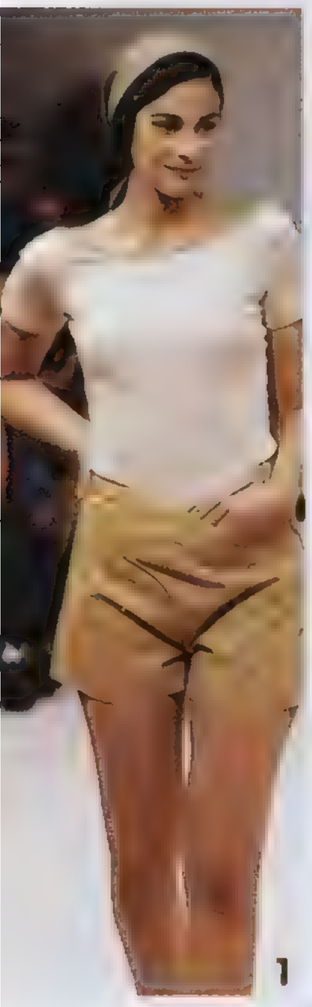
Boxing style comes out swinging with robes and shorts to hook the avant-garde

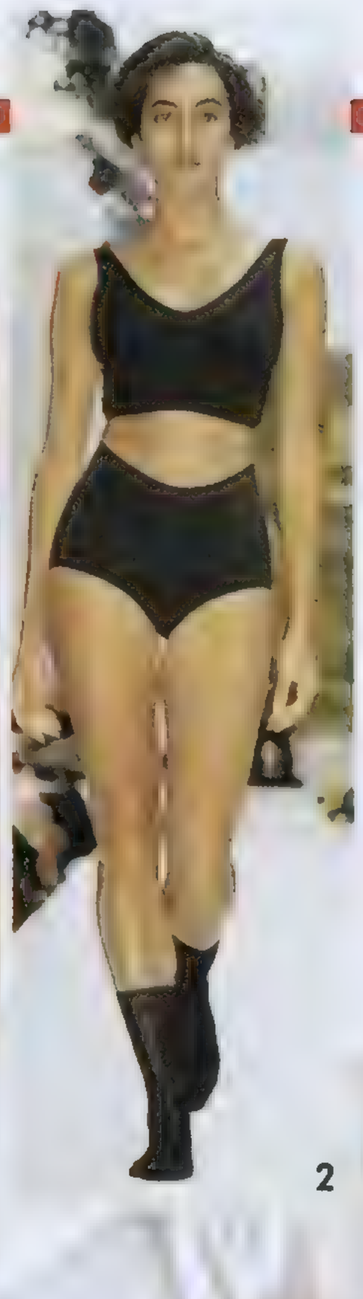
The Greeks did it without a ring. The Romans turned it into a bloody spectacle. And today televised bouts bring it right into our living rooms. Boxing, which until this century was an illegal sport, has even captured the fickle heart of fashion lovers. The satiny shorts and robes once reserved for champions now fly off clothing racks faster than you can count down from ten.

Across the Atlantic, Parisians have already found ways to incorporate boxing style into the arts. Last February, avant-garde choreographer Régine Chopinot premiered *K.O.K.*, a humorous, slow-motion ballet that mimicked a boxing match; the costumes were designed by Jean Paul Gaultier. His four versions of the boxing shorts (not to be confused with men's boxer shorts, which also take their name from the sport) ranged from faux pony-skin bermudas to a codpiece slipped over striped leggings. Designers Sybilla and Dolce & Gabbana sent similar shorts—and booties—down the runway this spring.

Back home, stores such as New York's Paragon Sporting Goods cannot stock enough of the real Everlast shorts for boxers and fans. Though pros prefer sedate black or blue with white trim, amateurs gravitate toward garish purple and orange—for the beach or dance floor. But both fighters and fashion fans have the same objective, says Dennis Clancy, customer service manager of Everlast. Pulling on satin shorts after a day in sweatpants feels "like Cinderella going to the prom." —**KRYSIA BURNHAM**

View ▶ 126





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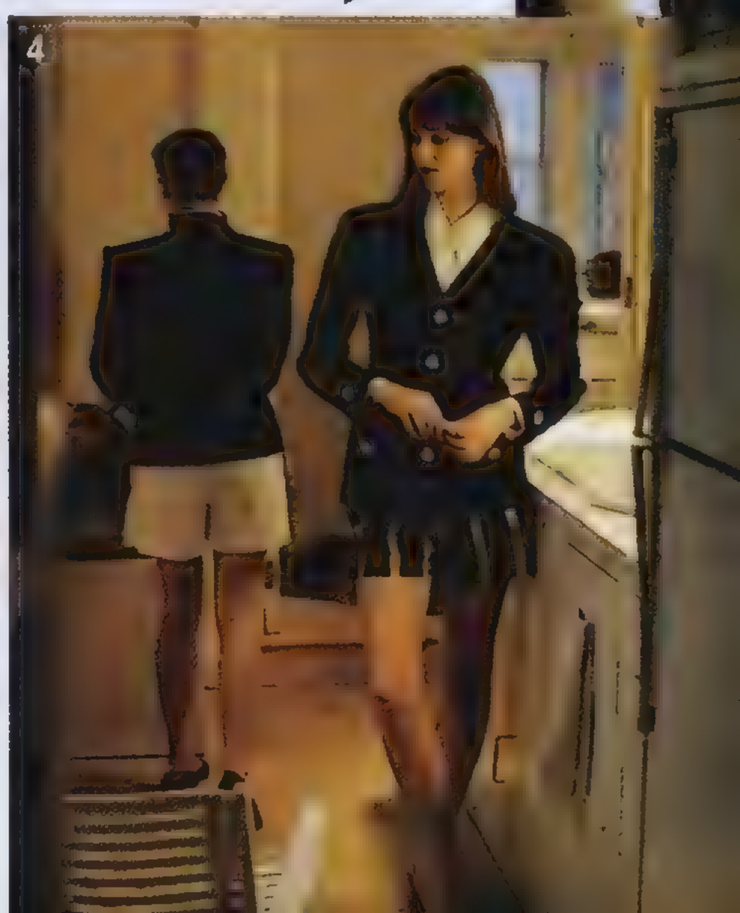
Hitting above—and below—the waist: 1. Sybilla's shorts, T-shirt. 2. Dolce & Gabbana take shorts and a cropped top out of the gym. 3. Uniform of champions: Ralph Lauren's silk coat, real boxing shorts by Everlast, Mimi Loverde undershirt. 4. Boxer shorts are named after fighters' trunks. Left: Ralph Lauren shorts, Norma Kamali jacket. Right: Striped trunks by Derek Rose, Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. jacket, Norma Kamali shirt.



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1, 2 GUY MARINEAU; 3 MICHAEL ROBERTS; 4 ELLEN BURNIE; 5 ARTHUR ELGORT. 3 Hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Leslie Lopez. 4 Hair and makeup, Wayne Nyberg

5. Boxing meets dance in Gaultier's costumes for K.O.K. Above, left to right: Parisian choreographer Regine Chopinot and dancers [illegible]-Hugues [illegible] Joseph [illegible], and Lee Black. Details, last pages.

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experimenting with jeans

Designer jeans, once the staple of the seventies, now enter their second generation

1

2

*Today's designer jeans are significantly different from the "Calvins" and Calvin-copycat designs that came between consumers and some $700 million at the height of their popularity in 1981. Novel fabrics—stiff, shiny taffeta, sequined Lycra, and basic cotton poplin—and an easier fit have stripped them of their seam-popping, disco tackiness.

"These aren't the same thing as the skintight numbers women used to wear with high heels," observes Patricia Clyne, whose white poplin jeans with black stitching are more likely to bag than bind. "I love the way the baggy jeans look. They're earthy, but the stitching gives them sophistication." And sophistication and elegance are just what new jeans have when worn with a jacket, strings of pearls, or western boots. Such creative tampering with standard jeans has resulted in a new generation of versatile designs that circulate freely from offices to nightclubs. Says Clyne: "They can be casual or very uptown-looking. It's a matter of style." —**TRICIA PARKER**

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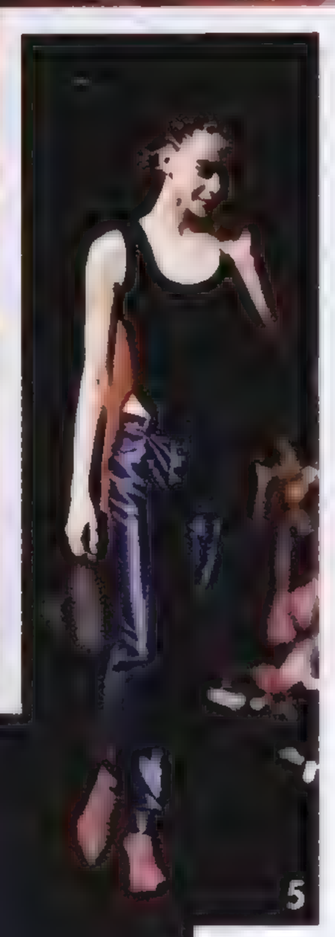
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Upping the new jean frequency: 1. Jeans in navy silk and viscose by Gianfranco Ferre, worn with his white pyramid blouse. 2. Second-generation Ultrasuede: Michael Leva's slim beige jeans. 3. Black-tie jeans—in sequins—go well with a shiny Mercedes T-shirt. Both by St. Martin. 4. At poolside, Patricia Clyne's cotton bra and easy-fitting jeans. 5. Straight from the hip: by Gaultier in silk. 6. The basics: cotton jeans, a white cotton blouse, a leather jacket by Gianni Versace. Details, last pages.

1, 3, 4 JACKIE NICKERSON; Hair and makeup, Judith O'Connor. 5, 6 GUY MARINEAU; 2 ERNEST SCHMATOLLA

"It had been staring at me from the window for, I don't know, a month I guess. Every day, walking to and from work, I'd see it. And every time I'd think to myself, 'Oh, someday. Someday when I've really got something to celebrate.' And then, yesterday, I finally realized.... I realized that this gold necklace was something to celebrate, all by itself. I think it's that beautiful. The way it looks around my neck is just that perfect. And really, how often do you get to feel that way?"

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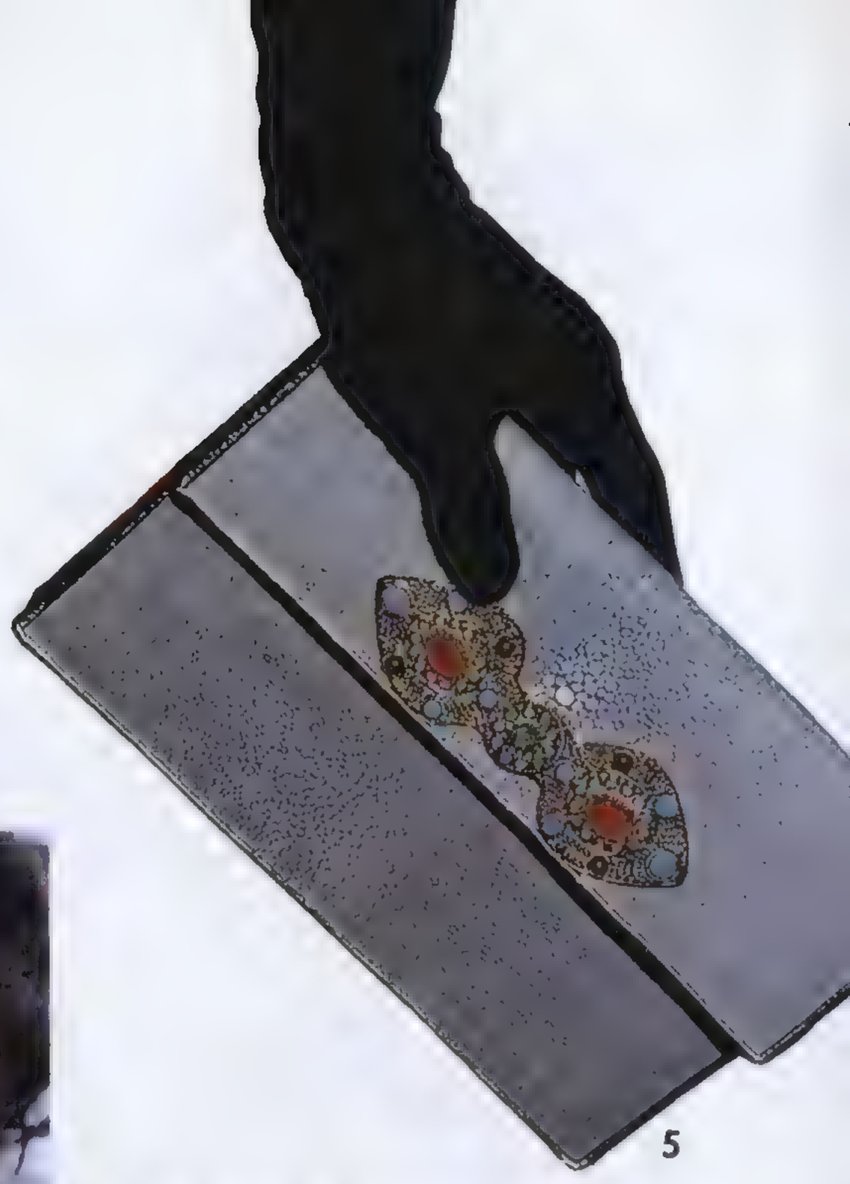
Editor: Candy Pratts Price

cream of the crop

Hot-weather accessories and home designs are no longer meant to be just passing fancies



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1. The wrap of luxury: an ivory shawl in woven cashmere, by Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC.
2. Art Deco clock, lamp, and cigar box of polished shark-skin shagreen, all from Linda Horn, NYC.
3. Graceful aging: bracelets in cracked white wood by Brett W. Lewis, NYC; antique ivory from Harry Neufeld; and African horn from Craft Caravan.
4. Sewing box, mirror, pen tray, and opera glasses in mother-of-pearl, all from Julian Graham-White, NYC.
5. A look of shagreen: a clutch with a jeweled closing, for the Chanel couture collection. Details, last pages.

Summer is often considered a throwaway season. Accessories are generally inexpensive, spare, utilitarian, and not expected to last beyond Labor Day. But times are changing.

Hard-to-find shagreen, once used for the handles of samurai swords, suddenly resurfaces to decorate a jeweled clutch or an Art Deco lampshade. Warm cream colors add richness to a bunch of bangles and an extralong cashmere shawl. Mother-of-pearl, favored by the Victorians, is turning up again in designs for the desk and dressing table.

1,3 ELLEN BURNIE. Hair and makeup, Wayne Nyberg
2,4 JON JENSEN. 5 ROXANNE LOWIT.

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news

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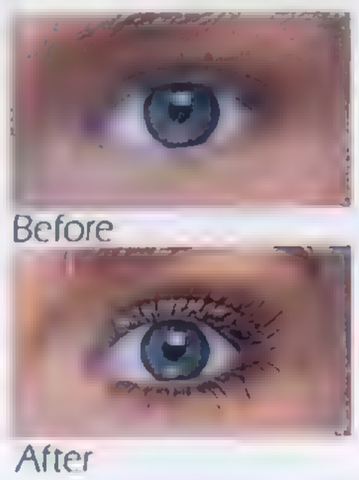

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LANCÔME
PARIS

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Editor: Shirley Lord

spa-in-store

Department stores are offering a full range of top-to-toe spa services. PEGGY ORENSTEIN investigates

Californians practice relaxation with the militancy of religion.

While our compatriots in the East and Midwest are pondering whether they dare pack away their sweaters and are noting with horror that their marshmallow-white bodies have swelled to fit the contents of their Michelin Man down jackets, we crack open another bottle of local Chablis, shimmy into one of our many swimsuits, and thank the stars for our good fortune and good weather. Perhaps the only culture here is in the yogurt, but when the life of the body is so rich, we don't seem to mind about that.

There are two new altars of luxury that are drawing the California faithful these days. The first, centered in the wine region of Sonoma County, involves immersing oneself for an hour at a time in molten sawdust in an effort to remove corporeal impurities. I confess that I have cheerfully leapt naked into hot tubs with strangers, and have willingly rolled around in the mud of nearby Calistoga with a bunch of health-food fascists, all in the pursuit of the body beautiful. But I do draw the line somewhere. I will have none of this pulp romance. Sawdust, I am sure, would turn up for months, lodged in unexpected crevices, like Christmas needles.

I thought the spa on the top floor of downtown San Francisco's glittering new Nordstrom's might be more to my liking. Nordstrom's is the first specialty store on the West Coast to offer a full spa on the premises. Other stores have paid lip service to the nation's craving for spas to be more accessible: Bloomingdale's in Manhattan offers some skin and body treatments at a new Estée Lauder loge floor location (in addition to Lauder's impressive counter space on the ground floor), but, to date, only Nordstrom's offers a full spa roster of services both in and out of the water. Considering its success—it took me two weeks to get an appointment—I expect more stores, from Saks to K-Mart, will soon be installing water-sluicing apparatus and madly hiring masseurs.

To get to Nordstrom's Shangri-la, I had to ride a spiral escalator, first up through four floors of the San Francisco Centre's boutiques, then on and up through four more floors of Nordstrom's itself. I ▶ 146

Wrapped in luxury: towel by Descamps, necklace from Jay Feinberg. Details, last pages.

WAYNE MASER. Hair, Eric Gabriel for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Maria de Schneider. Photographed at the Copacabana Palace

passed hosiery (I made a mental note to buy some—much needed—on the way down). I passed a pianist, tickling the ivories of a Steinway grand near the women's party dresses (I'm going to a wedding next month, maybe after the spa I'd swing by). I passed shoes (saw some amazing black-and-blue pumps I decided I had to check out). By the time I made it to the top floor, the store hadn't sold me on the spa, but it had sold me nearly everything else.

I was nervous as I walked through the swinging glass doors into the ambient light and neo-Roman decor of the spa. I was suddenly worried that my Levis and wild, curly hair didn't fit the surroundings. (I'd shaved my legs three times in the past two days in an attempt at sophistication.)

Although an amazing variety of treatments are available, I was there for a five-hour-long scalp-to-sole marathon, unimaginatively listed as a Day Spa visit. Everyone I met there asked sweetly if the session was a gift.

I was there for a five-hour-long scalp-to-sole marathon, the Day Spa visit

I was assigned a personal guide named Mary, a tall woman with prodigious biceps, dressed in antiseptic white, who exchanged my clothes for a hedonistic terry-cloth robe. She then sat me on a banquette for a "complimentary footbath."

It was vaguely embarrassing to have someone kneeling before me with a pitcher and basin, especially someone who, about my own age (late twenties), seemed like someone I might enjoy meeting at a party.

The next step was thalassotherapy—in layman's terms, a bath. Mary led me to a subtly lit room containing a deep tub with forty Jacuzzi jets and numerous water taps labeled "feet," "hips," "spine," and so on. Mary asked me if I preferred the water spiked with a calming or stimulating bath essence. I chose stimulating (I wanted to stay awake), and it was.

As I soaked, I wondered whether Mary could tell I'd lied when I'd told her I swam every day. I'd *like* to swim every day, which I've always felt should count for something. Mary started turning on the labeled taps, and each one scored a bull's-eye on the corresponding body part. It was ecstasy. As the pummeling grew stronger, I contemplated forgoing the rest of the treatments and staying put.

But Mary was in charge, and an hour-long body massage was next, performed on a padded, *warmed* table by—guess who? None other than Mary herself, who, as she lay full force into my shoulder muscles and shook out my limbs, began to appear like the kindest, most understanding person I had ever met.

Lunch was next and I was ready. In order to get to the spa for my 11:00 A.M. Sunday appointment (it's open Monday through Friday, 9:00 A.M. to 7:00 P.M.; Saturday, 9:45 A.M. to 5:15 P.M.; Sunday 10:15 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.), I'd had to skip breakfast, and it was now ▶ 148

bring on the rays

Sun protection is no longer exclusive to skin protection. The most damaging ultraviolet rays to the eyes are UVB, also responsible for sunburn and blistering. Recent studies show that chronic exposure to UVB rays can contribute to the development of cataracts. "I've seen extremely painful cases of snow blindness—a condition where the cornea is literally sunburned—resulting from people not wearing sunglasses with UVB protection," notes Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., attending eye surgeon, Manhattan Eye, Ear & Throat Hospital, NYC.

It's not the color of the lens that conveys how well sunglasses guard against UV light. In fact, clear lenses, if properly coated, provide UV protection. (Designer shades, among them Lacroix's fruity ovals, Picasso's black-and-red cat eyes, now come with colorless, UV-protection lenses.) Sunglasses stamped "absorbs UV up to 400 nanometers" offer the best defense.

Lavender shades, above, from Cutler & Gross; right, tortoiseshell frames by Montana for Mikli.

Top: ARTHUR ELGORT. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. *Bottom:* MONICA STEVENSON. Details, last pages

bonfire on the vanity

The language of science, the look of art, and a new kind of luxury at the cosmetic counters

does anyone remember the quiet world of her mother's dressing table? A magical forest of silver and crystal, a place made for daydreaming?

Chances are you don't even have a vanity now. There's not enough room; there's no time to daydream. Well aware of the changes in women's lifestyles, cosmetic companies have been doing backflips trying to create packaging that will lure you to their own dressing tables in stores.

Something changed in beauty marketing while we were growing up. It started innocently enough. Women were becoming more educated, so it seemed a good idea to take an intellectual approach to sales. Clinique introduced the notion of skin care and makeup as science and put its saleswomen into crisp white lab coats.

This simple idea spawned myriad skin-care products with scientific prefixes and cryptic numbers. Do we really know how Revlon's Respirar 0_2 line "aerobicizes" the skin? Of course we want our skin to be clean, moist, and protected, but do we really need to consult the periodic table of elements to select a simple jar of moisturizer?

Other marketers have turned to numerology in choosing names for beauty products. One of the more amusing entries is Max Factor's 2000 Calorie mascara, which conjures up the right image for lashes that are lush and plentiful, but wouldn't be so great for a lipstick. Fred Hayman, the whiz who created the Giorgio Beverly Hills fragrance, is counting on our connecting with the number 273, the name of his new scent and also the address of his Rodeo Drive boutique. While you may think it sounds more like a phone exchange, Chanel No. 5 probably sounded odd at first, too.

The thinking in cosmetic packaging is a can-they-top-this proposition: moisturizer as "caviar," complete with its own spoon (La Prairie's Skin Caviar; Ultima II's Megadose)...credit card–slim compacts (Revlon, Max Factor, Maybelline)... lipstick in the shape of lips (Salvador Dalí's line, expected here soon)... perfume in the shape of a cigarette lighter (BiC)—a seemingly endless parade of new packages for age-old products.

And when marketers run out of ways to reinvent the package, they remold the product itself. Pressed powders are sculpted into everything from quilts (Chanel's Ombre Couture) and miniature balls (Guerlain's Meteorites) to unearthed gems (Princess Marcella Borghese's Gems of Italy); ribbons of color are swirled into clear, see-through mascaras (Revlon's Sheer Tints) and skin-care products (Germaine Monteil's Infusion Triple Action Firmer).

Do these packaging innovations define the shape of things to come? Certainly some deserve to be models for the future. Shiseido, for instance, has scored with its new Serge Lutens makeup encased in streamlined black, biomorphic shapes that feel good in the hand—a refreshingly simple idea.

Salvador Dalí's lip- and nose-shaped nail-polish bottle, top left. Above: Unusual designs around the basin from Hermès, Tiffany, Herb Alpert, and Bijan.

Another logical, forward-looking idea is that of replacing glass for bath products with highly developed plastics. What good is a beautiful glass bottle of body lotion if it slips out of your hand and shatters on the floor? Bijan, Tiffany, Van Cleef & Arpels, and Hermès—certainly no strangers to luxury—have all discovered the untapped elegance of the new plastics. So has Herb Alpert of Tijuana Brass, the first musician to have his own fragrance, *Listen*. Alpert used silver chrome over plastic for the base of his bottle, capturing the reason for his fame: it looks like a trumpet bell.

With the circus atmosphere at today's cosmetic counters, pure and simple luxury stands out against the frenzy. Our lives are complicated enough. At the end of a hard day, don't we wish we could escape, like a child, into the bliss of a vanity brimming with user-friendly products? —**ELAINE NEIER**

MARIA ROBLEDO

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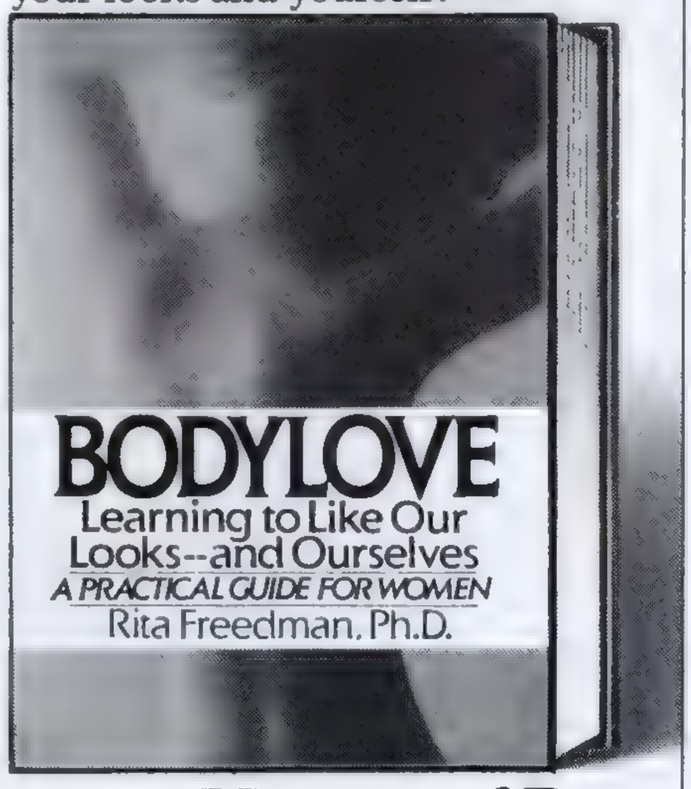

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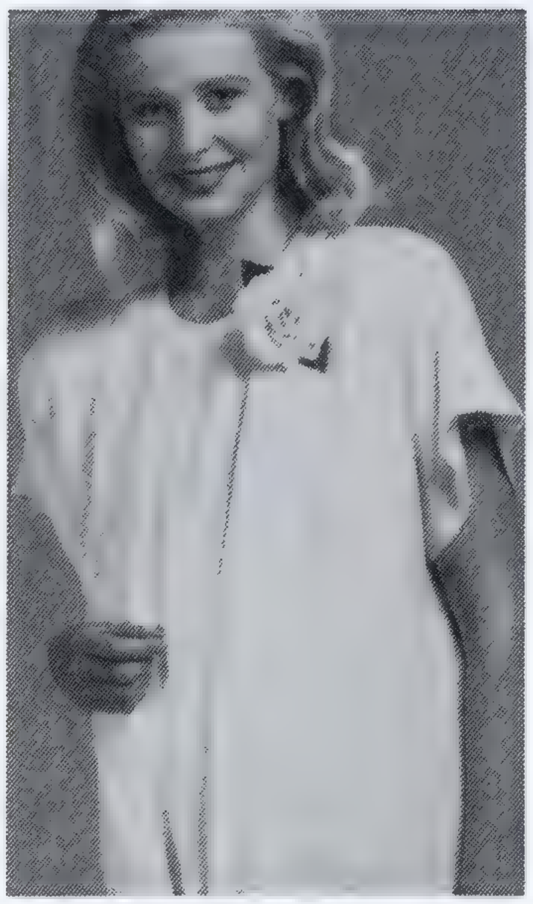

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after 1:00 P.M. Hunger started to gnaw.

I knew a salami sandwich was too much to ask for, but I was hoping for, at least, a healthy portion of sushi. Instead, I got an artfully arranged fruit plate that consisted of a paltry quarter of an apple, a handful of berries, and a few slices of kiwi. There was a bran muffin, which I ate slowly to fool myself into thinking I was eating an adequate meal.

After I bid my lunch tray a sad adieu, Mary—a woman, I now realized, of many parts—said it was time to flush out whatever toxins were still residing in my body with an herbal body wrap.

I lay down obediently between two plastic sheets, as she smeared some goo called algae remineralizer—seaweed—all over my body and scalp, wrapped me in blankets, and left me to "rest" (as if I'd moved a muscle all day). Immobilized, I realized the spa's soothing New Age music tape was on a loop; I had heard it three times already and was beginning to hum along. Some say a body wrap is like a return to the womb: snug, warm, and safe. First, I floated, then, to distract myself, I tried to remember all the potions that had so far been used on me and realized they all had a compound name that included *bio* or *cellular*—everything but thermonuclear. Time was going too slowly. I began to wonder, as one does from time to time in California, what would happen if the big quake hit right now. Would Mary come back and unwrap me before the building collapsed? Would I dash naked out into the street dripping seaweed? What would people think? I was about to panic when Mary came back to unwrap me and run my shower.

To distract myself, I tried to remember all the potions that had so far been used on me

When I emerged, another bowl of bio or cellular something lotion was sitting on the table. Told to smooth on as much as I liked, I noticed my body really was much softer than before. There was none of the usual chicken skin on my elbows and knees. A terry-cloth toga was hanging with my robe. It apparently signaled the end of body therapy and good-bye to Mary, hello to Cecilia for a facial.

Cool pads were placed over my eyes almost immediately, so it was difficult to know exactly what happened in the next hour. Nevertheless, whereas Mary was soft-voiced and gentle, Cecilia was stern, lecturing me on the dangerous drying power of soap when she learned my skin-care regimen consisted only of soap and water.

While her hands engaged in a painful pinch-and-purge of my plugged pores, a manicurist I never saw smoothed and filed my nails, then massaged my fingers and toes.

After a final healing massage from neck to forehead, the facial was over. The manicure was over. Everything was over.

It was time to descend back into the lower depths of the rest of the world. I changed slowly. I moved slowly. I thought slowly. I was so relaxed, it even took time to realize I was taking too long to leave. This, perhaps, is the shrewdest part of the department store spa strategy.

As I floated back down the escalator, deeply saddened at the notion of returning to earth, it dawned on me that there was one form of therapy that could keep me bathed in this bliss for at least another hour or two: shopping therapy. Images ▶ 152

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treat your feet

What have you done for your feet lately? Take a look as barefoot weather arrives—and take action

They walk an average of 115,000 miles in a lifetime. Each is a wondrous body part of twenty-six bones and thirty-three joints, and yet, poor relations to the legs, feet are usually ignored until toes are stubbed, nails are broken, or they just plain ache.

Happily, feet are very resilient and quickly respond to care. With barefoot weather looming, the fastest way to groom is with an expert pedicure. Skin-care expert Diane Young is also a beauty consultant to Dr. Scholl's and has devised a "foot facial" to accompany pedicures given at her New York City salon. Feet are literally given a mask: saturated in cream, placed in heated electric booties. "The skin absorbs as much cream as it can in about ten to fifteen minutes," explains Young. "The excess is massaged in." To try this kind of treatment at home: apply a good foot cream (Cosmyl's Smoothing Foot Creme), then place feet in plastic baggies, wrap in hot towels.

At Georgette Klinger's salons in New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Palm Beach, Miami, and Dallas, pedicures are preceded by a paraffin treatment. Warm wax envelops the entire foot for fifteen to twenty minutes, moisturizing, soothing, and softening skin—before any cuticle trimming or toenail cutting takes place.

For home pedicures, always soak feet first in warm water with a few drops of bath oil. Trim nails in a straight line and file sharp edges. (Cosmyl's Professional Nail Shaper works well on hard nails.) Use a pumice stone, gently, on rough skin, and a treatment classic (Christian Dior's Creme Abricot) to soften rough cuticles. End with a massage using a foot cream (Barielle Total Foot Care Creme contains oils to combat dryness).

More self-help for feet: a five-minute foot-workout exercise. Rotate ankles; make a "fist" with toes, relax; flex feet up and point them down. Repeat ten times daily to stimulate joints and stretch muscles. Foot massage improves circulation and de-tenses muscles as well. "A professional can relax the 7,200 nerves in each foot, reduce swelling in the ankles, and bring a healthy glow back to skin," says Laura Norman, of Laura Norman and Associates Reflexology Center, NYC.

Doctors believe that foot care starts and ends with shoes that fit perfectly. "Buy shoes in the afternoon, when feet swell," says Dr. Richard Kushner, D.P.M. "And don't wear the same pair two days in a row; give them a day to dry and rest. Sprinkle antifungal powder in shoes" (Dr. Scholl's Smooth Touch Powder). What about going barefoot? "It's fine on yielding surfaces like grass or sand," says Dr. Kushner. "But avoid very loose sand—it disturbs joints." Walk where sand or grass is firm so that muscles will get toned.

When walking barefoot, toenails can easily chip or snag, and nothing looks worse than chipped colored enamel. The best shades for toenails that are going to be seen follow spring's natural-looking makeup direction—pale, neutral, pretty—and come in nail-strengthening formulas, such as L'Oréal's Restructuring Nail Enamel in Seashell, Rose, or Sand; Revlon's Liquid Wrap in Blush, Magnolia, or Hyacinth; Aziza's One Coat Nailcolor in Just Nude; Maybelline's Long-Wearing Nail Color in Sand Pebble or Bamboo Perle.

Increasingly popular French manicures (using white on nail tips) are now showing up on toenails too, with new see-through hues of peach, apricot, rose, and beige. —**HELEN ELIZABETH LEE**

Images ▶ 160

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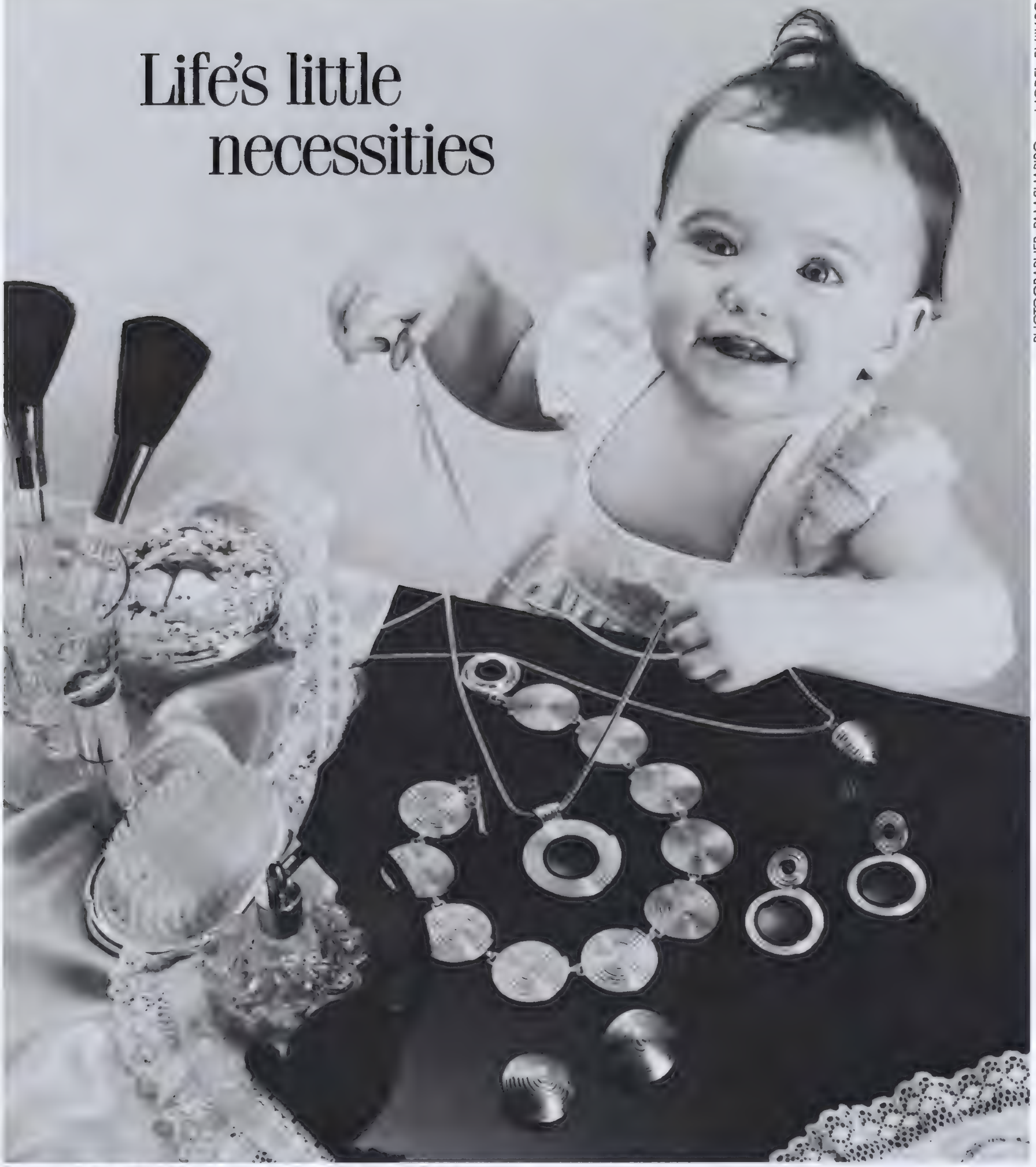

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1. Ever leave oily traces on your pillow?	☐	☐
2. Vanish into your skin almost on contact, without a lot of rubbing?	☐	☐
3. Leave a film on your face that may be clogging your pores?	☐	☐
4. Feel refreshing, even in hot weather?	☐	☐
5. Feel greasier than you'd really like?	☐	☐
6. Leave your skin looking fresher in the morning than when you applied it the night before?	☐	☐

If you answered NO to any of the even-numbered questions, you may want to look for Neutrogena Night Cream at your drug store. It's the light night cream that keeps up so well with the increasing demands of time, you'll never be old enough for the heavy ones.

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hair to the throne

From demure to dazzling, the Princess of Wales's royal hairstyles continue to make headlines

July 29, 1981. The day of the wedding and her hair flopped. A calamity for any bride. In the case of the Princess of Wales, with 700 million pairs of eyes around the world watching her every step down the aisle at Westminster Abbey, it was a catastrophe. Soon after the honeymoon she found a new hairdresser, Richard Dalton, who, as assistant to the outgoing stylist, had already demonstrated he knew how to cope with the royal locks.

For seven years now, Dalton has been snipping and shaping, a cut here, a layer there, to achieve the perfect look for a modern princess.

It hasn't been easy. The royal watchdogs in the British press haven't let one change go unnoticed, although each change has come slowly and none has been drastic.

Headlines have read: "Shoulder length hair! Too long, too dowdy, 'circa 1940' " (for the 1984 opening of Parliament); "Too full—Dynasty Di has been influenced by watching too many American soaps" (for the 1984 first official portrait of Prince Henry with Princess Diana); "SHOCKING: Queen Mary's emerald choker worn as a headband" (on a state visit to Australia in 1985); "Elvis Presley revived: the Princess of Wales sports a D.A." (for the 1986 state visit to Saudi Arabia).

Today, the twenty-seven-year-old princess seems to have finally found what suits her best. In preparation for her visit to New York this year, Dalton layered her hair in front—to give her face more length—keeping the back slightly longer.

"The way Princess Diana wears her hair influences millions of women," says leading New York City stylist John Sahag. "But I would take her hair a step further because I still find the shape too heavy on the sides and top. Her basic layered cut needs a lot of blow-drying, so her hair often looks contrived, too 'big' for her delicate features. I'd like to see something softer." Richard Dalton take note.

—COLLEEN SULLIVAN Images ▶ 166

Clockwise from top left: The Princess bride; Dalton's first trim; daytime drama; Queen Mary's choker/headband; flowers from Thailand; New York style; the D.A. look; country style in 1984

Clockwise from top left: RDR/REX; TIM GRAHAM/Sygma; DAVE CHANCELLOR/Globe Photos; RDR/REX; TIM GRAHAM/Sygma; TIM GRAHAM/Sygma; JIM BENNETT/Globe Photos

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hair on the road

Help for problems travel can create

Modern quandary: when you're traveling—for business or love—just when your hair needs to look its best, it can look its worst, because of changes in climate, humidity, water, altitude. As more women make travel a frequent part of their lives, it's a familiar complaint.

The trouble can start even before you arrive, especially if you're going by air. "The dry, pressurized air inside airplanes can make hair more subject to static electricity. It looks more flyaway, feels dryer," says Clarice Setser, a former flight attendant for United Airlines, who is now an appearance consultant and owner of Clarice Salons Limited in Illinois. "Women who fly frequently often find their hair splits further up the hair shaft because of the added dryness it encounters." Her solution is to use a hair pack or treatment, left on for at least thirty minutes before shampooing, followed by a conditioning rinse (Philip Kingsley's Body Building Conditioner, René Furterer's Karité, Hayashi's Daily Control Conditioner).

Hairspray helps keep hair under control but, Setser cautions, it can cause odor and smoke to cling to the hair. "Hair easily picks up food and smoke odors inside an airplane cabin, and hairspray can make those odors stick more readily," she says.

Hair is also more porous than skin and so can both absorb and lose water more easily. "Hair has a low lipid content," says Diana Bihova, M.D., clinical instructor of dermatology at New York University School of Medicine. "Skin is about 15 to 20 percent lipids, which enables it to hold water in the upper layers fairly readily. Hair is only about 5 percent lipids; consequently, it swells rapidly when wet but does not retain water as it dries. Using a protein conditioner can help hair hold more moisture, because the proteins bind to water, making hair less porous." (New help: Paul Mitchell's Awapuhi Moisture Mist.)

In humid climates, hair will absorb moisture easily from the air due to its natural porosity. "Humidity exaggerates all hair's natural tendencies,"Bihova continues. "Fine hair becomes weighed down by moisture and won't hold curl. Curly hair becomes kinky." How to put up a defense? Bihova suggests using a styling gel or mousse to hold hair in place or a strong-hold hairspray. (Matrix's Vital Control Spray and Vidal Sassoon's Protein Enriched Hair Spray with Extra Hold are designed to make hair humidity-resistant.)

Cold and wind can also cause problems. According to Bihova, when the temperature drops below freezing, the moisture in hair can freeze, too, expanding the hair shaft, breaking the cuticle, and causing hair to become brittle. Again, extra conditioning and wearing a hat provide the best protection.

Contrary to what many people believe, it's not chlorine but copper in chlorinated water that can add a greenish tinge to the hair. A teaspoon of baking soda added to the rinse water can prevent this. There are also products specifically designed to remove chlorine (Flex Sun & Sport Shampoo, Sebastian's Cello-Primer). —**LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

Images ▶ 170

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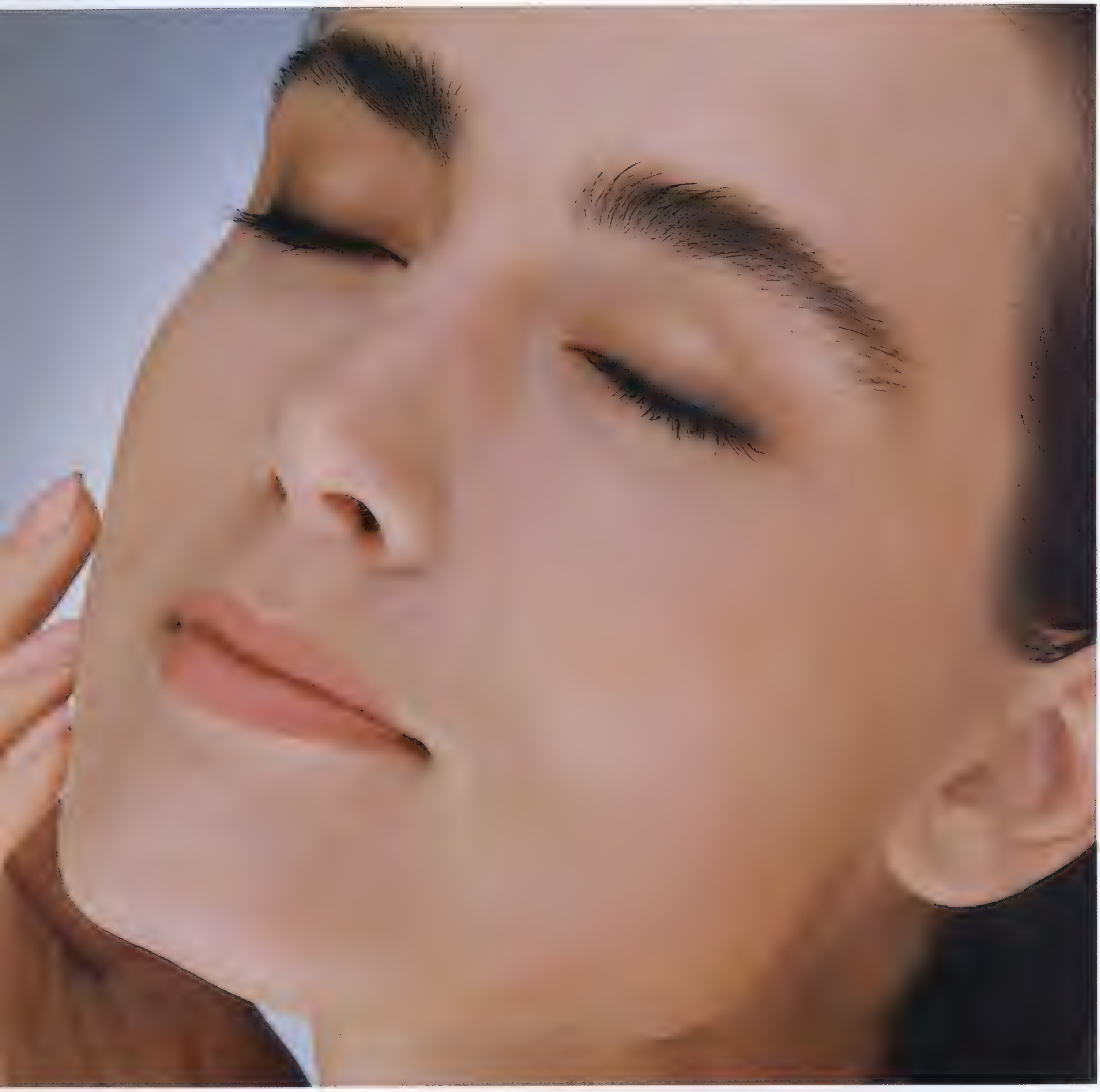

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beauty answers

Skin-care labels: what do they really mean?

"Hypoallergenic"

Today, because allergy tests are usually performed by cosmetic companies before any product gets to the counter, the chances are a product from a large, reputable firm is hypoallergenic, whether it says so on the label or not. Hypoallergenic literally means less likely (hypo) to cause an allergic reaction (allergenic). "No reputable cosmetic manufacturer is going to put out a product that contains a known irritant," says Linda Allen Schoen, director, Neutrogena Skincare Institute. "What differs from company to company is the extent and type of testing being conducted."

Tests Behind the Terms

As we go to press, a program is being organized by the Dermatology Foundation to evaluate nonprescription, over-the-counter topical preparations. The goal: to improve consumer awareness of products and identify manufacturers who consistently meet high standards of quality and safety. The scientific criteria for judging high standards, however, have not yet been developed.

No tests are universal, but certain tests, such as the rabbit-ear assay to prove noncomedogenicity and the repeat-insult patch test to prove hypoallergenicity, are used more commonly than others. Differences lie in the number of subjects tested and the frequency and concentration of applications. The following terms reflect testing procedures used by different companies.

Hypoallergenic:

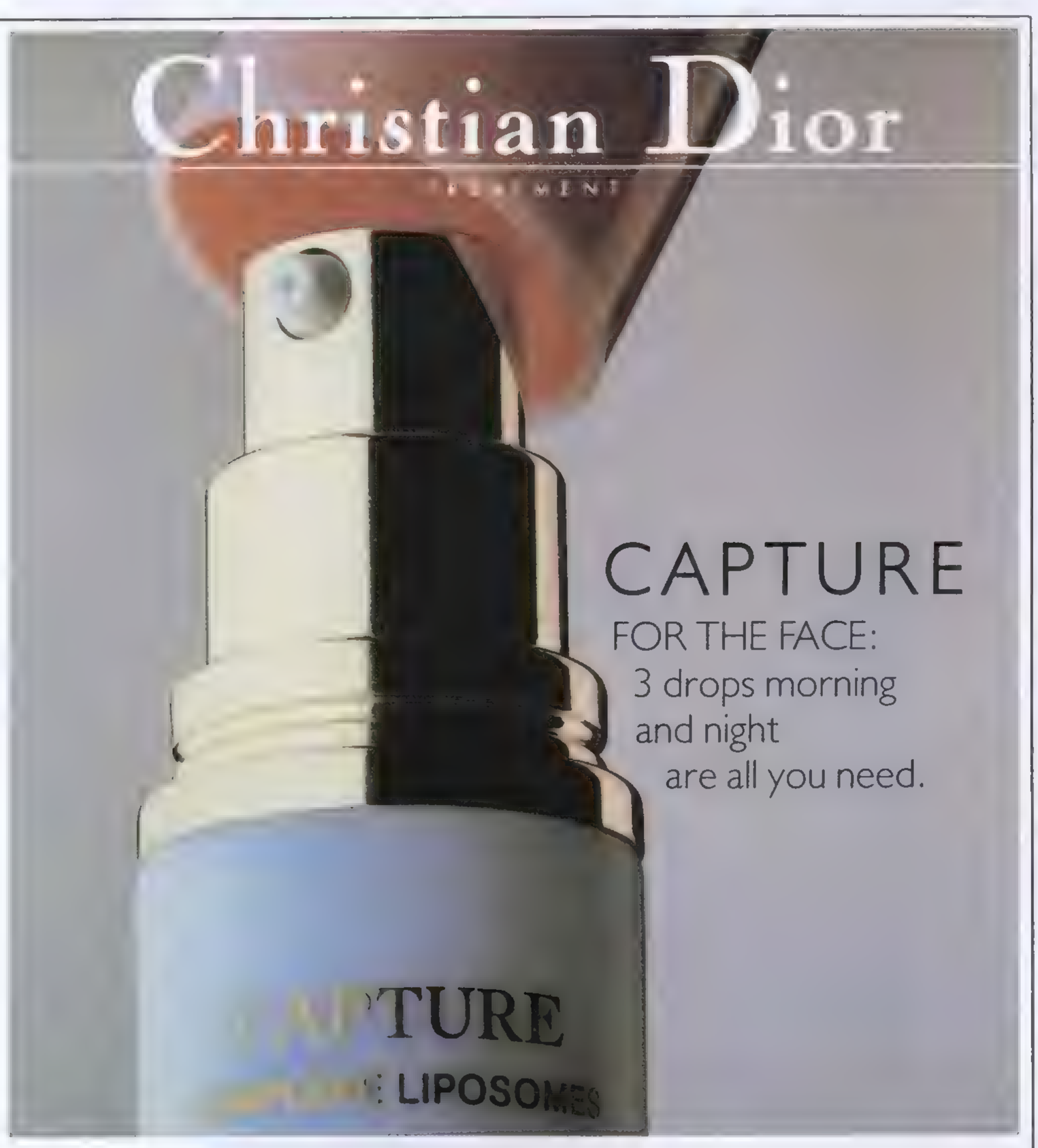
Almay, one of the first companies to use this term, conducts patch tests of their products on two different panels of consumers—one composed of people who are known to have reacted to cosmetic products before; the other, a panel of consumers who represent the public in general. "These tests are done after individual ingredients in the products have been screened to eliminate all known irritants," says Marcia Levis, Almay's vice president of marketing.

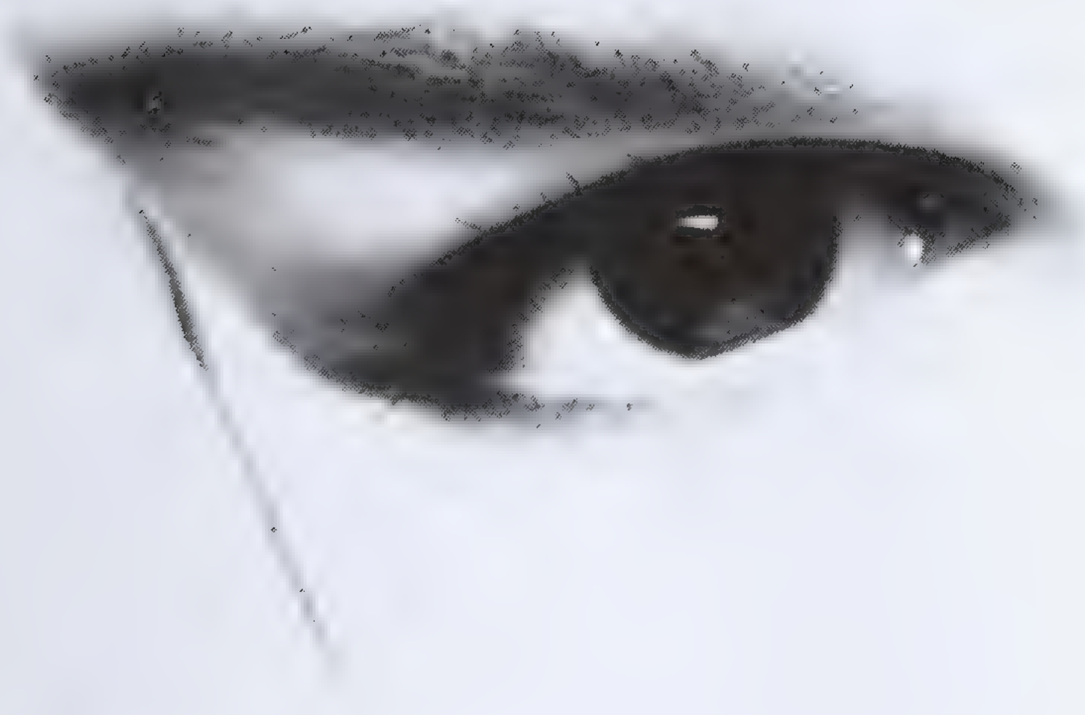
Allergy-tested:

Clinique has always used the term allergy-tested because "it tells the consumer literally what we do before a product is put on the market," says Iris Model, Clinique's senior vice president and director of education. Clinique's allergy testing is carried out on a panel of six hundred people who represent all skin types. Each member of the panel receives up to eleven applications of a product on the back until a total of 6,600 applications has been reached. Falling under the category of repeat-insult patch test, each application is covered by a patch. After the desired number of repeat applications of the product is reached, the panel is excused for several days, then retested once more to see if anyone has developed an allergic reaction. If so, the product is canceled.

Noncomedogenic:

The standard test to prove a product is not going to cause comedones (blackheads and whiteheads) is to apply the product repeatedly to the inside of rabbits' ears, which are similar to human skin. "The reason there is so much controversy over this method of testing is because the length of applications varies from company to company, ▶172





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and the interpretation of results depends on the skill of the laboratory technician,'' says James Bollinger, Ph.D., in charge of product development for Allercreme. ''The ears should not only be examined visually. We take samples of skin cells from the ears and look at them under the microscope to see if they've begun to form comedones that aren't yet visible. The results are rated from zero to three. Zero means that the product caused no comedones to form; three means that the product has a high potential to form comedones. We aim to get all zeros before we'll label any cosmetic as noncomedogenic.''

Nonacnegenic:

This term, fast gaining prominence, means that a product is not likely to aggravate acne in people who have an existing acne condition. ''Clarion products are tested on a panel that includes acne-prone people for forty-five days under the supervision of a dermatologist, who checks the acne lesions to determine whether the products cause or aggravate acne,'' says Richard N. Lenham, Noxell's senior vice president, research and development.

Unscented/Fragrance-free:

These are among the most confusing terms in cosmetic vocabulary. Heinz J. Eiermann, director of the Federal Drug Administration's division of colors and cosmetics, claims that the terms are generally interchangeable, but some companies claim that unscented products may still contain masking fragrances, whereas fragrance-free products don't; other companies claim just the opposite. Says Model: ''Clinique products are 100 percent fragrance-free, which means that we have not intentionally added any fragrances to the products. But it's still possible that ingredients used may contain their own scents. For example, the menthol we use in some of our products to cool the skin also has a slight scent.''

How can consumers learn from any of these terms which is the best cosmetic choice for themselves? ''I tell my patients to stick to cosmetics made by a well-known, reputable company, which doesn't mean choosing the most expensive products they can find,'' says Jennifer A. F. Patterson, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology, New York University School of Medicine. ''What's really important for acne-prone skin is to look for the term oil-free (water-based or noncomedogenic). All skin types should look for products that contain sunscreen. If women find they're reacting to many products—however mild the reaction—they should bring their complaints to a dermatologist, who can carry out simple patch tests to see if they're allergic to any ingredient in particular. Then they can check that *that* ingredient isn't on the label when they go skincare shopping.'' **—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

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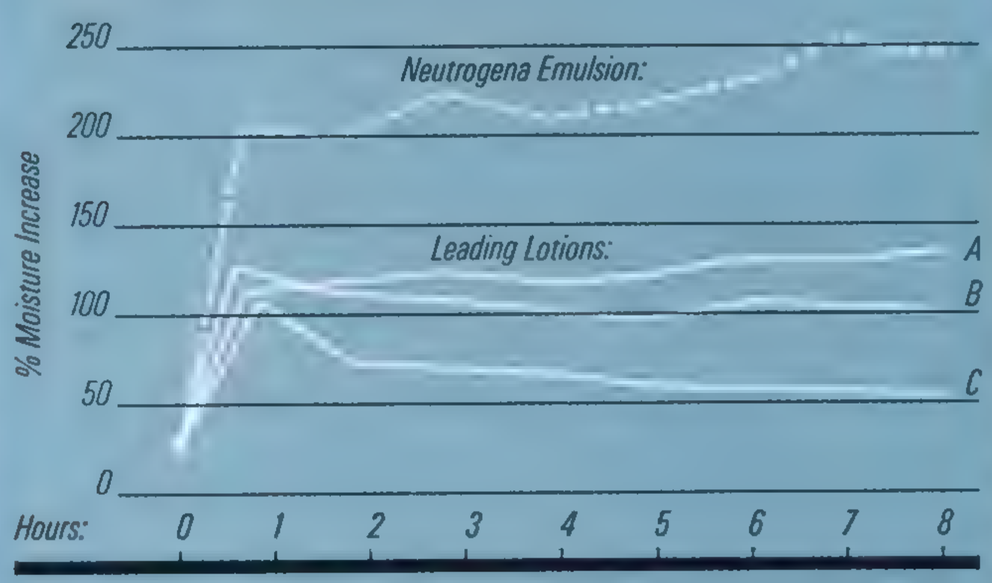

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The shoes exercisers wear these days are as high tech as the machines they work out on

A shoe war is raging, as companies aggressively compete for exercisers' feet.

JAMES KAPLAN reports

Walk into any fair-sized sports shop—as I did recently—and your senses will be blitzed by the variety of footwear: a bewildering assortment of colors and designs, brands and subspecialties. Running? Today, that could mean either training or racing, low mileage or high. Did I want gel cushioning underfoot, or air, or just plain old-fashioned foam?

What if I wanted to walk for my workout? Should I choose a walking shoe, or would a running shoe do just fine? What if I wanted to play tennis *and* run? That could run into real money—unless I bought cross-training shoes, which don't cost as much.

What about brands? The best-looking shoes, to my eye, were Nikes. But did that mean Nikes were the best? Or was beauty, perhaps, only skin-deep? Was Nike substituting style for true substance?

The athletic-shoe market exploded along with the fitness boom of the seventies. Nike rose with the fitness craze and dominated the market in the late seventies and early eighties. Founded by a former University of Oregon runner and his coach, Nike remained a brand dedicated, in design and marketing, to athletes. This purism did not serve the company well, however, when Reebok, a small, unknown company, skyrocketed on style and grabbed the market from Nike when it introduced its Freestyle aerobics shoe.

The Freestyle rode the crest of the aerobics craze, but went beyond: people started to wear these shoes *all the time*. Never mind that the Freestyle's garment-leather upper, which made the shoe so light, didn't offer much in the way of durability or support. That wasn't the point. They looked great, they felt great. And Reebok did great. Between 1981 and 1987, the company's sales went from $1.5 million to $1.4 *billion*. The athletic-shoe market went crazy, and the 80-20 rule was born: 80 percent of the time, people wore athletic shoes for something other than athletics.

By 1987, according to some estimates, Reebok had acquired an incredible 37 percent of the $3.5 billion athletic-shoe market; Nike had fallen from 25 percent to 18.6 percent of the market.

Then things changed. Reebok's stock lost 34 percent of its value in the October 1987 crash, but that wasn't the least of its problems. A new, highly stylized ad campaign, "Reeboks Let U.B.U."—designed not so much to sell shoes as to put Reebok into people's minds and set customers up for the *next* campaign, which would emphasize shoe performance—backfired. Nike's own ad campaign, "Just Do It"—which featured, on TV, real athletes working hard to a pounding musical theme—hit big. Nike seemed to emphasize substance over style—with maximum style. People could wear those great-looking Nikes to just walk around in, yet feel, somehow, that they were at one with Bo Jackson or Michael Jordan. Nike surged back. "When Reebok did those 'U.B.U.' ads," said Andy Kimerling of the Westchester Road Runner store, "it wasn't the consumers who didn't like the ads, it was the dealers. We saw no *meaning* in those ads. Nike's 'Just Do It' ads are terrific. They sell the product."

Now, in the middle of 1989, the athletic-shoe market in the United States is climbing toward $5 billion; and although Reebok (along with its subsidiary, ▶ 182

ELLEN BURNIE. Hair and makeup, Wayne Nyberg; unitard by Stevi Brooks for Beverly Hills Design; Air Flow running shoes by Nike; Precor's 718e Low-Impact Climber courtesy of The Fitness Source, White Plains, N.Y.

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Fitness

Avia) still owns the biggest piece of the pie—over 31 percent—Nike, which once ruled the shoe market (and whose market share now stands at about 23 percent), may do so again.

Meanwhile, as with many other industries, technology has become the battleground in athletic shoes. Cushioning, stability, torque, weight—every conceivable sneaker specification becomes the subject of exhaustive research and market hype. Nike is coming out with a shoe whose ankle collar inflates for more support; Reebok is bringing out models with plastic tubes in the sole to give a springier step. Reebok calls the concept "Energy Return System," maintaining that these shoes give back some of what you expend. Physicists are skeptical. Consumers don't necessarily care.

I asked Kimerling: which sneaker has the technological edge?

"Every major company has shoes in a price range of about thirty-five to one hundred dollars, with more cushioning and support as the cost goes up," he said. "But once you get past all the hype of air, gel, and torsion, what you arrive at is fit. Whatever fits you best is what you're going to buy." He pointed at the racks of shoes on the wall. "New Balance has a full gamut of widths, and that's good. Asics Tiger has only one standard width in each style. For some reason, the Asics Tiger GT II and III are cut fuller, and the Epirus is cut a little shorter and narrower. You just have to find what's good for you."

I took my inquiry straight to a consumer. "I've basically stayed with Nike," admitted Anita DiDonato, thirty-seven, a businesswoman who runs marathons. "For me, that's the shoe that works. I tried New Balance, but they tore up my feet. I use the Nike Pegasus for training or long-distance races; the Adidas De Castella and Nike Duellist racing flats for shorter races."

Have shoes actually improved since she started running?

"Oh, sure," she said. "My first running shoes were a pair of leather Nike Cortez. You can imagine how long they took to break in. The technology has gotten so good, I've had a pair of Pegasus for one week and could run a marathon in them."

I decided to test shoes myself.

When the shoe companies heard I was doing this piece, they began sending me their wares. Avia, New Balance, Nike, Reebok—I tried them all. The New Balance running shoes didn't tear up *my* feet—quite the opposite. I put in miles running and walking around the city. Basically, they all felt great. Technologically speaking, I couldn't see an edge.

But then, I'm not a technological guy. The one thing I can say is that while some people might want to save money by buying a cross-trainer instead of both court and running shoes, I wouldn't advise it. The cross-trainers I tried didn't seem to have enough cushioning for running and felt too bulky for tennis.

But they look terrific. I wear them whenever I'm *not* doing sports. Somehow I suspect manufacturers will take their five billion dollars any way they can get it. ♥ Fitness ▶ 186

ELLEN BURNIE. Air Flow running shoes by Nike.

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Fitness notes

diet: the junk-food dilemma

Americans may be fascinated with foods that promise health (who hasn't felt the heat of oat-bran fever?), but what they hunger for is junk food. (George Bush's weakness for fried pork rinds has endeared him to Americans by proving he's "one of us.") Savvy food marketers are now trying to cash in on our want-it-all natures with beverages (such as H. P. Hood's new root-beer-flavored milk) that are both junk and health foods. . . . What happens when our attraction to junk food collides with our obsession for slimness? A case study is Jolt cola, which, when it was introduced three years ago, became an instant college hit. Jolt's promise of a glucose-caffeine high (it boasts "all the sugar. . . twice the caffeine" of other colas) raised masochistic hope in weary students prepping for all-nighters. The perverse appeal, though, soon wore off, as students showed themselves willing to sacrifice their nerves but not their waistlines. Result: *diet* Jolt, now being test-marketed on the East Coast. . . . Even tobacco companies keep trying to hurl themselves onto the health bandwagon. Advertisements for R. J. Reynolds's new Chelsea cigarette feature a scratch-and-sniff panel so that consumers can experience the "fresh" aroma of the vanilla-scented smoke RJR hopes will convince them of the product's "natural purity." One can only imagine what the next "health" breakthrough will be. . .

eye workouts

Serious athletes—both professional and amateur—have taken the notion of total body fitness one step further: they are getting their eyes into shape. Sports vision training—offered today by more than seven hundred optometrists nationwide—is supposed to better peripheral vision and improve eye-hand coordination. Do visual calisthenics work? Medical experts have their doubts, but thousands of Americans are spending big bucks to find out : an hour session can run as high as $100.

fit comrades

In this era of *glasnost,* Americans are bringing their enthusiasm for fitness to the task of building healthy Soviet-American relations. Walking tours through the USSR offer exercise-seeking Americans the opportunity to meet Soviets on (literally) equal footing. A sixteen-day trek from REI Adventures of El Cerrito, California, promises Americans people-to-people contact with Soviets—from the urban sophisticates of Moscow to the goatherds of the Fanskie Gori Mountains (REI: 800/622-2236; in California, 800/624-2236). . . . In the People's Republic of China, everyone bikes; in Beijing alone, a city of ten million people, there are seven million bicycles. Butterfield & Robinson is offering a new cycling tour through Red China, a unique opportunity for Westerners to "go native." The trip, which takes place primarily in the Fujian Province—the "Land of Rice and Fish"—is a cultural/fitness adventure. Cost for the fifteen-day tour (excluding airfare): $3,025. For information: (800) 387-1147.

et tu, jane?

New spas seem to open at the rate of one a month, so it's no surprise to hear about yet another getaway option for the fitness-minded. The latest is the brainchild of Jane Fonda—and it's a very logical extension of her video empire. "I had the location, the expertise, the interest in encouraging a change in lifestyle—not just a quick fix," she says. "And then there are the other interests of mine I want to support." (All spa profits go to organizations that address issues of the environment, child development, fitness, and education.) The spa—the Laurel Springs Retreat in the mountains above Santa Barbara—is a cozy redwood lodge overlooking the Pacific. It holds only six people and costs $2,500 per person per week. While there, one might literally run into Jane on the hiking trails: the lodge is on her two-hundred-acre ranch. For information: (805) 964-9646.

the sport of amateurs

Rowing traditionally has been the sport of the male elite, taught at boarding schools and private rowing clubs; but now rowing—a women's Olympic sport since '76—is fast becoming a favorite exercise of fitness-conscious women. The U.S. Rowing Association's membership has doubled in the last three years—many of the new recruits are women—and rowing camps also report an increasing female enrollment.

The appeal? The quiet and the sensation of gliding inches from the water's surface cultivate peace of mind. What also attracts rowers—even those who spend most of their time indoors on rowing machines—are the sport's total-body benefits, its status as a nonimpact activity, and the fact that it burns more calories than many other types of cardiovascular exercise.

Passionate rowers, out at sunrise, turn up everywhere. And indoor rowing regattas—heir to the seven-year-old CRASH-B sprints, held every February in Cambridge (CRASH-B stands for Charles River All-Star Has-Beens)—have cropped up all over the country.

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People are talking about...

By Julia Reed

The New New Morality

First, illicit affairs with toothsome blondes kept men from public office; now it's the **demon drink**. Alleged alcoholism proved the real obstacle to Senator John Tower's confirmation as secretary of defense, not revolving-door contracts. While Tower made humiliating pledges of sobriety, Oprah, Phil, et al. actually debated his resolve. . . . Meanwhile a Connecticut judge committed suicide—a local matron had spotted him overindulging in the town's only tavern and sent a letter to state lawmakers recommending that he not be reappointed. . . . Senator Sam Nunn (who seems to have replaced Billy Graham as the **National Reverend**) struck the most telling chord when he said, "I have searched in vain for the point in time when the nominee sought help." No matter that Tower and his doctor said he didn't need it—these days it's rehab or retreat. . . . For those who choose the former there's Harper & Row's *Rehab*, a sort of Michelin guide to drug-alcohol treatment centers that rates everything from quality of treatment to quality of kitchen. Also covered: whether or not patients can smoke, drink coffee with caffeine, use a pay phone, or leave. . . .

Prohibition Redux

Yale professor David Musto says temperance movements run in cycles about a lifetime apart, and by that measure we're just about due. "Alcohol may well be the tobacco of the nineties," says Musto. The signposts he cites: Tower's pledge was taken seriously, and government-mandated health labels will appear on every can of beer, every bottle of booze beginning in November. . . . Not even Sam Nunn is likely to reinstate the Eighteenth Amendment, but consumption could be regulated, as in Sweden, by sky-high taxes. Better stock up now. . . . Or get into **the straight habit**. Nonalcoholic nightclubs are all the rage. Manhattan's best-known, the HOW club, occupies the site of the Electric Circus, one of the sixties' most raucous and drug-infested hangouts. . . . California winemaker Robert Mondavi—who insists "wine stimulates the mind while feeding the spirit"—is fighting back. In his **anti-"inhibitionist"** seminars, he whips out a cadre of medical experts and a quote from Ben Franklin: "Wine is living proof that God loves us and likes to see us happy." . . .

Hoodoo You Love

Get your mojo working. The biggest threat to your safety is not semiautomatic weapons, it's voodoo—or hoodoo as it's more fondly known in the South. In what is surely a historic case, two brothers in Mississippi have been charged with attempting to hex to death a circuit-court judge. And this year alone, Memphis department store A. Schwab expects to sell twenty-one tons of candles, powders, roots, and other hoodoo supplies. **Goofer dust**, one of the most potent hoodoo weapons, is even easier to get than an Uzi—its chief component is graveyard dirt. . . . Delta blues singers, including guitar great **B. B. King**, have been using hoodoo metaphors for years. King, who recently packed in crowds at New York's legendary Apollo, has never been stronger. Now sixty-three, he was the surprise hit of Irish rock group U2's film *Rattle and Hum* and says young blacks are finally listening to the blues. . . .

Everything Old Is New Again

With its usual straight face, *The New York Times* attributes the return of the appalling happy-face emblem to "a shortage of trends." No kidding. There is so little happening that *Washington Post* writer Henry Allen says that "if it weren't for the gunfire, you'd have a hard time telling the difference between America and Canada." . . . Burt Reynolds is a TV detective again, Columbo's back with his original car, and two months before the movie, Batman hysteria is rampant. From England come Batman clocks, carpets, even Joker jackets. Authentic sixties Batman wallpaper fetches about $20 a square foot, and the **Batmobile** used in filming has reportedly been sold to a Japanese collector for $55,000. . . . Everybody must get hip. *Newsweek* is redesigning to open with a section that will include "trends," "heroes," and "buzzwords." Wonder where they'll find them? . . .

the global beat

The sounds of Africa, the Caribbean, and points beyond are reshaping popular music. BRIAN CULLMAN reports from Paris, the new mecca of international pop

In Paris in the sixties, if you were young and wanted to show that you were free, you grew your hair long and picked up an electric guitar.'' Claude Martinez, the manager and producer of the Gipsy Kings, folds his hands and leans forward in his chair. ''Now it's a little different. Now if you want to be free, you have to open your window and then open your eyes and look out at the world around you.''

In Paris that's not hard to do. Outside every window, the world is filled with people from France's former colonies, from North Africa, Algeria, Martinique and Guadeloupe, the Ivory Coast, Senegal, Mali, Zaire, and Cameroon. Suddenly caught up in this sprawling mix of cultures, Paris is alive with the new sound of world-beat. The city is a crossroads for *rai*, the wild Algerian pop music that sounds like reggae dragged through the Casbah; for *zouk*, the Latin-tinged, disco-inflected island music popularized by Kassav; for the Zairian rumba-rock of Papa Wemba; for the heart-stopping vocals of Senegalese star Youssou N'dour; and for the soul *makossa* of Manu Dibango.

Long a center of fashion but a backwater of popular culture, Paris is now drawing its rhythms, its style, and its inspiration from its former colonials, and from the wild mix of beats and sensibilities that fills the streets and pulses through the clubs. The exchange is working both ways: designer supreme Jean Paul Gaultier has a hit record filled with African and Arabic rhythms while Papa Wemba draws crowds of young Africans dressed in Yamamoto and Issey Miyake.

While jazz musicians have always looked to Latin America, Africa, and the Middle East to broaden their

From top to bottom: Manu Dibango of Cameroon, Gipsy Kings from France, and Youssou N'dour of Senegal. Opposite page: Tunisian vocalist Amina Annabi.

Top to bottom: NICK WHITE; GARY GERSHOFF/Retna; LARRY BUSACCA/Retna. *Right:* GUY BOURDIN. Hair, Bruno Decugis; makeup, Martine Victoire

musical scope, it is only recently that musicians like the Talking Heads, Peter Gabriel, Paul Simon, and Sting, having worn out the conventions of Western pop, have started looking beyond their own cultures. As all innovative musicians discover, when boredom is stretched beyond a certain point, it breaks; and the sound of it breaking becomes a new beat. Currently, the new beat is coming out of Paris, and it is revitalizing pop music worldwide.

Unmarketable a few years ago, world music is suddenly on America's pop charts

Music sung in other languages, representing other countries, has never been more than a novelty in America, has never been seen as marketable or even of much interest to a culture that seems content to spend its time looking in the mirror at itself. More and more, though, that seems to be changing. The Gipsy Kings and the Bulgarian Radio Choir, who several years ago wouldn't have had releases on major labels, are suddenly on *Billboard*'s charts, with artists like Kassav, Alpha Blondy, and Milton Nascimento right behind them, selling better than anyone could have expected. N'dour's presence on the Amnesty International tour, along with his work with Gabriel, has made him a very visible presence in the pop world, and Salif Keita is set for a major tour later this year. With American labels also signing up Mory Kante, Cheb Khaled, Dédé Saint-Prix, Najma, Fadela, and Los Van Van, global pop—or worldbeat—is definitely burgeoning, and Paris is its homebase.

"The French have always looked to other cultures for help with their own art," Martinez continues. "Now the shoe is on the other foot. People from Africa and the West Indies and the Middle East are coming to us, though it's not our art they want, but the other side of art: style, technology, marketing."

Martinez knows quite a bit about all three, having turned the Gipsy Kings, a band that had languished in the South of France for years, into an international sensation. "My brother-in-law saw them at a party and brought me a tape. I told them I didn't want to ▶ 196

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Virginia Slims remembers when higher education for a woman was really a form of obedience training.

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change their sound, just expand it, make it more up-to-date. They understood. They simply didn't know how to adapt. Someone before me had tried to work with them, and it had been a mess. He'd brought in trumpets and strings and taken away their guitars. Can you imagine taking a guitar away from a gypsy?

"I brought in a rhythm section and a percussionist and a synthesizer player to bring out the dance flavor, not make you feel like you'd stumbled into a fiesta at a Spanish restaurant. Now these gypsies, who still live in their caravans, are the biggest French group in the world. Anywhere you go, you can turn on the radio and there they are."

Radio has played a large part in making Paris the center for world music. In the early eighties, the FM band started up in France, and a wild, free-form style of programming took shape. In a given hour, you can now hear everything from the ethereal Bulgarian Radio Choir to the funk of Bootsy Collins.

Furthermore, the Socialist victory of François Mitterrand in 1981 introduced a cultural as well as a political *glasnost*. Minister of Culture Jack Lang encouraged the opening of clubs, helped promote African concerts, and joined musicians onstage. His enthusiasm and curiosity for world culture has been absorbed into the fabric of everyday life.

"Mitterrand made young people feel like it was *their* world, that anything was possible," says producer Martin Meissonnier, France's most active proponent of world music. Like the best New York rap producers, Meissonnier has learned the lessons of the street and the subways. Down in the Paris metro, guitarists from Cameroon panhandle alongside Moroccan drummers, gypsy accordionists, Malian mbira players, and flamenco musicians, all ricocheting off one another in a crazy quilt of sound. And Meissonnier is the only French producer to allow all of this to coexist, to actively bring these sounds together.

Fela Kuti, Nigeria's political pop star

Having produced records for Dibango, King Sunny Ade, Fela Kuti, and Afrika Bambaataa, Meissonnier recently recorded *Kutche*, an album by *rai* singer Cheb Khaled that brings together African and Arabic players for the first time. It took him two years to track down Khaled, who was still singing at weddings in Oran—even though one of his earlier tapes had sold more than three million copies. "The record we made together was number one in Tunisia, even though it was never officially released there," he sighs. "That's how it goes." Like the early world of rhythm and blues, the world of *rai* abounds with pirates and swindlers. Singers are paid with bags of money at the ends of sessions (if they're paid at all); royalties and publishing fees are virtually unheard of; and bootleg tapes are an established fact of life.

For years, *rai* has been the music of the back streets, the dark beat of the Arab quarter; but as the Arab quarter expands, so does business. Millions of Algerians are now settled in France, most of them in Paris and Marseilles, most under twenty-five. For them, music begins and ends with *rai*, and as *rai* becomes a big business, it comes up against new problems.

"*Rai* was always very risqué, a sort of wild blues music where singers would improvise tales about their sexual prowess or their drinking," ▶ 198

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says singer Cheb Sahroui, who with his wife, Fadela, recorded one of the earliest and biggest *rai* hits, "N'sel Fik" ("You Are Mine"), in the early eighties. "It was real back-room stuff. One popular song began:

Late tonight
when the moon is naked
I will make love to you
on the floor
of the dirtiest hotel
in town.

When the singer was asked to tone this down, he simply changed 'the dirtiest hotel' to 'the most expensive.' "

Though *rai* has yet to find a substantial audience outside the Arab world, Meissonnier hopes to change that with his newest project, a cross-cultural pop album with Amina Annabi, a young Tunisian singer. Using a Zairian rhythm section, a Tunisian accordion player, a guitarist from Senegal, a Turkish flute player, and himself on keyboards, Meissonnier aims to make a truly international record, one that will have both a Western and Arab audience.

"When first-generation Arabs come to Paris," he says, "they understand traditional singing, they know how to get that sound in their throat, but they're very inflexible. Their children, the next generation, are not bound by the same rules, but they don't really know the traditions. There's a power that gets lost."

Annabi is one of the few singers who seem comfortable in both worlds. Raised in Tunisia and surrounded by traditional Arab music, she moved to Paris with her family when she was thirteen and began immersing herself in rap, reggae, and pop. She sings with a startling authority, while Meissonnier lets the rhythms and the counterrhythms crisscross around her, moving from the hypnotic trance music of a subterranean hash parlor to the smooth cabaret stylings of a Grace Jones or a Sade. It's a high-wire act of the first order, but for the moment Annabi and Meissonnier aren't worried about a net. Neither one seems about to fall.

"The history of pop music," says François Bréant, a young French producer and arranger, "is a history of blends that aren't supposed to fit together. They're not supposed to work... but then they do. That's where energy comes from. That's where life comes from."

Music ▶ 200

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Music

worldbeat: in brief

Manu Dibango,
***Seventies Manu* (Dom/CD only)**
Elegantly funky remixes of the early work of *makossa*'s Big Daddy. If you want to know how the Talking Heads developed their African sound, start here; they did.

Salif Keita,
***Soro* (Mango)**
A native of Mali, Salif Keita is blessed with one of the most wrenchingly expressive voices in the world. Keita is a black albino, and all the colors absent from his skin have found their way into his voice. Though *Soro* is a little too slick, there's no disguising the soul of his singing or the power of his songs.

Les Amazons,
***Au Coeur de Paris* (Editions Enimas Conkary)**
Fourteen Marxist policewomen playing a strong and sassy brand of funk at a live show in Paris. Belongs in every collection, for the music as well as the concept.

Kassav,
***Vini Pou* (Columbia)**
Kassav are the best and the best-known exponents of *zouk*, the shiny, sped-up island beat that's become the ultimate party music for revelers from Martinique to Paris and beyond. As they've gotten slicker, they've actually gotten better. The sheen of digital sound becomes them.

Dédé Saint-Prix,
***Mi Sé Sa* (Mango)**
This is the other side of the *zouk* coin; darker and rootsier than Kassav, the music comes with a hint of both menace and freedom. If comparisons are necessary (and they are), Saint-Prix is to Kassav as Prince is to Michael Jackson.

Gipsy Kings
(Elektra)
This is calculated, sometimes charming flamenco pop, the key word ▶202

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being *pop*. This is fun for the first few listens, especially for the reworking of "My Way" ("A Mi Manera") and for the sheer exuberance of "Bamboleo," but overexposure can prove deadly. The wall of strummed guitars and the constant "la-la-la's" begin to sound uncomfortably like "A Horse with No Name."

Youssou N'dour,
***Immigrés* (Virgin/Earthworks)**
Youssou N'dour's arena-sized ambitions have stripped his music of some of its most distinctive and urgent qualities of late. Recorded five years ago, *Immigrés* captures him in transition but at the top of his form. The band pulses with its own strength, shifting rhythms effortlessly, and Youssou's vocals are haunting—the sound of a shaman, not a pop star.

Cheb Khaled,
***Kutche* (Intuition/EMI)**
Producer Martin Meissonnier coaxes extraordinary performances out of Khaled, the Wilson Pickett of Algeria, and cuts his *rai* with African drumming, funk guitar, and the sonic energy of the best hip-hop and house mixes. This is the sound of young Islam getting down.

Rai Rebels
(Virgin/Earthworks)
The best—and so far *only* domestically available—*rai* compilation, this brings together eight of Svengali/producer Rachid's classic tracks, filled with rattling drum machines, wheezing synthesizers, and wailing vocals. While nothing here has the sheer power and bravado of Khaled's *Kutche*, this is still the best vantage point for taking in this music—the *rai* equivalent of the soundtrack from *The Harder They Come*.

Ali Farka Toure,
***Ali Farka Toure* (Mango)**
On his American debut, Toure takes the deep blues of Muddy Waters and J. B. Lenoir and takes them full circle from the Delta all the way back to West Africa. Though sung in Mande, the songs go way beyond language to a place where love, death, and revenge all sit around the same table. **—BRIAN CULLMAN**

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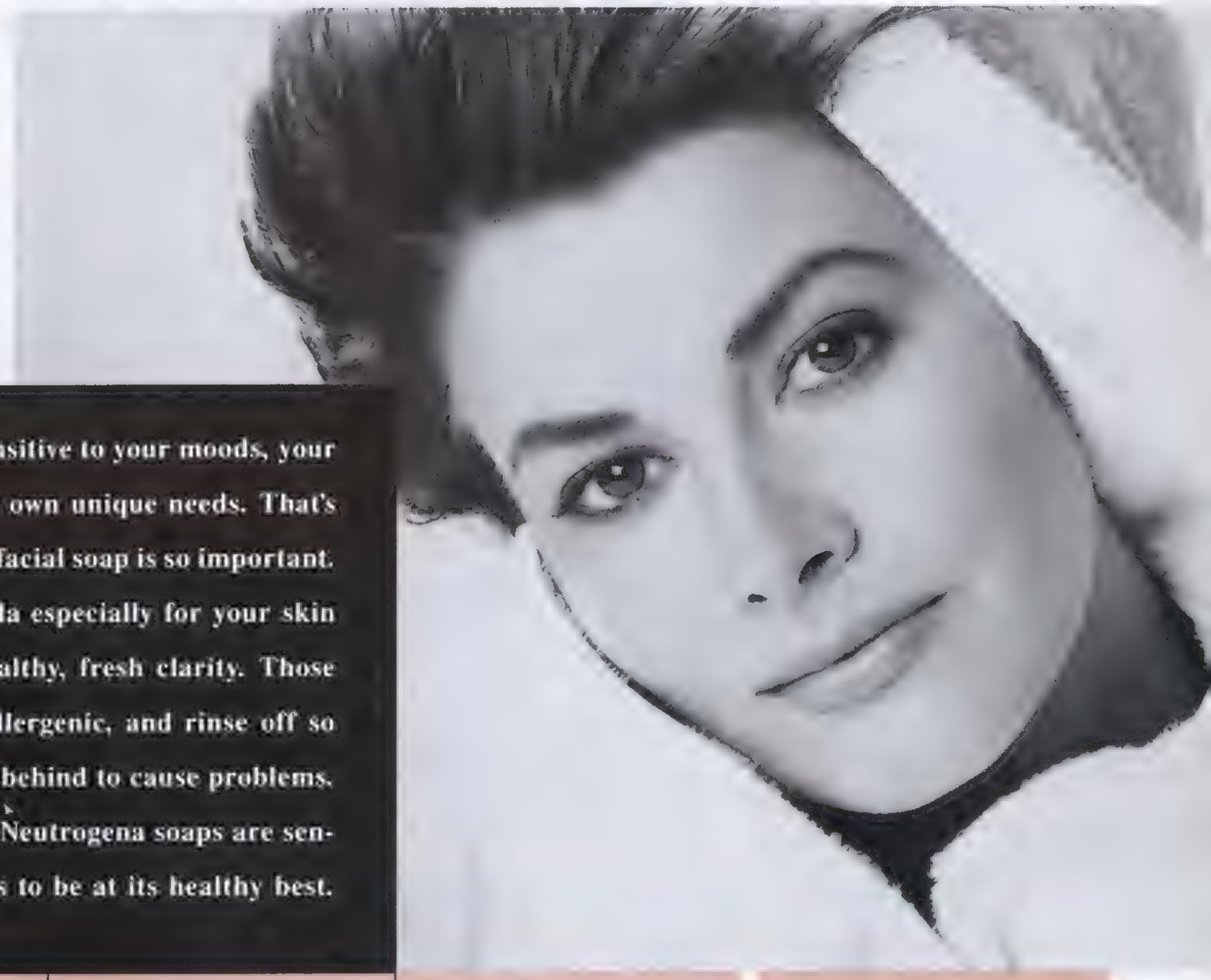

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success stories

Three new films reroute the road to prosperity in the modern world

Field of Dreams

"It's all about second chances, about making dreams come true," says director Phil Alden Robinson of his new film, *Field of Dreams*. Robinson's epiphanic tone matches the film's biblically surreal plot: "After seeing a vision, this Iowa farmer [Kevin Costner] plows under the corn from which he can barely support his family and builds a baseball field so a dead guy can show up." Costner may be the only leading man in Hollywood prosaic enough to act so irrationally and still seem sane. He's joined by Amy Madigan, and their performance as loving husband and wife echoes the bantering camaraderie of the old screwball comedies. The cast is further bolstered by Burt Lancaster, James Earl Jones, and Ray Liotta. The "dead guy"—the legendary Shoeless Joe Jackson (played by Liotta)—does in fact show up, looking no older than he did during the 1919 Black Sox Scandal. In fact, the working title of the film—Robinson's adaption of W. P. Kinsella's novel—was *Shoeless Joe*."He's not the story's main character," says Robinson, "but its symbol . . . a symbol of unfulfilled dreams and infinite possibility."

Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills

In Paul Bartel's *Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, everyone sleeps with everyone. Bartel, who directed and starred in the outrageous *Eating Raoul*, describes his archly perverse new comedy as "a seventeenth-century French sex farce set in Beverly Hills" and admits to feeling a little miffed that another quasi-French film about Beverly Hills came out first (Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* was based on Renoir's *Boudou Saved from Drowning*). Casting Mazursky as an autoerotic-strangulation victim in *Class Struggle* must have given Bartel a little shiver of pleasure. The cast also features Jacqueline Bisset, Ray Sharkey, and Bartel's usual ensemble: Mary Woronov, Robert Beltran, and the director himself. Despite or perhaps because of its brashness, the movie is so funny it may push Bartel into the mainstream. "For my next film," he says, "we're doing the sequel to *Eating Raoul*, called *Bland Ambition*, in which Mary and I run for governor of California."

How to Get Ahead in Advertising

This new polemical satire by Bruce Robinson showcases his twin talents—the sense of rage he gave his screenplay for *The Killing Fields* and the sardonic humor of *Withnail and I*, the semiautobiographical comedy he wrote and directed. *How to Get Ahead in Advertising* stars Richard E. Grant, the former Withnail. He plays a successful but disillusioned English ad exec whose growing disgust with the hypocrisy of his profession manifests itself as a talking, hectoring boil that buds on the back of his neck. "The boil looks something like Edwin Meese," Robinson explains. "It was the hardest thing to get right." Rather than pure farce, though, the film is on a deeper level a vent for Robinson's own frustrations: "I loathe being lied to, and through both advertising and politics we are lied to every day. I wanted to make a comedy about propaganda."

Movies ▶ 212

Kevin Costner, top, in *Field of Dreams*; Bisset and Beltran, above, engage in *The Class Struggle*; left, Grant (in box) with Robinson on the set of *How To Get Ahead in Advertising*.

Top to bottom: MELINDA SUE GORDON; CINECOM; WARNER BROS

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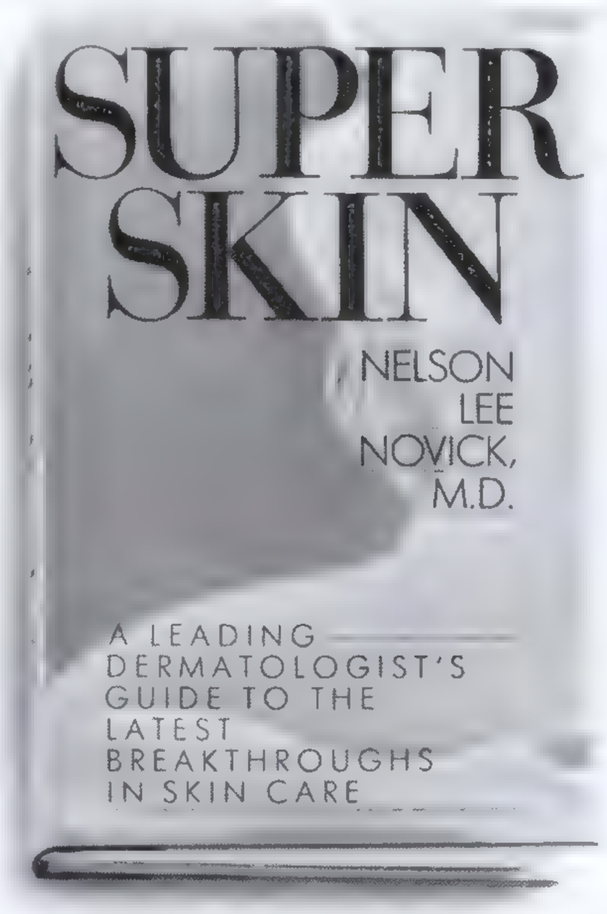

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queen of the valley

In her first film, *Earth Girls Are Easy*, Julie Brown gives kitsch its due

What ever became of the Valley Girl? In the new film *Earth Girls Are Easy*, comedienne Julie Brown reinvents her as Candy, the singing-dancing proprietress of the Curl Up and Dye beauty salon. When three furry alien hunks crash-land in the swimming pool of her co-worker (Geena Davis), the two Vals clean them up and introduce them to the local culture: cars, bars, and malls. Predictably, Davis becomes torn between her philandering terrestrial boyfriend and the sensitive, devoted alien-in-chief (Jeff Goldblum)—the implication being that, whatever Earth Girls may be, good Earth Men are scarce.

Though the film stars Geena Davis's bikini, its story is rooted in a stand-up routine Brown created ten years ago: "It was about a woman who claims an alien came through the doggie door and had sex with her," Brown explains. "She acts upset about it but then reveals that she really liked it." The sketch evolved into the ballad "Earth Girls Are Easy" on Brown's first musical comedy record, *Goddess in Progress*. For the movie, she reconfigures *Earth Girls* as a kitschy sci-fi musical—part satire of Valley life, part homage. Her MTV-style set pieces dot the film like commercial interruptions. (In "'Cause I'm a Blonde," she mimics a bimbo starlet struggling to memorize her one line: "Duck, Magnum! Duck!") Director Julien Temple supplies the visual dazzle that he made his signature in *Absolute Beginners*, but it's Brown's fascination with the Valley version of fifties Americana that gives *Earth Girls* its distinctive look.

Julie Brown, making camp

FIROOZ ZAHEDI. Hair and makeup, Jasmine for Celestine-Clouter, LA

This same tacky glitz permeates the set of her weekly MTV talk show/sitcom *Just Say Julie*: Astroturf furniture, Cheez Whiz hors d'oeuvres. On the air, her wardrobe consists of fluorescent lingerie so daring it has inspired the "Cleavage Cam," which, to Brown's mock annoyance, keeps zooming in for a closer peek. With a similarly quirky show (*Julie Brown: The Show*) now in development for CBS, the manic performer is leaving no medium untapped. Yet underlying all this productivity is Brown's simple strategy—color everything Day-Glo. —JERRY LAZAR

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ARTHUR ELGORT

In a spectacular revival, *Atys*, the operatic hit of 1676, comes to America

After triumphant performances in Italy and France, Jean-Baptiste Lully's 1676 opera *Atys* comes to the Brooklyn Academy of Music this month. Often dismissed as museum curiosities, Lully's works depend on the successful fusion of dance, mime, and song. Stage director Jean-Marie Villegier and conductor William Christie have elegantly restored *Atys* as a Versailles court intrigue, with its mythical story of nymphs, goddesses, and lovers intact. Once the favorite work of Louis XIV—it was known as *L'Opéra du Roi—Atys* gloriously illuminates the beginnings of French operatic style. **—PATRICK O'CONNOR**

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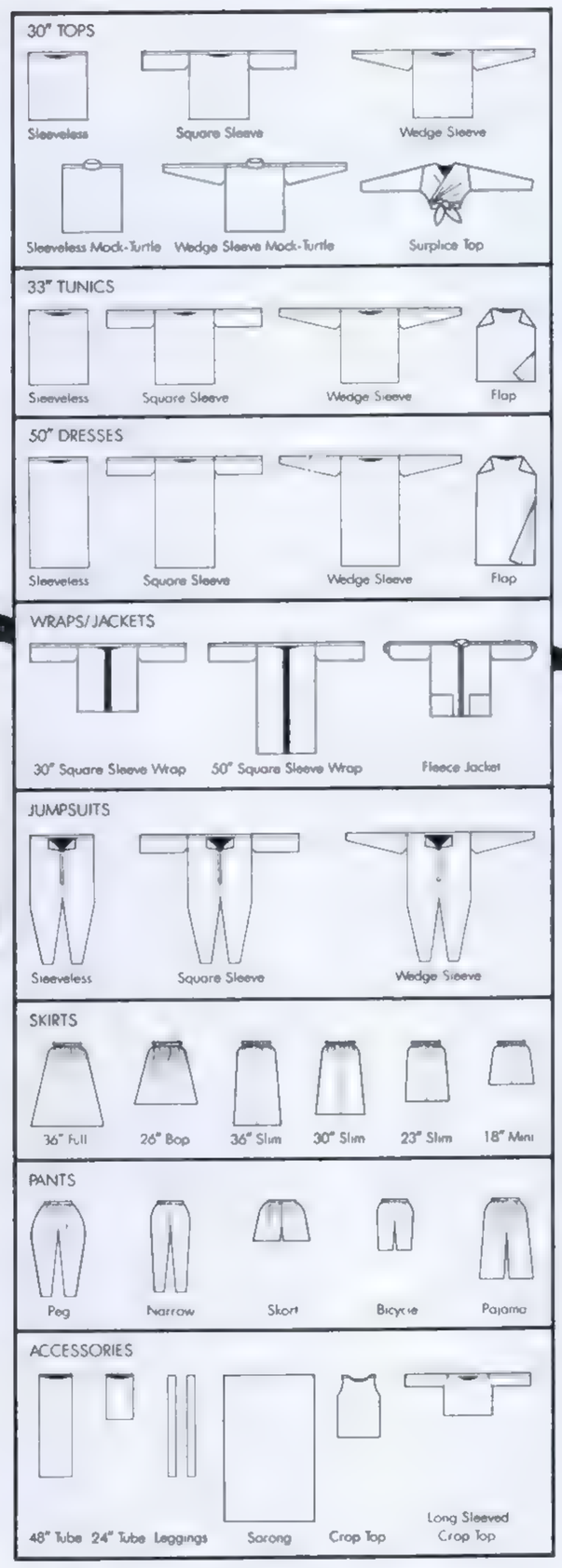

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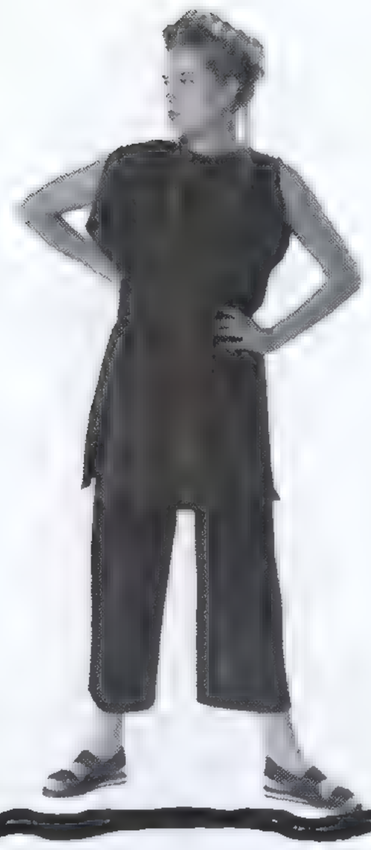

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guns and roses

Crime master Elmore Leonard creates his first leading lady. MARY SCHMICH investigates

*i*n the beginning, the fragrant Catholic girls were all Elmore Leonard knew of women.

"When I was a boy, I saw women on a pedestal," Leonard says. "The women wore white gloves, they never got dirty."

On a snowy Saturday in Birmingham, Michigan, he is sitting in his study, manual typewriter at his elbow, True menthol in his hand, mock bafflement in his gap-toothed grin. He is thinking about women, and why creating female characters is hard for a Detroit-bred crime writer with a Jesuit education.

"In high school, I remember going to visit the girls after football practice," he says. He looks too slight to have been much of a football player, but then he also looks too sweet to be one of pop literature's dukes of macho, author of such brutal best-sellers as *Glitz* and *Freaky Deaky*. "I always wondered," he continues, "what do these girls do? What has she been doing in this house all afternoon? She's so clean."

Leonard admired the clean, aimless girls. But the decades passed. The girls doffed their gloves. Leonard got hip, not to mention divorced after twenty-eight years and five children; he remarried, to a non-Catholic he met at the country club. He liked the new, modern girls and put them in his stories. They were good-lookers and tough-talkers, smarter and more sympathetic than the broads and dames who populate most of the books to which his are usually compared. Still, they were always secondary to the men.

Not anymore. In his new book, *Killshot* (Arbor House), the lead character finally is a woman, a fairly normal one who learns that in a world of men who are mean or dumb or just not paying attention, she is her own best protection. Her name is Carmen Colson. She is thirty-eight years old, the wife of an ironworker named Wayne. Until the attentions of a professional killer named Armand Degas and a punk killer named Richie Nix force her into the federal witness-protection program, Carmen's days are routine. She works as a real estate agent, chats on the phone with her mother, indulges Wayne when he rattles on about his day. Occasionally she complains that Wayne has failed to ask about hers, and she throws a beer at him when he suggests that her period has made her grumpy.

Elmore Leonard: Motown's latest hit

"My women are getting better," Leonard says. "They'd better be. I'm working hard enough at it."

Leonard credits his second wife, Joan, with improving his female characters. He reads manuscript pages to her at night. A woman wouldn't talk like that, she'll tell him, wouldn't act or think like that. She criticizes, he defends. The next day he rewrites.

"Elm admires women who are independent, don't you?" Joan asks, setting a fresh cup of coffee on his desk. She is the kind of slender blond who could be mistaken for a debutante mom whose greatest talent is her tennis serve. The way she drags on a cigarette, though, the tart way she delivers her quiet quips, and the reverence with which Leonard talks about her all tell you she's a lot more than that.

"When I was a boy, the women wore white gloves and never got dirty"

Leonard is fascinated by schemers and hustlers, anybody who lives on the edge. His heroes and villains are cops and ex-cops, cons and ex-cons, urban lone rangers with a touch of melancholy and a habit of cursing and killing. Even his sickos have soul. He renders them in swift dialogue and spare sentences, a style he developed from reading Hemingway, listening in the streets, and respecting his creative limits. "I'm not going to sweep anybody away with my poetry," he says.

Words like *plot* and *theme* exasperate him. "People

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looking younger in the a.m.

ask me, what is your theme? God, I don't know. You don't know what your theme is until you've finished."

As for plot, plot is wherever his imagination leads him each time he sits down to write. Not long ago, he grew curious about Cape Girardeau, Missouri. What's a cape doing in the middle of the country, he wondered. When his researcher reported that Cape Girardeau is surrounded by a wall, Leonard began thinking about prisons, then about the federal witness-protection program. *Killshot* was born.

Leonard works hard at staying invisible in his books. He relishes the surprise people register when they discover that he's a mild-mannered sixty-three-year-old with a professorial goatee and a flat Detroit voice. His jaunty, unassuming style is part Jesuit prep-school conservative (crewneck sweater, corduroy pants), part celebrity chic (cashmere coat, leather driving gloves), and part suburban casual (white Reeboks). He doesn't own a gun, and his wife vows that he seldom swears.

Some people don't write as many letters in a lifetime as Leonard has written novels and screenplays. Thirty-eight years, twenty-seven books, and fourteen screenplays after he began, he still sits down most mornings at nine thirty, slips a sheet of yellow paper into his typewriter, and works until six. He writes three pages a day, a book a year.

In the early days, when he was writing ad copy for Chevrolet, he got up at five thirty to write westerns before work. Sometimes he wrote at work, his hand hidden in the middle desk drawer. Even alcohol didn't slow him down. "I just wrote with a hangover," he says. In the thirty years that he drank, he liked bourbon best, often beginning at noon. "I liked it and I liked the idea of it," he said. "Kind of macho."

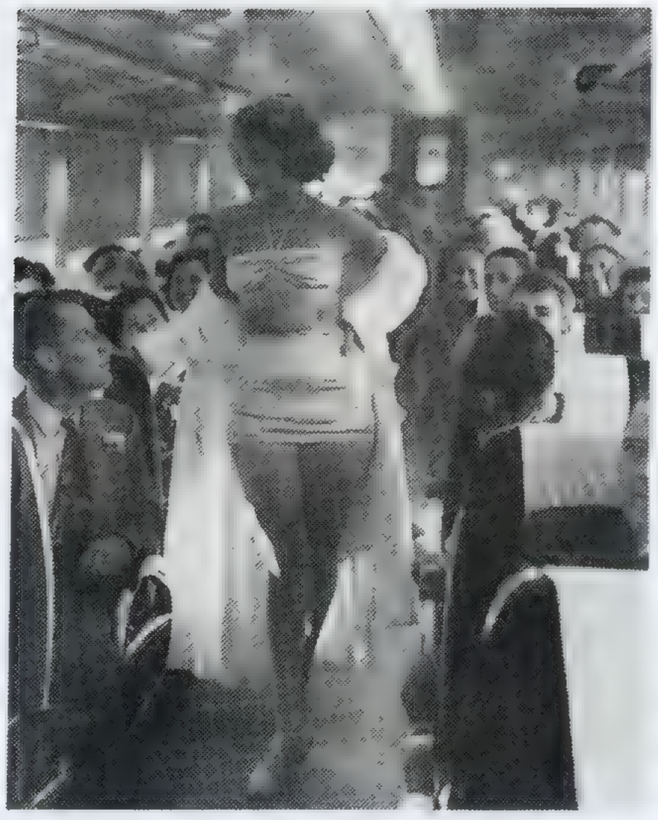
After one screenwriting trip to Hollywood in the early seventies, he came home throwing up blood. During abdominal surgery for what he thought was an ulcer, doctors discovered he had acute gastritis. "Like you find in skid-row bums," he says. In 1977, the year of his divorce, he quit drinking for good.

When Leonard contemplates his success, he seems sometimes shy, sometimes cocky, sometimes amused. Occasionally when he sits down at the typewriter and finds himself stiff from the stress of knowing he's a celebrity now and the world is watching, he flips through one of his old books and reads for a while. Damn, he'll think, that's not bad. Did I write that?

Ten years ago, Elmore Leonard earned a book advance of $10,000. His rate now is about $1.5 million.

"It's fun," he says with a grin and boxer's two-step, "because it makes no sense."

Mary Schmich *is a national correspondent for the* Chicago Tribune.



Dan Weiner's 1949 photograph of a fashion show on a commuter train

DAN WEINER. Courtesy of Sandra Weiner.

America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner (Abrams, $35) On assignment for *Fortune* magazine, Dan Weiner captured the lively spirit and unpredictable benefits of America's postwar boom: the joy of welcoming all those new babies, the shock of modern art, the misery of urban planning—and, of course, the novelty of commuting from newly created suburbs. Author William A. Ewing, who served as an adviser to the accompanying show at New York City's Museum of Modern Art through July 11, juxtaposes Weiner's photos with pithy period quotations to create a quirky sense of the era. With a picture of a family tending their plot in a communal garden, Ewing quotes *Fortune*: "It's real friendly. Even the dogs and cats are friendly with each other." Weiner's photographs give you the sense that it really was.

The Temple of My Familiar (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95) In her new novel, Alice Walker mixes myth, fact, and fantasy to re-create African-American history. This is less a novel of plot or character than a series of tales about physically displaced people who remain emotionally rooted in their past. Walker's fluid voice transcends the boundaries of time, place, and point of view, giving the written word the feel of oral history. —**ELLEN SILBERMAN**

Horse Crazy (Grove, $16.95) Set in New York City's Lower East Side, Gary Indiana's first novel is written in a hip, stream-of-consciousness style with a poignancy and skill that have eluded most of the literary brat pack. It is the story of an obsessional love affair between an art columnist/writer and a young, struggling artist that offers everything (rage, depression, and emotional manipulation) except physical intimacy—the younger man refuses to sleep with the older man. Juxtaposed against the recklessness that accompanies passion, AIDS serves as a harsh reminder of mortality. In a visit to his ailing ex-lover, the writer observes: "We listen to the hum and throb of the hospital . . . . It isn't fair. We used to say: How can we live like this? And now the question really is: How can we die like this?" —**MARIN GAZZANIGA**

Editors' note: *a book note in our March issue incorrectly listed Knopf as the publisher of John Irving's* A Prayer for Owen Meany. *The publisher is William Morrow.*

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speaking volumes

LEWIS GROSSBERGER dons headphones to discover the latest in literature

This is embarrassing.

When I began examining the growing phenomenon of Books That Talk, I thought they were yet another fabulously unnecessary technological leap backward, one that must appeal largely to illiterate rubes and that I'd have great fun ridiculing. My basic feeling was that if God had meant books to talk, he'd have given them mouths.

Then I made an unfortunate mistake. I began listening to the impudent little plastic wafers and realized I was starting to enjoy them. Something must be seriously wrong with me.

Because Talking Books are obviously ridiculous.

They'd been lolling about the stores for a number of years, and I, along with everyone I know, had managed to ignore them quite effectively.

Audio tapes, as they are officially known, were to me an inauthentic, truncated pseudo-medium, an obscure marketing gimmick eking out a precarious living in the shadow of books, music tapes, and videocassettes, all of which had actual purposes.

But audio tapes. Who needs them? Why have someone read to you after all those years in school spent learning to read on your own? And you can't even skim a Talking Book—unless you speed up your tape player, which results in talking chipmunks.

Upon learning that audio-tape sales are growing—they exceed a hundred million dollars a year now—I thought I'd better call up a Talking Book perpetrator to find out who is buying the annoying gimcracks.

"The demographics indicate that most listeners are commuters," I was told by a personable voice that identified itself as Daniel Roth, publisher of Simon & Schuster audio. "We're popular in parts of the country where people drive very long distances, especially out west."

This summoned up a depressing vision of alienated, lonely descendants of wagon-train pioneers shlepping across endless deserts in their Toyotas, listening to David Ogden Stiers intoning: "Colonel of Signal Troops Gennady Iosifovich Bondarenko sat across from Mischa, straight of back and proud." These are a few of the millions of stimulating words that make up Tom Clancy's *The Cardinal of the Kremlin* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95). It's hard enough avoiding Tom Clancy's books. Now he's on tape, too.

The first books I allowed to speak to me did little to increase my esteem for the medium. They were self-help/inspirational tapes, a loathsome exercise in any form. Slap one in your machine and soon some quack is promising to fix all the character flaws you've spent a lifetime acquiring and without which you'd not only be unrecognizable to friends and relatives but probably unable to function at all.

I tasted Robert Fulghum's *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten* (Random House Sound Editions, $9.95). Fulghum sounds exactly like a Unitarian minister delivering a sermon in my ear, which is unsurprising since he *is* a Unitarian minister delivering a sermon in my ear. His revelation is that the rules we learned in kindergarten—don't hit, share, put things back where you found them—apply just as well to adult life. Which is fine except it's unlikely that those who spat on the rules in kindergarten and grew up to be the unspeakable scum of the earth will now repent.

But don't think that Talking Book executives just sit around recording self-help tracts. I soon discovered that they've come up with a fabulous new wrinkle that exceeds anything mere print could even attempt. They've gone subliminal.

That's right. While the tape is spewing music or innocuous chatter, on some covert level a clandestine voice thrusts into your soft, naked, quivering subconscious an inspirational message aimed at changing your neurotic behavior patterns.

What a paranoid's delight! How do you know the subliminal seducer is really chanting "Sure you can quit sucking up calories," as advertised, not "Overthrow your elected representatives by ▶228

RICHARD CLINE

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violent means and await orders from the Martian Crab Emperor''? Or worse, ''Go buy more Tom Clancy!''

I started working up a spasm of outrage until I realized there is no chance whatever that the subliminal sell really works. Obviously, if it did, Madison Avenue already would have slapped it without warning on TV, and you and I would be happily buying thousands of Big Macs and Whoppers and washing them down with Bud Lite and Diet Coke while puffing away at six or seven Camels. On the other hand, a lot of us are.

Anyway, I next turned to the literary side, expecting little satisfaction there either. Lip my reads? Never. I'm the kind of macho guy who likes to get his eyeballs dirty rolling around in the rich, black print with its spiky commas and mad dashes.

At least the range is wide. You can get everything from best-selling swill like Sidney Sheldon's *The Sands of Time* (Dove, $14.95) to Kirk Douglas gloating about his sex life in *The Ragman's Son* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95) to William Carlos Williams reading his poetry (Caedmon, $9.95) to Katharine Hepburn telling tremulous fairy tales (*World of Stories*, Caedmon, $19.70). Kate really throws herself into it; when the giant showed up in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, I feared she might keel over from the excitement.

Why have someone read to you after all those years learning to read on your own?

Through all this, I kept wondering why most Talking Books employ only one actor, or reader, as they're called in the industry. I suggested to Roth at Simon & Schuster that audio would be more fun if you heard a full cast spouting dialogue, as in the old radio days. In fact, a few publishers do that. But, said Roth, the best audio readers are so good, you *think* they're a whole cast. I politely refrained from snorting. Still, I had to admit, many soloists did seem to emote with uncommon verve. The reason isn't hard to deduce: despite the invisibility factor, Talking Books are a show-off's dream. Actors are, of course, egomaniacs, and here is a stage the ham has all to himself.

What I realized finally is that Talking Books let you revert to childhood. The content isn't really important. Mommy and Daddy are back reading you bedtime stories. This is an intimate and soothing experience, not easy to come by today.

Really, with audio tapes, they ought to sell you a giant cushioned lap. Lacking that, you curl up in the fetal position in the dark, hit ''play,'' and let the ancient oral tradition of the human race roll over you. The world recedes and leaves you alone for a while. You close your eyes—someone big but benign is nearby, spinning a yarn just for you. What could be wrong with that? ▼

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a shift in perspective

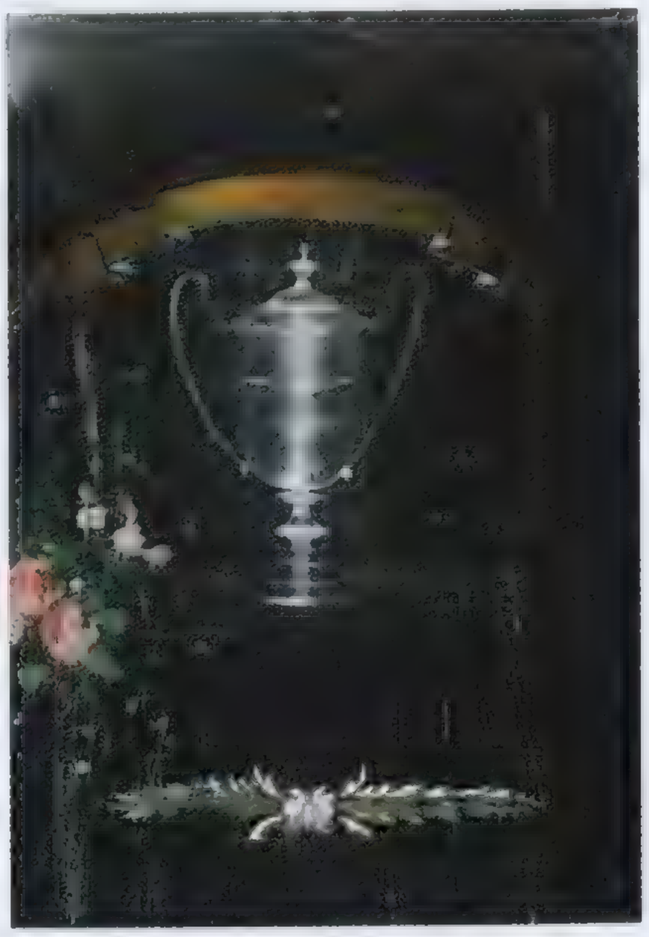
The cool, ironic art of the eighties has already provoked a romantic—even precious—reaction, says ROBERTA SMITH

Sherrie Levine's appropriated image, *Untitled (Krazy Kat: 1)*, 1988

Often art seems simply a bunch of dichotomies. Sooner or later every aesthetic position, thesis, or style is joined by its loyal opposition, and off they go, like dueling bandwagons attempting to run each other off the road to immortality. Forget that the better art is often made somewhere between the extremes—it's the outermost poles that usually define a period.

As a decade, the 1980s has been no exception. In fact, it seems more dichotomy-prone than most. In the first part of the eighties, the primary opposition was between the hermetic, photo-based Pictures Art by such artists as Richard Prince, Cindy Sherman, and Sherrie Levine, which made *appropriation* an art-world household word, and Neo-Expressionism, with its penchant for visual extravagance and the recycling of past painting styles.

Now, in the late eighties, this opposition has mellowed somewhat. On one side is a newly rematerialized Neo-Conceptual art that frequently has its roots in Pictures Art but is physically more robust. Disdaining handmade processes for an array of inventive mechanical reproductions, it often makes good on Conceptual art's emphasis on language, new technologies, and political relevance. Sexism, racism, militarism, and consumer fetishism are often its targets; cool ironies and cold facts set its tone. As the flashing messages in Jenny Holzer's LED display signs suggest, this is an interventionist art that seeks to raise consciousness through critiques of various systems of power and value, both aesthetic and actual.



Ross Bleckner evokes an elegiac mood in his *Memoriam* of 1985

At the other extreme is work that, for lack of a better term, might be called Neo-Romantic, although Neo-Victorian often seems more apt—since its moody vulnerability can bring to mind the closed-in morbidness of Miss Havisham's decaying banquet. Characterized by a decidedly traditional concept of beauty, this art luxuriates in physical process to the point of preciousness, in darkened images and distressed materials. Wax and flannel are big, as are images of flowers, wreaths, or candelabra, and assemblage constructions involving antique objects or parts of same. At times, there is an art historical necrophilia to the proceedings that can make Neo-Expressionism seem downright progressive, as the pieced-together photographs of the Starn Twins demonstrate.

This opposition—the New Criticality vs. the New Preciousness, as it might also be called—is reflected in several current museum exhibitions. Making the case for the former is A Forest of Signs: Art in the Crisis of Representation, at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles from May 7 through August 13. The awkward title, whose first phrase is taken from a poem by Baudelaire, is intended to conjure up the plethora of media and messages, representations and misrepresentations that many of the show's artists seek to confront.

Billed as an "'80s think show," the MOCA exhibition promises to be exemplary in several regards. It is a show with a point of view rather than a survey and will attempt to trace a decade-long development rather than concentrate on the artists' latest efforts. For example, Robert Longo, Troy Brauntuch, James Welling, Sarah Charlesworth, and Holzer are among several artists represented by work from the late seventies and early eighties. Most significant, a dozen of the show's thirty participants are women, including Barbara Kruger, Cindy ▶ 232

Top: Courtesy Mary Boone Gallery, New York. Bottom: Collection George A. and Frances Katz, New York, courtesy Milwaukee Art Museum

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Sherman, Laurie Simmons, Sherrie Levine, and Barbara Bloom, winner of the Apèrto Prize, awarded to an emerging artist, at the 1988 Venice Biennale.

Much of the work will be site-specific and public-directed. Kruger will do a billboard on the outside of MOCA's Temporary Contemporary building in L.A.'s Little Tokyo. Ronald Jones, known for reliefs based on such things as the outline of Hitler's bunker, will exhibit a piece based on the floor plan of an Arizona internment camp to which many Los Angeles–area Japanese-Americans were sent during World War II—after gathering at a point of debarkation on Central Avenue directly in front of the site of the Temporary Contemporary. Louise Lawler, whose art often examines and mimics the conventions of museum display and the values they impart, will create an installation piece to "intervene" in MOCA's permanent collection.

Nonetheless, it is also possible that this show may be somewhat heavy going, prone to excessive dryness, didacticism, and topicality. Several of the artists included here are among today's best, but others have already proven themselves little more than flashes in the pan of fashion. The weakening of their work during the past few years suggests the pitfalls of making art from theory rather than the other way around.

As for the revivalist, romantically inclined New Preciousness, it is increasingly in evidence. Small, delicately rendered landscapes are enjoying a new vogue. Witness the recent exhibition at New York City's Robert Miller Gallery of works by Joan Nelson—exquisitely atmospheric, seemingly varnished images of trees that often resemble outtakes from the blue-green vistas of Renaissance painting. Nelson's work was also included in the Walker Art Center's recent Landscape Re-Viewed exhibition, was featured in a small solo show at the St. Louis Art Museum, and can currently be seen in the newly opened Whitney Museum of American Art Biennial in New York City through July 9.

This work suggests the pitfalls of making art from theory

Two other practitioners of the New Preciousness are highly visible this spring. Ross Bleckner, known for his mournful black-and-white abstract paintings and often alluded to as an "ancestor" to this kind of work, is having his first major museum exhibition at the Milwaukee Art Museum through May 21. (This show will make stops in Houston, Pittsburgh, and Toronto.) Dotting dark monochrome or striped grounds with little birds, supplicating angelic hands, or glowing points of light, Bleckner shades abstraction with a veneer of tragedy and religiosity—but also with a nostalgic air.

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Art

paper by Mark Innerst, on view at the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston until May 28, with subsequent appearances in Chicago and at the Freedman Gallery of Albright College in Reading, Pennsylvania. Innerst has distinguished himself as a master of the double-edged landscape. His small, heavily framed images exude a nineteenth-century mood. They seem gentle, infinite, conservative. But up close they can describe urban scenes, such as the Brooklyn skyline, and their glowing colors can reveal a toxic taint.

Neither Bleckner nor Innerst is a wholehearted practitioner of the New Preciousness. Both laden their paintings with irony, for example, and a sharp Postmodern consciousness—even if it is more an element of their subject matter than any formal innovation. But their work has encouraged others to take the idea of a dark, mournful beauty for its own sake to ever more conservative, more mindless extremes.

It may be that every artistic extreme gets the polar opposite it deserves. Perhaps the New Preciousness, with its lush, seductive retro-hedonism, points up how the New Criticality, despite much progress on the retinal score, can still be visually harsh and intellectually preachy, can still lack both the common and the human touch.

Many of these artists come across as art's junior Batmen, dedicated to ferreting out consumer fetishism wherever it may lurk. (Although sometimes they are masters at having their cake and eating it, too, as Jeff Koons's saccharine kitsch sculptures—those all-too-consumable critiques of consumption—have amply illustrated.)

At the same time, the New Criticality's awareness of the intractability of power in all its forms points up how the New Preciousness uses powerlessness as an aesthetic ploy. Too often this Garbo of art movements just wants to be alone, counting on its mournful "don't touch me or I'll cry" fragility to excuse it from the demands of real life and truly contemporary art. Looking at the regressive stuff clogging certain New York galleries—and being snapped up like bonbons—it seems certain that the worst of the New Preciousness is yet to come. It may be just what our particular fin de siècle deserves. ▼ Art ▶ 236

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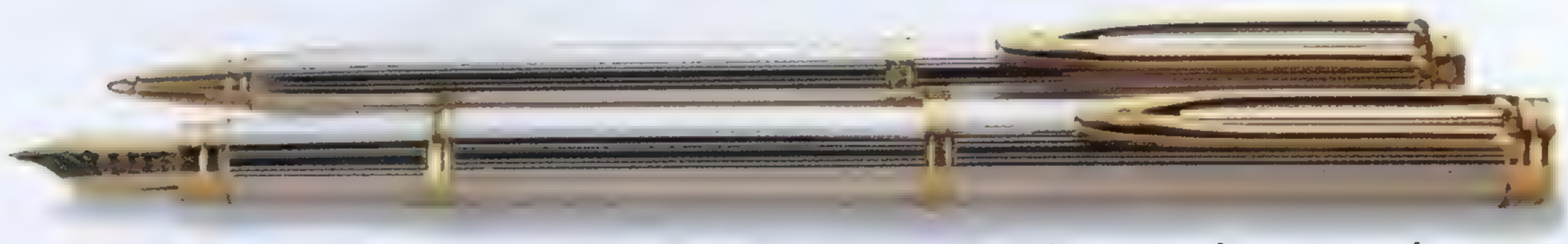

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à la mode

In France, culture provokes more tyranny than politics. EDMUND WHITE looks at French revolutions in taste

The most withering word in the French vocabulary is *dépassé* (not passé, as we would say), and it is applied almost mechanically to anything that was last year's success. Americans can accept that maybe a dress or a car or a wallpaper design might go out of fashion, but we're a bit surprised to learn that feminism, the save-the-seals movement, Mahler, and even socialism can become so quickly *démodé* (the other damning word).

The discouraging aspect of this systematic demotion of fads and stars in France is that even valuable causes (prisoners' rights, immigrants' rights, gay rights) can become obsolete before anything substantial has been achieved—prejudice becomes reinforced by fashion. On the cultural scene, the contributions of whole nations (turn-of-the-century Vienna, postwar Japan) can be taken up in a frenzy, then rudely dropped twelve months later. A school of thought (semiology, structuralism) or an aesthetic movement (the *nouveau roman*) can be raised high only to be cast down.

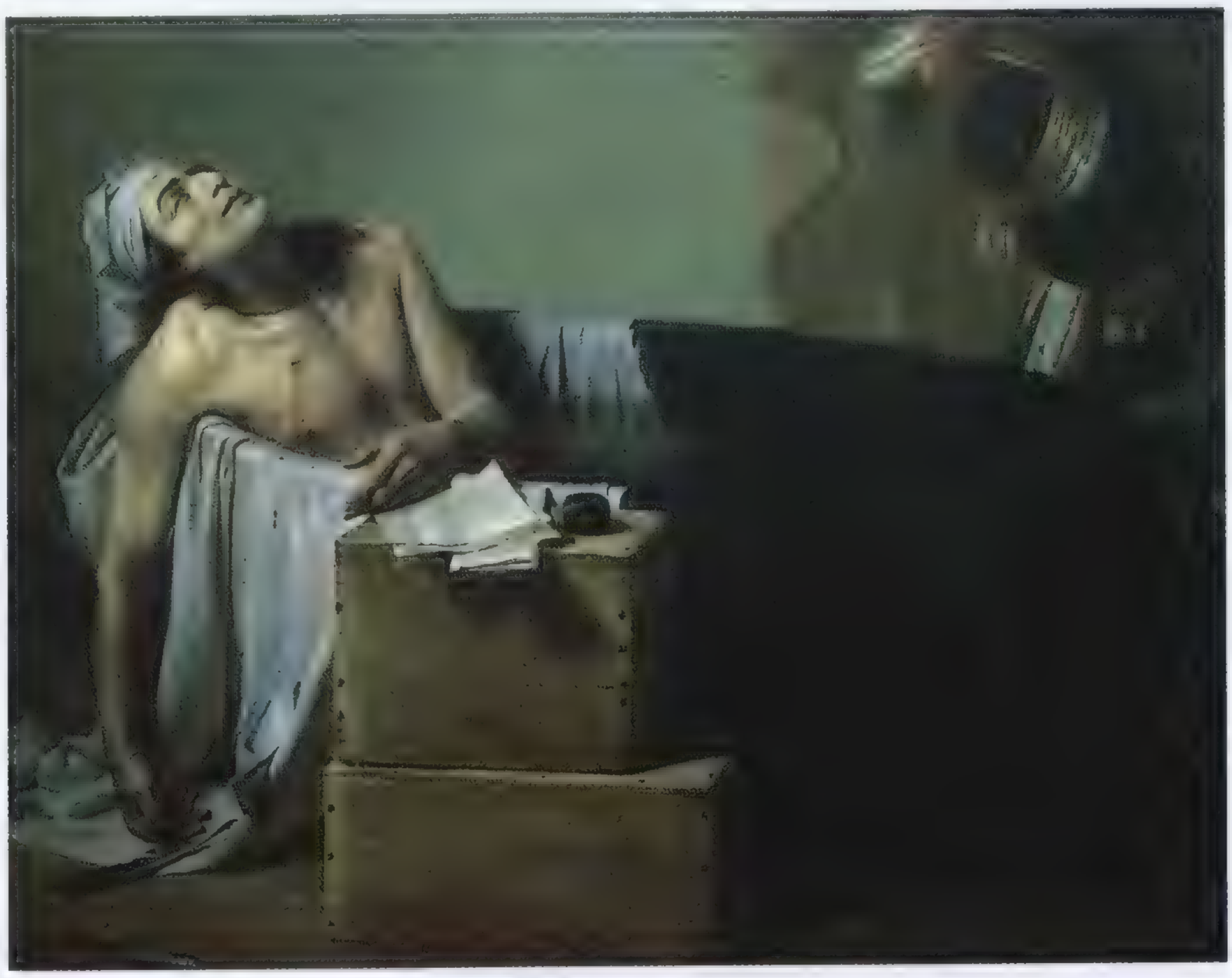
By contrast, American cultural life, especially outside New York City, is too disorganized, too scattered, too quirkily personal to accept any order handed down from central headquarters.

Of course there is a positive side to French faddism. Since the survival of cultural institutions (the opera, museums, publishing) depends on a large audience, any force, no matter how superficial, that keeps things bubbling along is useful. Because Parisians feel they must stay au courant with the latest in makeup, psychoanalysis, interior design, comparative literature, homeopathic diets, and historical methods, every cultural phenomenon enjoys its moment in the sun.

The perpetual unrest of French taste, the automatic crowning and beheading of styles, reached its height in the Revolution of 1789. Perhaps at no other time have so many new ideas been so quickly proposed, taken up, and summarily rejected, forgotten, or modified. In those volatile days, bills were introduced legislating "universal" male suffrage, the metric system, equal rights for Jews and blacks, even pacifism. (The National Assembly declared in 1792: "The French nation renounces the right to wage any war and will never direct its forces against any people's freedom.")

Women's rights were widely discussed. Opinion wavered between Rousseau's view that women were weaker versions of men to Condorcet's view that women were intrinsically equal and inferior only when oppressed by society. (Condorcet was the only celebrated philosopher to play an active role in the Revolution.)

I've been pondering all this while reading a new biography of Théroigne de Méricourt, a Belgian peasant who rose to be a revolutionary leader. After a failed career as an actress and a fairly successful one as a kept woman, she ran off with a castrato singer from ▶ 240



At the Grand Palais: Gillray's mocking caricature, above, *Louis XVI Taking Leave of His Wife and Family*, 1793. Right: *The Death of Marat* by Joseph Rogues, 1793, was inspired by David's classic.

Top: Musée Carnavalet, Paris, courtesy RMN, Paris. Bottom: Musée des Augustins, Toulouse, courtesy RMN, Paris

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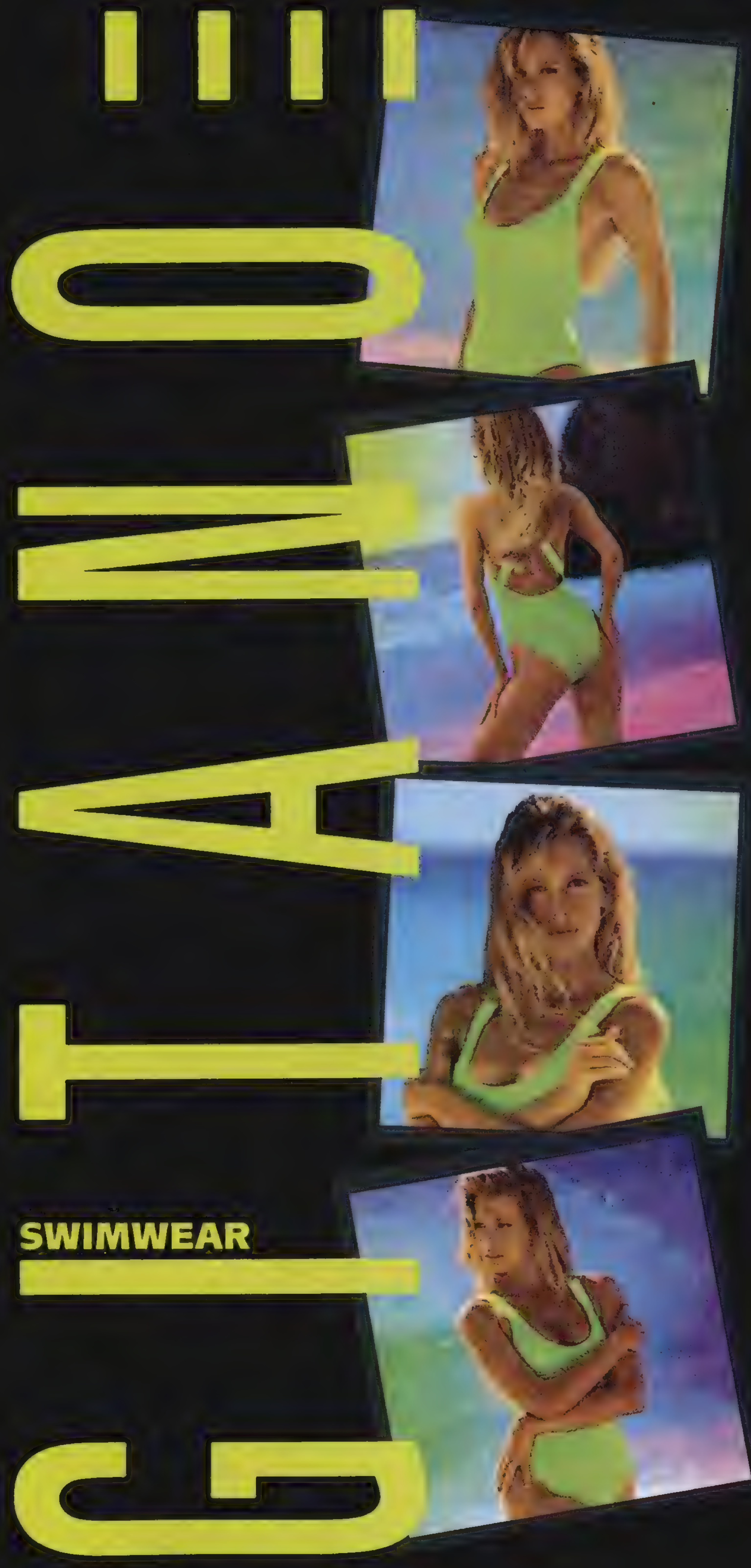

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the Sistine Chapel who fleeced her of her fortune and didn't give much value for her money. Chastened, she returned to Paris, opened a political salon, and delivered a speech calling for an all-woman army, the "Amazon battalion." After her friend Robespierre's fall from power in 1794, she lapsed into insanity and lived in a stupor until her death. Her audacity characterized the entire Revolution, which wanted to replace God with the Supreme Being, the King with the Assembly—and the Palace with the Museum. The Revolution virtually invented the idea of the public museum. At first the sansculottes wanted to destroy all reminders of the aristocratic past, but iconoclasm was quickly replaced by a decision to turn the Louvre, a royal palace, into a museum preserving the patrimony.

The French passion for acquiring art became so strong that when Napoleon looted Italy and Egypt and brought back their treasures to the Louvre, one ingenious apologist justified the sack by saying these works of art had found all on their own the homeland that freedom had always meant them to have. They hadn't been hijacked but "repatriated."

Contemporary painting was headed by Jacques-Louis David, who was devoted to stern Republican virtues. Typical of his austerity was his picture of Brutus, who remains implacable and grim even as the bodies of his dead sons are brought home; Brutus himself had condemned them to death after he'd discovered they'd betrayed the Republic—a lesson for anyone considering deserting to the royalist side.

The architects of the day were equally busy concocting grandiose schemes to serve democratic and rational needs (their drawings and models will be on display this fall at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts). Among their projects were a memorial to Isaac Newton designed as a giant sphere; an opera house without elitist box seats; a hall for the National Assembly in the form of an ancient Greek amphitheater; and triumphal arches to celebrate French victories over royal tyrants.

One of the most grandiose schemes of the past was hatched by the visionary architect Boullée—a mammoth pyramid. A hundred years later, during the first centennial of the Revolution, another architect proposed a stepped pyramid for the Tuileries gardens. Only a few blocks away, I. M. Pei, the Chinese-American architect, has at last raised a dazzling glass pyramid. It stands at one end of the axis that runs down the Champs-Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe. The pyramid is just one part of François Mitterrand's vast building scheme, which includes a new opera house that opens July 14 on the site of the Bastille (will it have elitist box seats? one wonders).

As one modern French art historian put it, "The Revolution had as its mission not to create a new cul-

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ture, but to recognize the revolutionary role of culture itself''—a role being played to perfection throughout 1989. In this bicentennial year, the French are emphasizing the continuing revolution (and continuing tyranny) of their taste—they're not only celebrating it domestically, they're exporting it in vast quantities. Museums on both sides of the Atlantic are being overrun with items from the priceless to the frivolous—all of which had a moment in history and high style. For only the second time since its founding, the entire Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York City has been given over to a single exhibition—two hundred years of French decorative arts, ranging from a design for Napoleon's coach to Philippe Starck's 1988 crystal table manufactured by the traditional Daum glassworks—proof that the wiliest artisans and manufacturers can adapt to any taste. The show is on view through July 16.

Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library is taking a more scholarly approach in Words of Blood, Images of Fire, opening May 12. Among the books, drawings, and broadsides are the last letter of Marie Charlotte Corday, written on the day of her execution for the murder of Jean-Paul Marat, and more than fifty cartoons, caricatures, and satires.

In Paris, the Musée Carnavalet is doubling its exhibition space to show more of its revolutionary memorabilia, the largest such collection in the world, on view beginning July 1. But the Carnavalet saw no reason to stop there and is tossing in other choice items, including nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, King Louis Philippe's desk, the cradle that rocked Napoleon III's son, and even bits of Proust's apartment.

France being France, the museum boutiques are offering reproductions of everything from the simple wood dressing table Marie-Antoinette used in prison to a Baccarat crystal replica of the key to the Bastille, as well as elegant jewelry (gold-plated Phrygian bonnet cuff links and chic revolutionary police badges) from the venerable house of Arthus Bertrand (which makes the swords for members of the French Academy).

The biggest show of all is at the Grand Palais. The French Revolution and Europe, through June 26, features a thousand works from 1789 to 1799, focusing on the intellectual contribution of the Revolution and its impact throughout the following decade—one more demonstration of the tyranny of French taste.

On the lighter side, La Musée de la Mode et du Costume at the Palais Galliera is showing, through May 7, men's and women's fashions from the time of Louis XVI right up to the reign of Napoleon. I wonder if one of the mannequins will illustrate a hairstyle of the period—hair swept up off the neck *à la victime,* with a thin red ribbon around the neck to indicate where the guillotine should do its work?

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the baby shoppers

Advances in prenatal testing now allow parents-to-be to reject genetically "unfit" babies—but at what emotional cost? RONNI SANDROFF investigates

Today, the desire to have the healthiest baby possible is translating into pressure to take advantage of everything medical science has to offer. But the technological intrusion of prenatal testing leaves expectant parents more worried than reassured. The new options have thunderous emotional overtones no one warned them about. They feel victimized, not empowered, by the new technology. They've been drafted into a massive human experiment from which it's impossible to opt out. They're forced to consider everything—from an increased chance of miscarriage to the possibility of knowingly bearing a handicapped child.

Too little attention is being paid to the stresses and emotional turnabouts these advances can create in couples going through the new reproductive mill. Months before thirty-three-year-old Isabel Price* became pregnant, she and her husband decided they didn't want to risk having a handicapped child and would test the fetus by either chorionic villus sampling (CVS) in the tenth week of pregnancy or amniocentesis in the fourteenth week. But when the time came, Isabel found herself in the grips of a powerful dilemma. "I felt panicked about the tests' risks, which include a slightly higher miscarriage rate. My mother had five miscarriages; that's always been a fear of mine."

Parents' desire to have a child to love clashes with the wish to protect a child from the suffering caused by genetic disease

Price finally told her doctor about her anxieties. Together they decided that, in her case, the test wasn't necessary. "I realized that though I could live with myself if I aborted a handicapped child, I'd be racked with regret if I had the test and miscarried a healthy child."

Parents who decide to test find it hard to predict how they'll react if the news is bad, says genetic counselor Graciela Penchaszadeh of Columbia University, NYC. One couple Penchaszadeh counseled found out, through amniocentesis, that their fetus had Down's syndrome. "By the time the results were in, the woman was nineteen weeks' pregnant and the couple had already become attached to their child. Once they visited children with Down's syndrome, they decided to carry through the pregnancy."

Sheila Kirk* says she was surprised when she got a call, during her second pregnancy, that her fetus had an abnormal X chromosome. "Many of these kids have a high incidence of mental disturbance and various behavior disorders. My husband and I were concerned about how that might affect our other child and our family life." The abortion that Kirk chose when she was twenty weeks' pregnant was unpleasant; she sometimes wonders what kind of life the fetus might have had. "But I did have a healthy child two years later. We only wanted two children, so if I hadn't aborted the abnormal fetus, I wouldn't have had him."

What today's couples mostly experience is not a war with technology but a battle of loves, says Nancy Wexler, associate professor of clinical neuropsychology at Columbia University and president of the Hereditary Disease Foundation. "The parents' desire to have a child to love and care for clashes with their wish to protect the child from sickness."

Wexler personally has seen the ravages of the genetic disease Huntington's chorea, which begins at age thirty-five or forty. "I watched my mother become mute and incontinent, thrashing on a padded bed, all black and blue. People live in a progressively deteriorating condition for up to fifteen to twenty years."

Wexler (who recently helped to devise a genetic test for Huntington's) chose not to have children rather than risk passing on the disease. "I don't agree that genetic testing is leading to an increasingly plastic world," says Wexler. "But it is making parenthood a much more responsible and traumatic experience. Parents have an obligation not to harm a child. Sometimes we might have to give up a child not to harm it."

There's a broad social consensus to eliminate the more devastating diseases, like Tay-Sachs, in which children live only a short time and suffer a painful death. But our attitudes toward the most common genetic abnormality, Down's syndrome, are more ambiguous. At twenty-eight, Lenore Olsen* had a Down's syndrome child who died at eight months after open-heart surgery. Olsen had amniocentesis in her subsequent pregnancies, but only to be emotionally prepared for any health problem. Her four children were all born healthy, but Olsen says even if something was wrong, she would not have considered abortion. "If I ▶248

(*A pseudonym)

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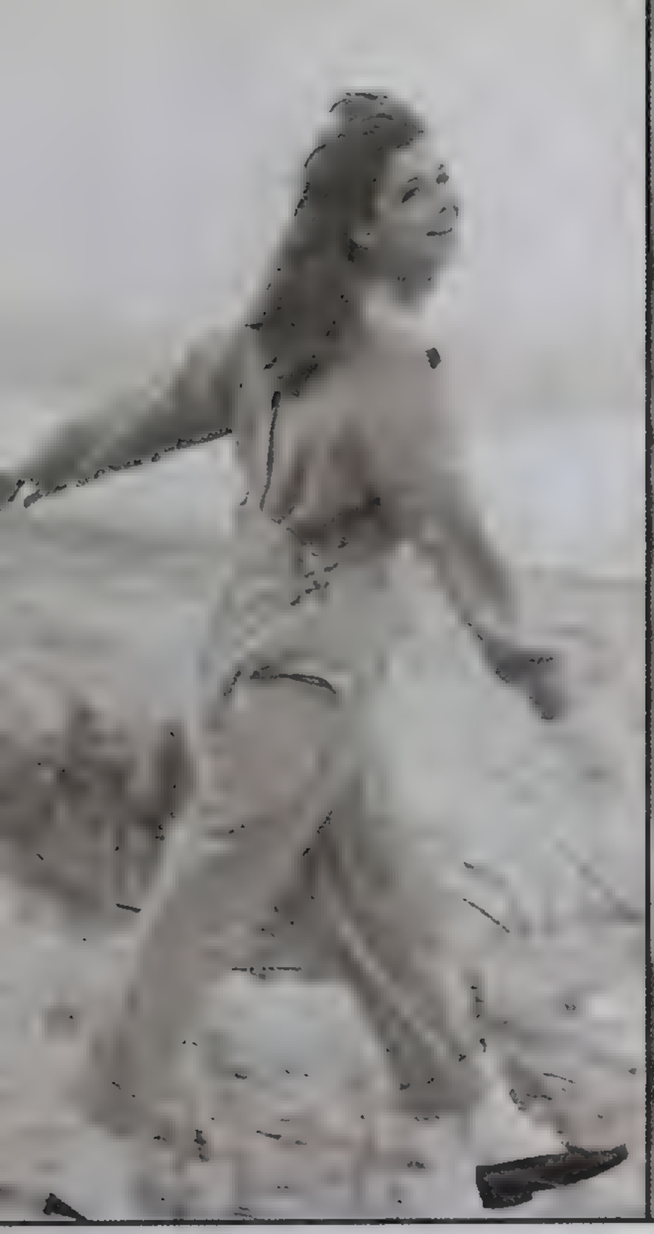

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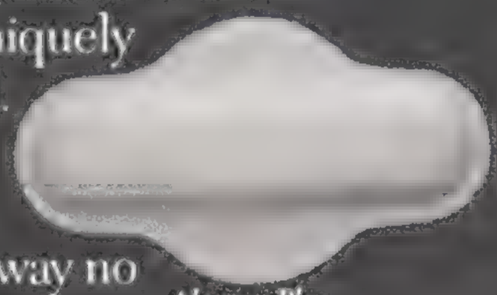

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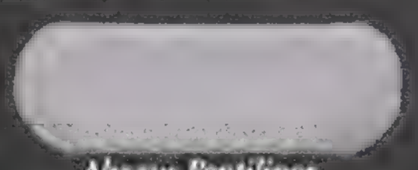

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had been given a choice in my first pregnancy, I don't know what I would have done. But now, having been a mother, I know I could not have an abortion. I know the love you get from a handicapped child.''

The choices facing parents-to-be will only get more complex over the next decade as pregnancies are monitored more scientifically. The human genome project, which just received $27 million in federal funds, is rallying scientists across the country for a long-term project to map the position and function of the approximately one hundred thousand human genes. This information should permit screening for as many as three thousand rare genetic diseases. Even more revolutionary will be a new ability to test for genetic susceptibility to common afflictions that occur well after birth. In the next few years, scientists hope to be able to identify the genetic markers for diseases like manic depression, Alzheimer's disease, and certain forms of cancer and heart disease.

The big question, of course, is what to do with this knowledge once we have it. Does it make moral or medical sense to abort a fetus because it's likely to develop manic depression at age twenty, heart disease at age thirty, or Alzheimer's disease at age fifty? Political activist Jeremy Rifkin, of the Foundation on Economic Trends, thinks such decisions may prove so intolerably hard to make that couples will be encouraged to move reproduction from the bedroom to the laboratory. Fertilized eggs, prepared in the test tube, would be implanted only after testing to be sure they were genetically sound. But it would not resolve the emotional issues. Infertile couples who attempt test-tube babies may grow attached to fertilized eggs—sometimes naming them or worrying about what to do with extras once pregnancy is achieved.

Rifkin and a national coalition of health and social activists are calling for a permanent citizens' board to discuss the implications of the gene-mapping project in such areas as genetic discrimination, privacy, and eugenics. ''We're forcing a profound change in the parent-child relationship,'' says Rifkin. ''The ability to know the genetic status of a fetus has evolved into the responsibility to act on that knowledge. The implication is that women have an obligation not to allow a fetus with certain abnormalities to develop into a baby.''

A degree of legal compulsion is already evident in California, where a blood test for certain birth defects must, by law, be offered to all pregnant women; women can accept or decline the test but must sign an informed consent proving they've made their decision. Insurance companies, corporations, and government agencies have an obvious economic interest in preventing the birth of children with expensive medical and mental disabilities. Legal experts have ▶256

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baby shopping: sex selection

Prenatal sex diagnosis of the fetus and abortion based on gender are pandemic in certain parts of the world, notably India and Asia, where girl babies are considered a liability. According to American doctors, visitors and immigrants from these areas make up the largest group to seek gender-testing here.

Americans from other backgrounds may also want to tamper with the odds, but they're as likely to want a girl baby as a boy baby, reports Nancy J. Alexander, Ph.D., a reproductive immunologist at Eastern Virginia Medical School, Norfolk. Although most couples seek help to balance their families, sex selection is also used to avoid passing on sex-linked genetic diseases (e.g., certain forms of muscular dystrophy).

The market is full of preconception methods that claim to load the dice in favor of one gender. There are over-the-counter intercourse-timing kits, acid or alkaline douches, and "girl"/"boy" diets. Also available: artificial insemination with Y-bearing sperm that's supposedly been separated from X-bearers by a patented separation process. None of these methods has been scientifically proven.

Trying to influence a child's sex is nowhere near as controversial as aborting because of gender. Many genetics counselors and obstetricians who support a woman's right to abortion object to having their services perverted for use in gender selection. They make a firm distinction between the use of genetic selection to avoid disease and prevent suffering, and its use for eugenics, or the selection of particular traits, which, they fear, can end up turning babies into commodities.

Some experts think that the way we handle the issue of sex selection today will influence the way we handle selection of other genetic traits tomorrow. Although it's still far off, once the genetic system is mapped, it may become possible to screen for traits like intelligence, creativity, and appearance.

"The cloud of the horrible Nazi experiments to create a master race hangs over this field: it's something we must heed," says Michael Feinman, M.D., program director of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine's in vitro fertilization center. "It makes the traditional view seem very attractive." But, Fineman cautions, we shouldn't be too quick to cut ourselves off from the benefits of scientific advances just because they challenge us to forge a new set of ethics.

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considered whether someday a handicapped child may be able to sue his or her parents for "wrongful life" if genetic testing wasn't used.

Countering these pressures to fine-tune our genetic pool are considerations about the unexpected side effects of such an effort. Carriers of sickle-cell anemia, who are not affected by the disease, are immune to malaria, a scourge in Africa. One study found that close relatives of manic depressives may be unusually creative. So controlling undesirable genes may ultimately wipe out beneficial characteristics as well.

Paradoxically, the national gene-mapping project may prove helpful by revealing that we are all genetically flawed. According to Kathleen Nolan, M.D., a medical ethicist at the Hastings Center in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., each person carries one gene for an average of five recessive conditions that would be lethal in children where the other parent carried the same recessive gene. We're likely to discover that we all carry a number of genes for disorders, and that, given a conducive environment, all of us are in some sense unfit. "We need to value our blemishes and to insist on the worth of people with different abilities and disabilities," says Nancy Dubler, who specializes in ethical issues in health care at Montefiore Medical Center–Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York.

Will couples be encouraged to move reproduction from the bedroom to the laboratory?

Still, the perfectly healthy baby, born without any genetic time bombs, is the hope of every parent and the goal of science. And thousands of couples bearing children today are serving as foot soldiers as we move toward that goal through uncharted psychological terrain. Although these couples are collectively forging new attitudes, they have few places to turn for support. Mom and Grandma, traditional sources of pregnancy advice, have no experience in the world of prenatal medicine. And to some, the idea of aborting an imperfect fetus seems like a shameful secret, so they are reluctant to share worries even with intimate friends.

The help prospective parents receive from scientists and doctors is also minimal. The genetic counseling that couples receive before prenatal testing often only involves a review of statistical risks. While experts have no problem bandying statistics about, the average couple finds them abstract and unhelpful. Obstetricians and counselors take a nonjudgmental stand, informing couples of the options but making no recommendations.

"The important thing is that the people who will bear the consequences of their decision—the parents, not the doctors or legislators—should be the ones in control," says Lynn Fleisher, a Chicago lawyer and geneticist. "Statistical risks mean different things to different people. If a couple can barely squeeze the cost of child care into their lives to begin with, a 1 in 300 risk of having a child who needs extra care may be a very big risk to take without an amnio." But if the woman has had trouble conceiving, a 1 in 1,000 risk of aborting a normal pregnancy might be higher odds to her than a 1 in 100 risk of having a retarded child.

"No matter what couples choose to do," admits Penchaszadeh, "no decision will make them totally comfortable." The desire to be responsible consumers of the new safeguards conflicts with the wish to enjoy a natural pregnancy. The high-tech warehouse where modern couples baby-shop is only half-complete, a place no one has yet made humane. Health ▶ 258

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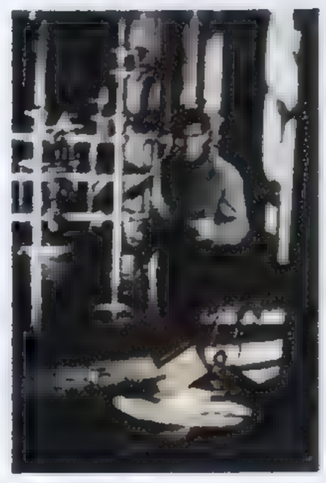

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partner tracing

People with sexually transmitted diseases are urged to divulge partners' names, and the new medical detectives track them down. LORI MILLER KASE reports

Cathy Raevsky, an intelligent, compassionate thirty-three-year-old, walks up to a stranger's doorstep, silently rehearsing the devastating message she is about to deliver. Paying visits like this is the most difficult part of her job.

The woman who answers the door—a well-dressed blond, about twenty-eight years old—fits the description perfectly. "Can I speak to you privately?" Raevsky begins. "I am from the state health department, and I have important information concerning your health." Not until the woman steps outside and shuts the door does Raevsky continue.

"The reason I'm here is because you have been exposed to the virus that causes AIDS," Raevsky says in the calming tone she has perfected over the years. "One of your sexual partners has tested positive for HIV." The woman, who has had only one sexual partner—her husband—for the past eight years, is stunned.

The question is: are people willing to kiss and tell?

Raevsky, associate director of the Colorado Department of Health's STD/AIDS section, has been notifying the sexual partners of HIV-positive patients for the past three years—and STD-infected patients for more than a decade. "It never gets easier," she concedes. "You just get better at dealing with people's reactions. You try to make them understand that exposure to HIV isn't necessarily a death sentence. It's hard because you're never the good guy, you're always delivering bad news."

Raevsky's message deals a crushing blow. Often the person she contacts must confront the reality that her partner (and perhaps she, too) carries a potentially fatal disease. The underlying message can be just as devastating: the partner may have been unfaithful. And in many cases, not with another woman, but with a man.

What happened to the young woman Raevsky visited? No one knows. Once partners are urged to get testing and counseling, and encouraged to divulge the names of sexual and IV-needle-sharing contacts, the files are essentially closed.

The new medical detectives—people like Raevsky who track down the unsuspecting partners of AIDS patients—are messengers with a mission: they believe potentially infected people have the right to know they're at risk. They hope to reach people *before* they become infected, giving them the chance to protect themselves. The reality, though, is that many of the people they contact already carry the deadly virus—and must be alerted before they spread the disease.

Raevsky, along with twenty-three colleagues at the Colorado Health Department, tracks down an average of nine hundred people each month: some are the partners of people who have tested positive for the human immuno-deficiency virus (HIV); others are the partners of people with other sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) like syphilis and gonorrhea. Though Colorado is ranked nineteenth in the country in number of AIDS cases and falls well below the nation's incidence of other STDs, the state has one of the most active "contact-tracing" programs around.

Colorado's medical sleuths come from a variety of backgrounds, but all are specially trained in contacting and counseling potential AIDS/STD victims. As Raevsky puts it: "You don't just say 'Hi, I'm from the health department. Who are you sleeping with?' " Field investigators must survive a rigorous screening process—only about 20 percent of applicants do; then they spend about five months attending classes, role-playing, and tagging along with senior investigators. For novice investigators, the first few months are emotional minefields. Says Raevsky: "You're worried you're going to cause someone psychological harm."

How do people react to Raevsky's visits? Reactions vary, she says, from tears or angry outbursts to simple surrender. "Who gave you my name?" is a question commonly asked, but never answered. "If we blow confidentiality," says Regina Olson, a former health department clerk-typist who has been investigating AIDS/STD cases for the past two years, "we lose the trust of the people we talk to."

People who test positive for HIV are given the option of informing partners themselves. But according to Olson, though 97 percent of those interviewed at an STD clinic said people should be informed when they come into contact with someone with AIDS or another STD, most admitted they would find it difficult to tell their partners themselves if they were infected.

States have been notifying the partners of people with STDs other than AIDS—especially syphilis and gonorrhea—for decades. In the past few ▶ 262A

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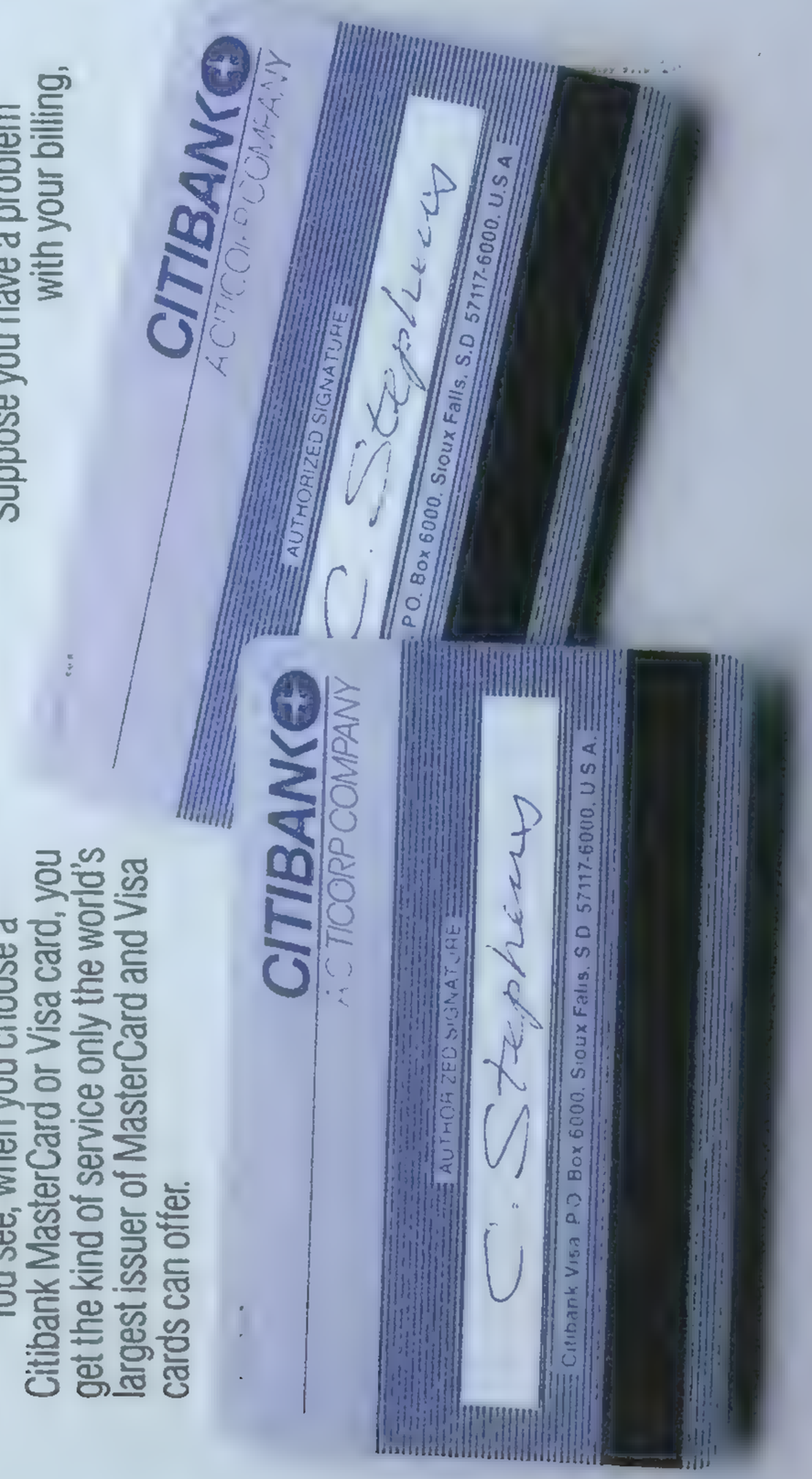
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years, several states have updated existing STD laws to encompass HIV-infection, or passed "partner-notification" laws to deal exclusively with AIDS. They range from New York's provision making contact tracing available for AIDS patients who ask for it, to South Carolina's law, which requires that patients disclose partners' names.

There is a significant difference between contact tracing for AIDS and other STDs: with AIDS, tracees, if infected, cannot be cured; they can only be counseled. Some experts question the relevance of notifying people after the fact, arguing that monies spent on tracing programs would be better spent on educating people to avoid the sexual habits that make them vulnerable to HIV in the first place. Those who favor contact tracing say that even people who are infected can benefit from knowing their status, taking steps to help themselves. "General education programs have obviously failed these people," Raevsky counters. "Many people we deal with don't even perceive themselves to be at risk."

Many women find false comfort in the fact that they don't fall into the classic high-risk groups—gay, bisexual, or IV-drug-using men. Though women represent only about 10 percent of reported AIDS cases, the number of female cases today is about the same as the number of cases among men just two to three years ago. Short of practicing safe sex (which few are doing), women can only pray that partners are healthy, heterosexual, and monogamous.

Even women who broach the subject of AIDS with sexual partners may be misled. Twenty percent of the men surveyed in a recent college study admitted they would lie to a woman about having had an AIDS-antibody test in order to get her into bed. Twenty-five percent of those surveyed at a California testing site said they would *not* tell partners if they tested positive.

Partner notification is a voluntary process, even in states like Colorado, where contact tracing is law. The success of such programs depends on a person's willingness to, in effect, kiss and tell. "More often than not, people comply," says Raevsky. "After all, we offer these people a valuable service. It's difficult to tell a partner, 'I may have infected you with a disease...and you may die.' What a relief to have someone say, 'I will inform your partner for you and I won't tell her who you are.'"

How do the medical detectives find the emotional strength to bring this kind of news to people, day after day? Olson confesses that after spending weeks trying to track someone down, there are times when she can't get up the nerve to knock on a door.

What keeps people like Olson and Raevsky going—sometimes for as long as eighteen hours a day—is a strong commitment to contact tracing. Says Raevsky: "You can't do this job if you don't believe in it, if you don't feel you're doing the right thing." "It's a depressing job," adds Olson. "But people have a right to know if they come into contact with someone with HIV or any STD. And somebody has to warn them."

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Horoscope

By Michael Lutin

Dear readers: Mars is passing through horribly insecure Cancer all month, so you might find yourself clutching an infant while getting hysterical with a landlord—and *everybody* will be touchy around Mother's Day. Mercury goes retrograde for three weeks on the 12th, so wherever you're going, leave an extra hour for gridlock and/or derailment. If a Gemini asks you out, don't bother to get dressed until you hear the doorbell. Scorpios and Capricorns are in cahoots to take over the world and Taureans are out of control again. This will mean certain frenzy on Wall Street and in mental hospitals. Tensions break on the 20th, and you'll have to negotiate like mad for anything you want. The trick this month is to get the other person to offer *you* the last potato chip.

TAURUS

April 20–May 20

Certain people know your obsessions. They know how to push your buttons and they'll play you like a slot machine if you let them. So go on. Be a little selfish. But when Venus enters Gemini on the 11th, you'll have to emerge from the chocolate cake you've been drowning your sorrows in, relax, open up, and start to communicate again. Success has always depended on the art of negotiation—ever since Eve sold her first apple.

GEMINI

May 21–June 21

Expect a few of your other selves to surface. You're unusually tentative and noncommittal now. Consider providing tranquilizers for anyone whose fate hangs on your decisions. The Capricorn planets have had you fretting a lot recently, but with Venus meeting Jupiter in Gemini right now you're lucky, gorgeous, blessed, loved, and loving toward all. So blow one little kiss across the room and warm the world.

CANCER

June 22–July 22

In recent months, you have become a perfect pretzel of flexibility and compromise. But now, just when you should be most obedient and committed, the camel's back has finally gone out and even a chiropractor can't fix it. If you could just calmly sit down, say what's on your mind, talk truth—but no. You have to sit there stewing until POW! the guy asks you to pass the butter and gets the whole dish in his kisser.

LEO

July 23–August 22

After an arduous winter you're on top of it at last. This is a professionally rewarding time. OK, so maybe you're not Brenda Starr, but there's a window in your office now, you've got some positive feedback from upstairs, and probably a pay raise. One minor glitch: family life can make you feel trapped and crazy. In general, though, it's a good time to enjoy success, and still have some fun when you pull the shades down at night.

VIRGO

August 23–September 22

You really are at your advice-giving best when your dearest friend is suing for divorce or your sister is agonizing over a choice between cosmetic surgery or a new couch. On a good day, Mother Teresa herself couldn't be more compassionate than you. Since you are professionally secure right now, you can just sit back on your tuffet, peer through your telescope, and be your cool, dispassionate, philosophical, wonderful Virgo self. ▶ 264

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Horoscope

LIBRA

September 23–October 22

You spent many years keeping Mom and Dad together—and just enough apart to guarantee a spot for yourself. Not that you triangulate maliciously, or even consciously. But you do often find yourself smack in between two squabblers, both of whom require your loyalty. So here you are again—especially on the afternoon of the 16th. If I'm totally wrong about this, I promise to give up astrology.

SCORPIO

October 23–November 21

There was a passionate period when you gladly threw yourself on the altar of romance. But those days are over, and you're not about to sell out for love *or* money. True, people do tend to throw their weight around and think they've bought you. To be fair, though, shouldn't the one footing the bill get to choose *one* item on the menu? You need the balance of another human being now. All this obsession with self is not healthy.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22–December 21

In one of your previous gigs, you'd have moved on to some puerile fantasy of greener pastures by this time. But now you see that, with a little staying power, work conditions can improve greatly. You can also expect strong outside support, so hang in there—even if your bank machine says No Cash, or your battle with self-destructive prurience is a lonely one.

CAPRICORN

December 22–January 19

Life would be a dream if you could just wall yourself in somewhere and rebuild your ego all by your lonesome. But you're committed up to your eyeballs now. So even if you're not up to it, go out there, enjoy the fancy expense account, howl at a co-worker's jokes, and get out the Hamburger Helper when needy kids start banging the spoon on the table.

AQUARIUS

January 20–February 18

Be a little goofy this month. Swing from the trees. Yes, I know you're still struggling with power-crazed ambition. I know you've been condemned to one hundred years of solitude and are contemplating throwing yourself into the Amazon. But try to enjoy the blessing of Jupiter and Venus. Be borne on the wings of love this month. For heaven's sake, play it light.

PISCES

February 19–March 20

The 1st, 19th, and 28th are really good days. On those days you should be able to slip through the cracks and not be hassled over whether Claudia will take Sam back, or over a million trivial things going on with your brother's wife, sister-in-law's husband, and best friend's lover. Come to think of it, though, you're probably at the center of it all anyway.

ARIES

March 21–April 19

Financially, you're as liquid as can be now and while that doesn't solve your dilemma about wanting to drop out and move to Tahiti, a strong economic position at least gives you the illusion of independence. Emotionally, though, you're not on top of it and wailing like a two-year-old won't help. Also, get off the kick about someone supporting you. It's absurd.

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer.

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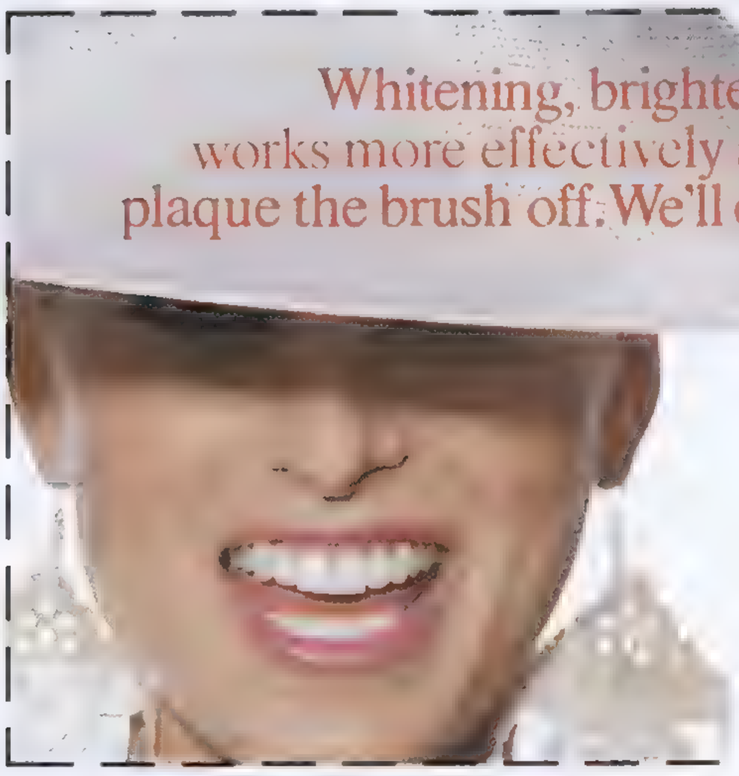

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footloose

Author MICHAEL CHABON treks through the foothills of Tuscany; en route he discovers an Italy few tourists ever see

Country classic: a Tuscan estate

With a new pair of ugly shoes and a scant two weeks' training in a Southern California canyon, I went with my wife, Lollie Groth, for a walk across Tuscany. We walked under the auspices of Butterfield & Robinson, a firm out of Toronto, Canada, that organizes bicycle and foot tours under a variety of European skies—in the Cotswolds, the Alps, the Dordogne. We walked from the Florentine suburb of Candeli to San Gimignano, that Italian Disneyland known, especially in travel guides, as the "*città della bella torre*"—a distance of some sixty miles. Our route took us through the towns of Greve, Panzanio, and the city of Siena, with its fan-shaped piazza. B&R transported our luggage by van, from the humble Albergo del Chianti in Greve to the splendid Villa le Barone in Panzanio, to the overrated and mean La Cisterna in San Gimignano. Sometimes we rode a short way on a bus. An entire bus was required, since there were a lot of us—twenty-four, counting our two Butterfield & Robinson guides, Christy and Christine; twenty-six, counting B&R's rollicking brochure photographer, Suzanne, and her assistant, a sort of B&R guide-at-large named Chris. Eight of us were from Texas, another four from Louisiana. At first it was a little confusing; at first, I will not deny it, I was not at all sure I would enjoy this novel method of travel, walking for ten miles in a pack, as I imagined it, and then eating my supper for nine nights with the same two dozen people as though at sleep-away camp or, as Lollie said, on a cruise. I confess that I have often, inexcusably, been subject to acute feelings of embarrassment for my fellow countrymen in Europe, and I have always been one of those lamentably self-deluded people who when traveling affect not to be tourists—somehow, magically, not to be *Americans*. "Can't we even just talk to them?" Lollie will say. "Maybe they're from Canada."

On the first day out I discovered that my fears of tramping in a gang of Rockports and Reeboks had been mislaid. Tuscany is nothing but a mass of hills, and people do not climb and descend hills in a gang: they string out. By the third day, the very best, when we walked from Greve, a grape capital, to Panzanio, a charming, ordinary Tuscan town that is the capital of nothing in particular, we had learned the art of strategic dawdling, and generally we walked alone.

Trekking, Italian-style: the long and winding road outside Siena

Greve is noted, among other things, for its piazza, an erratic, porticoed square in the shape of a billowing spinnaker; and it was, in part, waking in our hotel in the Piazza G. Matteotti, starting the morning amid porticoes, that made this day stand out. Florence, Siena, San Gimignano—all had piazzas more impressive, more exquisite, more fantastic. But the piazza at Greve, for a simple morning promenade, was unsurpassed.

The thumping of a bakery on the floor below woke me early, and I dressed and went out. I saw only a fat policeman and one or two others. The *caffè* was open, but I had left my money in the room, so I sat down on a bench along the hypotenuse of the piazza and looked at the houses of cream, sand, vanilla, cheese. A butcher swept his walk with a wild-straw broom. The sun was not quite up, but the sky was full of light, a few pink clouds. I felt, amid the porticoes, that I was both indoors and out, in a theater ▶ 268

Top: ELIZABETH ZESCHIN; bottom: WEINBERG-CLARK/Image Bank

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or in a clearing in the woods, in a great, swept room open to the sky. On the face of one house were the traces of some arched windows, now just two eyebrows of brick. The line of porticoes was irregular—each building had its own single or double arch that it contributed—and the different shapes, periods, and building materials gave the arcade a helter-skelter, headlong motion and suggested the motley row of market tents of which they were, perhaps, the distant descendants. I smelled hot cereal with brown sugar, and a sweet, rivery smell, and I wished very badly that I had the money for a cup of milk and hot ink at the *caffè*.

After a few more minutes of wishing and sitting under the porticoes I went to wake my wife. We had the usual breakfast of good bread and bad orange juice and looked over the day's directions. These last were part of a Xeroxed and stapled set of numbered "suggestions," as B&R calls them, as cryptic and roundabout as the pathways of Tuscany itself, written in the cheery, slightly coy style of the orders for a treasure hunt. "The small path emerges at a farm called *Bufalo*. Follow the road that passes to the RIGHT of *Bufalo*. There are several barking dogs at this farm, but they are all friendly . . . . You should be able to see the crenellated towers of the *Rocco di Staggia*." We also had a map, a highly detailed, large-scale Club Alpino Italiano map of Chianti, but we never used it. Today's walk did not look to be particularly difficult—six suggestions to get to the Vallombrosian abbey of Passignano, where we would lunch, and then six more to Panzanio. (Day eight required thirty-four suggestions.)

"This will be a breeze," I said.

At ten o'clock, after a last time around the piazza, we climbed the first of the day's two murderous hills. It led up out of Greve to the miniature walled city of Montefioralle. We were expected at noon by a monk at the abbey, a rare appointment, and were anxious not to be late. Montefioralle held us up. It was a beautiful medieval ghost town that sat on a hilltop above its larger sibling and languished in the sun. The explorer for whom our continent was named, Amerigo Vespucci, was born here around 1451, and since then things have been pretty quiet. A carved wasp (*vespa*) and letter V over the door mark his stone house.

Montefioralle is a pine-shaded collection of perhaps forty stone houses on a labyrinthine plan, all joined together, its streets like rivulets in a rock, an enormous family of gray cats its most conspicuous inhabitants. I could easily have spent the day, if not my life, there, but that monk was waiting for us. On our way out, at the foot of that second killer hill, we came upon a tour bus full of Germans, which had gotten itself lodged in the narrow space between a stone guardrail and the outer wall of Montefioralle. A beeping line of tiny Fiats queued up behind it, and finally its passengers were forced to disembark. The paths we walked were not meant for buses; some were impassable even to Pandas and Fiat 500s, those pea-size, two-seat clown cars.

It is time now to say something about hills, since it

was three miles of painfully steep grade out of Montefioralle, and since hills are unquestionably the most significant feature of a Tuscan walk, as essential as waves to a day at the sea. In my dreams I climbed. The Vallombrosian monks, who had created many of the paths we followed, were ruthlessly unsparing of themselves in their pious trailblazing, and their descendants were, to a one, skeptical if not incredulous of our intention to travel without a car. It was hard work, but if you committed yourself to it, leaned into a hill and pumped your legs spiritedly, you would sometimes feel an aerobic exhilaration, a sort of afflatus that would come to a climax at the summit, when you stopped and, panting, took in the divine view.

Descending these hills was, naturally, infernal—scrambling down a rocky trail, trying not to gather too much momentum, one's knees straining, one's balance precarious, one's pack, with its sandwiches and unneeded rain gear, going clappety-clap. It was not, after all, a breeze. By the time we reached the last downhill mile to the abbey, we had been through the walker's heaven and hell.

Chabon on the road: "It was not, after all, a breeze"

The Badia Passignano, as we approached it, was a distant stand of towers rising from a cypress grove, as though they themselves were giant, slender evergreens. The road curved indolently toward the abbey, which would disappear occasionally behind a line of trees for ten or fifteen minutes, then reappear. This was a road designed for approach by horsemen, for it would give the residents of the abbey ample opportunity to prepare for attack.

When we reached the Passignano, Brother Giovanni and the rest of our group—we always came in last—awaited us. Brother Giovanni was short, balding, and dark, with a kindly, bewildered face and no English. He wore blue serge trousers beneath his black robes.

As Christine translated his dejected murmurings—the monastery had once been, after all, the splendid headquarters of a mighty order—Brother Giovanni showed us around. He was in charge of the Benedictines' project to restore the decaying abbey, which had spent the years since Napoleon in profane hands. When one of us mentioned the Medici, who had also, according to our tour books, confiscated the property, Brother Giovanni pretended not to understand, and only persistent questioning could get him to admit that the Medici had played any role at all in the abbey's history. They had, he explained, with the perpetually sad patience of the restorer, made no improvements. The abbey consisted of a great church that contained the remains of San Giovanni Gualberto, founder of the Vallombrosian order; a vaulted refectory with a mysterious *Last Supper* by Ghirlandaio, in which Judas sits across from Christ, alone; and an equally ▶270

LOLLIE GROTH

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4 ☐ **VARIG BRAZILIAN AIRWAYS:** Tour details and more

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15 ☐ **VENICE SIMPLON-ORIENT-EXPRESS:** Details on four-day tours of Wales taking off from London's Victoria Station

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huge kitchen with a gargantuan fireplace and trap in the ceiling for the raising of food to sick monks in the dormitory above.

There were now, Brother Giovanni said, just four monks living in the *badia*, and we soon spotted another of them: thin, bespectacled, and looking somehow angry, furtively slipping out of the refectory with a copy of *La Nazione* under his arm. We went into the garden, a large, orderly arrangement of topiary, herbs, and geraniums in pots. At the bottom of the garden was a view of vineyards, and an aviary, or coop, in which the four friars kept chickens, pheasants, pigeons, and grouse. Suzanne, the brochure photographer, took some likely shots of the quixotic little monk standing ill-at-ease beside Lollie and a few other bare-armed, bare-legged female walkers, and then, thinking of that monstrous kitchen and the captive fowl, we headed off to lunch.

Tuscany pastoral: a hillside near Asciano

In the shadow of the abbey was a restaurant called La Scuderia, where we dined outside, under cool skies, on risotto with asparagus *ribollita*, *penne al pomodoro*, and *insalata verde*. The food made us gay and prolix, and we remained at table for a long time; the dessert was a kind of round, anisette *biscottino* called *ciambellini*, served with Vino Santo, the wonderful Tuscan sherry, of which we consumed, perhaps, rather too much. We dunked the cookies in the wine, and when the cookies were gone, we just drank. When we finally rose from the wrecked table, the sun was getting low in the sky, and we set off, slowly, for Panzanio. We still had at least three hours to go. After the effects of the meal wore off, Lollie and I took turns pushing each other, like tugboats, through the chill of gathering dusk.

Now came the sweetest moment of the sweet, exhausting day, as we climbed through the town of Panzanio, past the evening drinkers in its three *caffès*, and up to our hotel, the Villa le Barone. Its lamps were lit, there was a smell of dinner in the air, and our room was large, warm, and had a bathtub. Arriving at an inn, tired, cold, bedazzled, and on foot, through an open gate, up a gravel drive, and into a bright, fragrant lobby is a magical thing.

By the end of our trip, I was free of my crippling snobbery. Our comrades were a sturdy and enjoyable group—and there is nothing like nine days in Italy, the greatest tourist attraction in history, to disabuse one of the canard that tourism is a bad thing. The tourist has been an important member of Italian society for two thousand years. And Tuscany's bridges and monasteries and vineyards and rocks, which have endured so many centuries on earth, serve to remind the snob that he is already, always already, a tourist passing through. ▶ 274

Michael Chabon'*s novel,* The Mysteries of Pittsburgh, *has just been released in paperback by Harper & Row.*

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Lines in front of Pharmacies in Europe

The ointment

There is something incredible about the lines found in front of European Pharmacies in mid-September when you consider how composed the Europeans generally are about novelties. What caused it all was a new retinol-based anti-wrinkle product. A few months ago, interest in retinol in Europe reached very high levels after the discovery at a prominent University of the anti-wrinkle potential of transretinoic acid (source Prof. J.J. Voorhees, University of Michigan, JOURNAL OF AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION - Jan. 22, 1988).

Even if they are related, there is one substantial difference between transretinoic acid and retinol. Retinol does not cause side effects. Users of transretinoic acid, in fact, complained of reddening and irritation while these effects have never been noted with the use of retinol in anti-wrinkle treatment.

Prof. Puschmann of the Hamburg Clinic of Experimental Dermatology, in Germany, carried out tests on men and women between 22 and 43 years old, using a cosmetic preparation with a 0.034% retinol content and discovered that it visibly reduced the number and depth of wrinkles. As soon as it appeared in the papers, this news created much excitement at the Pharmacies. The retinol-based cosmetic cream produced in Europe is called ANTI-AGE RETARD. It helps reduce the visible signs of aging and is produced by the multinational KORFF. The cream is in stock in some US Pharmacies, and is formulated for two age-groups: from 25 to 35 years and from 35 and over.

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Travel

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Michael Chabon and Lollie Groth's trek through Tuscany—arranged by **Butterfield & Robinson** of Toronto, Canada—will be offered again this year on June 3, September 2 and 23, October 7 and 21. The $1,895 price includes land expenses but not airfare. Phone: (416) 864-1354 or see page 270. The following companies also offer intriguing walking/trekking holidays…

Serenissima is a prestigious British tour organizer that runs cultural odysseys all over the world. Its European walking tours travel at a civilized eight miles per day and cover the Scottish Highlands, Catalonia in Spain, the Apennines in Italy, Burgundy and the Cevennes in France. Trips range from eight to ten days, cost from $1,057 to $1,914. Phone: (312) 954-2944.

The Wayfarers specializes in walks in the countryside of England, Scotland, and Wales. All are five-day/six-night trips that stay in rustic inns and cost $1,050, with departures from April through October. A new program ($1,225) puts up walkers in historic country houses; (401) 849-5087.

Closer to home, **Vermont Hiking Holidays** runs two-, three-, and five-day inn-to-inn walking tours of Vermont from May to October. It also offers New York's Adirondacks, North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains, Maine's Acadia National Park as well as Quebec. Prices range from $199-$299 for a weekend to $479-$639 for five days. Phone: (802) 453-4816.

To walk the western United States, the legendary **Sierra Club** this year has some eighty backpack/camping trips in the U.S. Most are a week long, cost approximately $300, and zero in on National Parks and wilderness areas in California, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arizona. Call: (415) 776-2211.

For serious trekkers, **Overseas Adventure Travel** of Cambridge, Massachusetts, takes off to exotic spots in Africa, the Far East, South and Central America. One of OAT's most offbeat trips is a nineteen-day Moroccan adventure that includes a ten-day hike between Fez and Marrakesh; $1,900; departing July 7, August 15, September 19; (617) 876-0533. Travel ▶ 276

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continued from previous pages

Travel news

By Richard Alleman

wales by rail

For an unusually luxurious way to visit Wales, the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express's British Pullman cars, right, *will do a series of four-day tours of this dramatically beautiful land this summer. Taking off from London's Victoria Station,* The Welsh Prince *will travel to some of the most scenic parts of Wales, with lavish luncheons and teas served on board. Since the train is not equipped with sleeping cars, travelers will spend each night in a different Welsh country-house hotel. Throughout the trip, excursions will be made to national parks, castles, and other historic sites. The price per person is $1,900, double occupancy; departures are set for July 5 and 19, August 2 and 16. For further information, see travel agent, page 270, or phone the Orient-Express Reservations Center at (212) 938-6830.*

Wales on the wild side: sheep grazing on spectacular summer-green slopes

venetian find

Far from the crowds and the prices of the Piazza San Marco, the *osteria* Al Bacco is where real Venetians dine family style on seafood antipasti, razor clams, grilled sea bass, roast lamb, spaghetti *al pomodoro*, tiny fried potatoes, luscious lemon cake. The setting is totally unpretentious: just two narrow rooms behind an easy-to-miss storefront at Fondamenta Capuzine, 3054, near the old Jewish ghetto. The restaurant is closed on Tuesdays; the phone number in Venice is (3941) 71-74-93.

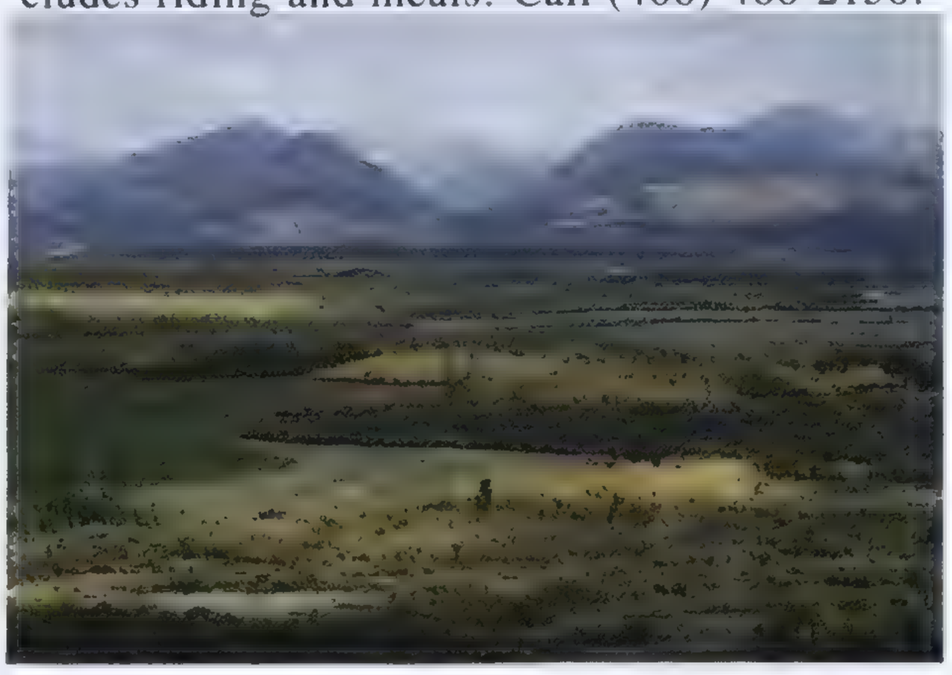
Paris perennials: Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel in the courtyard of the Louvre, right; a gargoyle at Notre Dame, below

paris primer

If you're headed to Paris in this year of the French Revolution's bicentennial, don't leave home without the handy little free guide from the French Government Tourist Office called *Paris: The Insider's Good Value Guide.* Besides listing some 110 small hotels and 230 reasonably priced restaurants, wine bars, and tearooms, this pocket-size, thirty-two-page booklet also covers street markets, couture outlets, antiques shops, art galleries, value-added-tax refunds, and more. To get it, write: Paris Insider's Guide, French Government Tourist Office, P.O. Box 2658, Lake Ronkonkoma, NY 11779.

serious dudes

The Pine Butte Guest Ranch in Choteau, Montana, is a different kind of dude ranch. Instead of just riding and enjoying glorious western scenery, guests take part in serious natural-history programs—bird watching, wildlife tracking, fossil hunting—to enhance their appreciation of the great outdoors. A project of The Nature Conservancy, an environmental group that buys land on the open market to protect it from being developed, Pine Butte is open from May through September; $550 to $650 per person per week—includes riding and meals. Call (406) 466-2158.



Montana—where the Great Plains meet the Rockies

Clockwise from top right: VENICE SIMPLON-ORIENT-EXPRESS; DON SIAS; DAVID W. HAMILTON/Image Bank; FRANCISCO HIDALGO/Image Bank; DAVID HURN/Magnum

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all in the name

Maserati puts its marque on a new Chrysler.

MICHAEL THOMAS takes it for a spin

Anyone who has driven in Europe is likely to be familiar with the sensation. It's early in the morning, say, and you're tooling along the Milan-Venice *autostrada* in a rented Fiat, doing 65 to 70 mph. In the distance, the peaks of the Dolomites glisten; ahead and in the rearview mirror, all is clear when suddenly WHAAAAAH! and you jump halfway through the roof of the car. The rearview mirror is filled with gleaming metal, sleek and dangerous; the driver is leaning on the horn—he must have swept up behind you at close to 125 mph. You jerk to an inside lane, and as he whirls past, you catch a glimpse of the magic marque: Maserati.

Chrysler's new two-seat TC coupe represents an effort (and a $160 million investment) to play on one of the most glamorous and evocative names in automotive history. Maserati cars powered the immortal Fangio to Grand Prix championship after championship; now Chrysler is betting that they will give the company a stronger presence in the luxury-car segment of the market. The TC is made by Maserati in Milan, but the formative ideas behind the new model are unmistakably American.

Indeed, Chrysler tells buyers up front that the TC is not intended to be a performance car. This was to some extent inevitable, since there probably aren't a dozen roads in the United States whose quality of grade or absence of police make it possible to air out the particular qualities that made the original Maserati a legend. The model I drove utilized an automatic transmission, almost a contradiction in terms with the name on the hood, although the car can also be bought with a high-performance engine and manual-shift gearbox, which is the version I would opt for. Its acceleration is a little tubby, but it handles well, and one can easily imagine chewing up two or three hours of high-speed highway travel in fine fashion.

If not power, what does Chrysler believe it is giving the TC buyer for $30,000? "Curb appeal"—looks that bespeak luxury, that say that someone who owns a car this classy must be a pretty classy type him- or herself. To that end, the paint job is good, but the lines aren't anything to write home about. The most eye-catching exterior feature is the Maserati nameplate. The TC is spangled with more tridents (the Maserati logo, taken from the statue of Neptune in Bologna's main square) than old Neptune himself.

Inside, the first sensation one has upon settling into the TC's bucket seats is of being aswim in a sea of leather. The appointments are OK, although I was put off by the fact that, while I had the TC, I happened to spot an advertisement for a low-priced Dodge Spirit and noted that the AM/FM tape console and the heater panel appeared to be the same. Still, the works behind the knobs are absolutely first-class; I caught a Schumann piano quintet on the local FM station, and the performers might have been in the next seat.

Years ago, when a slugging New York Yankee first baseman signed a contract for $15,100, a local sportswriter commented that the $100 was for his fielding. I feel somewhat the same way about the TC. If I put a pencil to it, I would say the buyer is forking over a fair piece of the $30,000 for the Maserati association. And for the buyer who is looking primarily for that kind of designer association and luxurious feel, it's not a bad bargain, considering that the TC costs about the same as the Buick Reatta, about half the price of the Cadillac Allanté, and $15,000 less than the Maserati bi-turbo convertible. If it's the nameplate you want, there's a lot of resonance there, a lot of history.

Chrysler's TC by Maserati is a far cry from the sexy Grand Prix winners of the 1950s. But power's not the point. The hybrid is billed as "a touring convertible with a designer label."

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Food notes

bistro mania

Bistro mania has struck. There is scarcely a restaurant in New York City that hasn't changed its menu to include frisé salad, steak frites, and apple tart. Even Odeon, one of the city's earliest purveyors of nouvelle cuisine, has succumbed, although its proprietors prefer to call it a brasserie. New chef Stephen Lyle's menu features the ubiquitous steak frites, roast chicken with mashed potatoes, cassoulet, and calf's liver.

Patrick Clark's divine Metro is one of the upscale establishments in town that are bowing to the bistro craze. Among the salmon tartare and poached lobster lurks the best roast chicken going—cooked in a clay pot, it is moist and buttery and accompanied by heavenly potato pancakes. Clark, the founding chef at Odeon, also offers a frisé salad with lardons and Roquefort, and a hearty and beautiful salmon with lentils (above).

The new Poiret, on the Upper West Side, has all the staples but favors lusty soups and stews with couscous. Terrific mussels come in a broth fragrant with tomatoes, fresh basil, and fennel. Also new is Park Avenue South's Park Bistro, which has a fine lobster bisque and one of the best simple green salads in town. Potatoes are everywhere—mashed and layered with cod and surrounded by tomato sauce, sliced and topped with goat cheese and sprinkled with thyme and chicory.

Though they differ in authenticity and decor, what they all have is rich, soothing food, sometimes elegant, mostly rustic, and so nice to come home to after years of Postmodern pink decor and minimalist servings.

something sushi

The best Japanese restaurant in San Francisco is not in Japantown, nor is it in any of the city's guidebooks. It is, in fact, wedged between a burlesque theater and a run-down hotel on Bush Street. But don't let that stop you—Sushi Man (415/981-1313) is a remarkably innovative restaurant, and the Sushi Man himself, Ryo Yoshioka, is a joy to watch in action.

The daily specials almost always include perfect fried soft-shell crabs and an incredible grilled yellowtail, a fish that is a sushi bar staple but—inexplicably—is rarely served cooked. For the first course there are baby clams and mussels steamed in a sake broth, a monkfish liver that looks and tastes rather like a tiny foie gras, and a sublime grilled whole baby octopus in a warm bath of soybean paste with sesame, wasabi, and ginger. But it is at the sushi bar that the chef's generosity and sense of humor really shine. There's a long list of "Fassion Rolls"—some just for fun (the "Paris roll" of ham, lettuce, and mayo) and some seriously terrific. The signature "Sushi Man roll" is among the latter: a beautiful mosaic of barbecued eel, avocado, cucumber, Japanese pickles, and kaiware rolled in rice and encased in smoked salmon. Yoshioka's greatest triumph, however, is his spicy tuna. Piled high on a block of rice and seaweed, it is the Sushi Man version of tuna tartare—finely chopped fresh tuna with scallions, hot peppers, sesame seeds, sake, and wasabi.

The restaurant is spare, but the atmosphere warm and festive. Sushi Man is a quick walk down Nob Hill from the more luxurious settings of the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont. It is well worth a venture.

Top: KEN SCHLES; bottom: MARKO LAVRISHA

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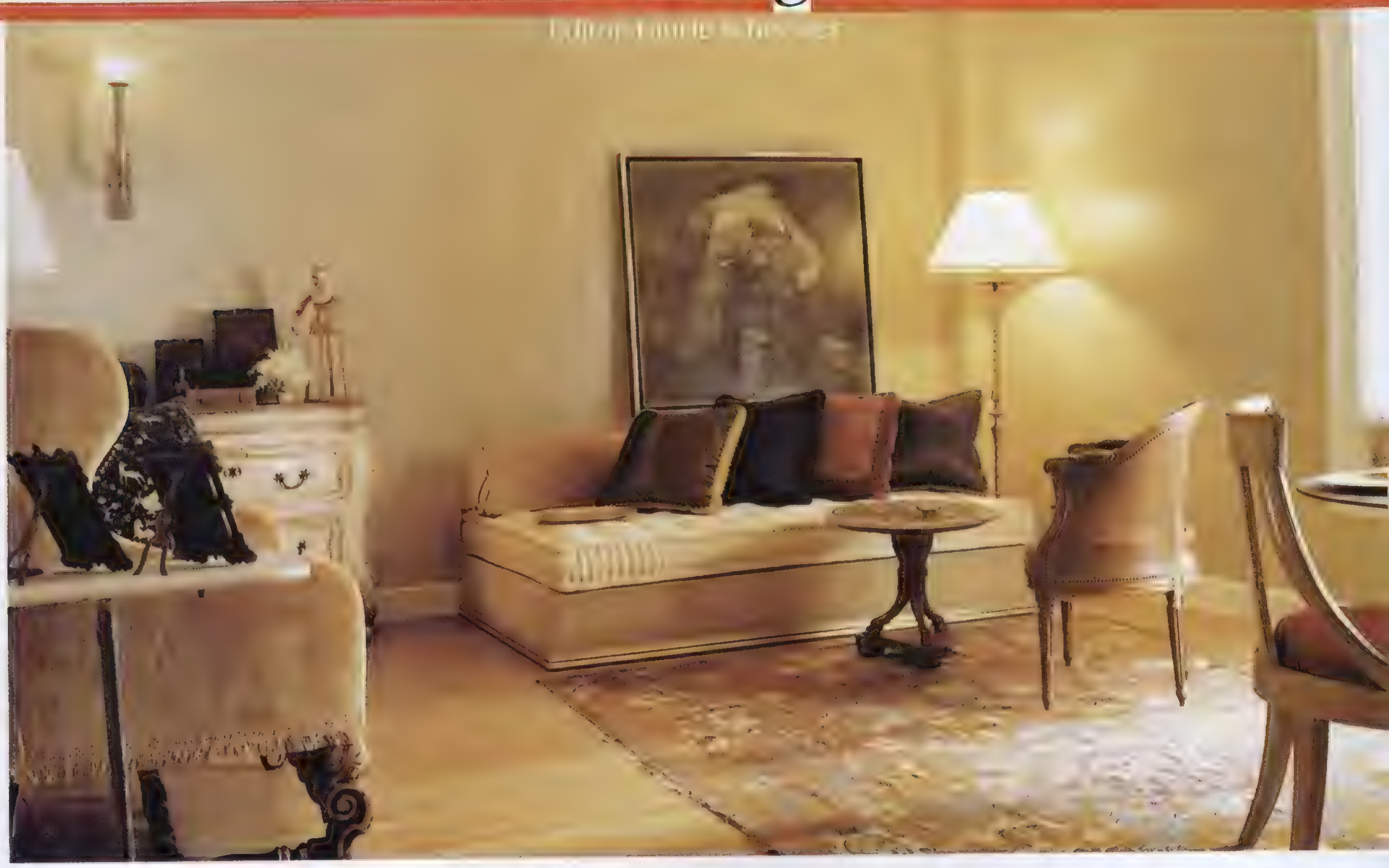


pared to perfection

Paul Siskin and Perucho Valls clothe rooms in dressmaker details

Paul Siskin wears a sedate black turtleneck, Perucho Valls vivid purple cashmere. That immediately says much about the interior design firm Siskin-Valls. The friends, who became partners five years ago, have begun to establish a reputation for highly distinctive interiors that somehow manage to merge the spare and minimal with detailing of the most exuberant luxury.

Their style is the result of Siskin's training at Parsons School of Design and his work with John Saladino, and Valls's fashion background. After coming to New York City from Venezuela, Valls worked with the society florist Renny, did the windows for Halston's boutique, served as the designer's personal assistant for six years, then worked with Arnold Scaasi—although Valls is quick to point out that he created his first interior at the age of fourteen in Caracas when he convinced a woman who had picked him up hitchhiking to let him design her home.

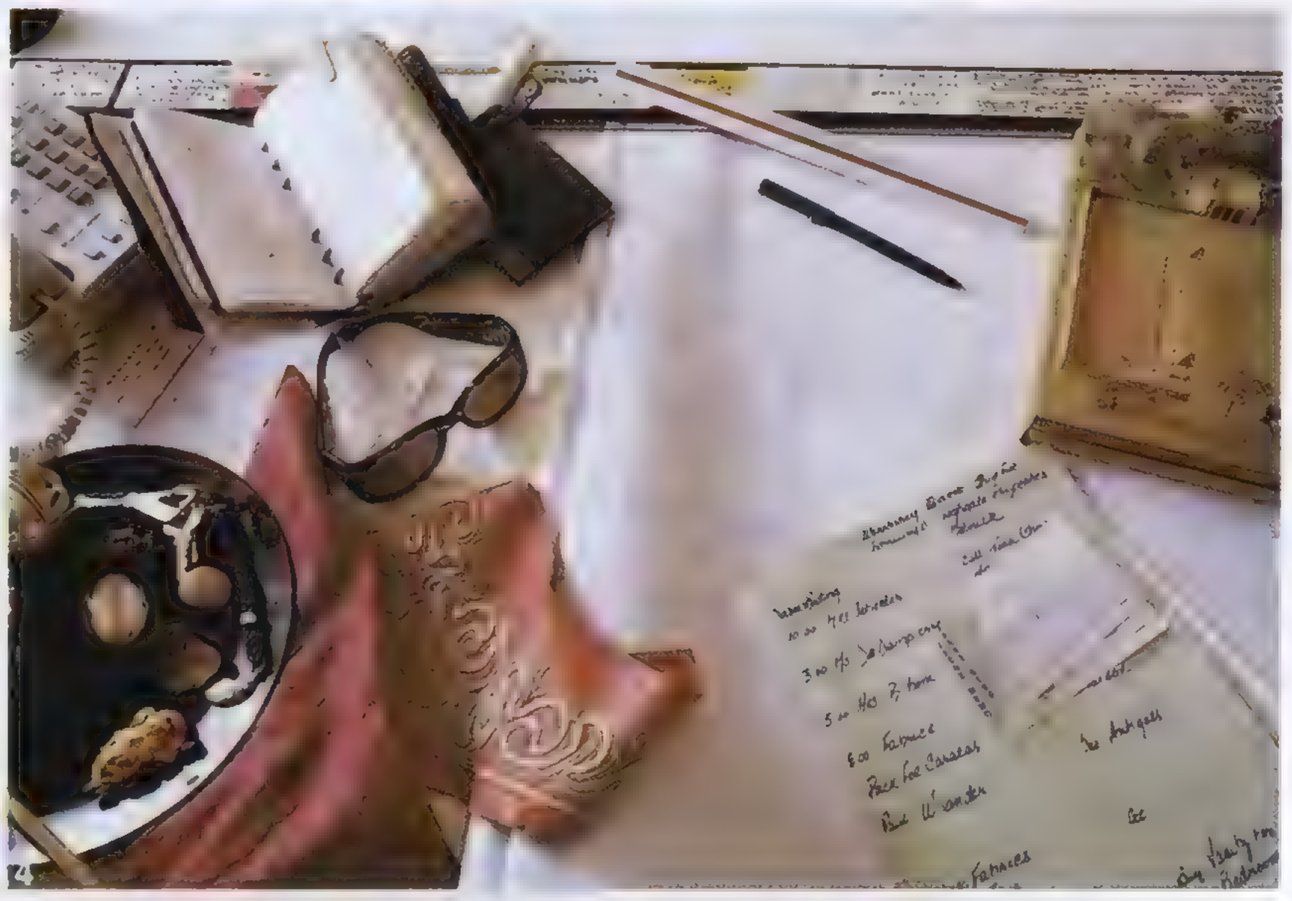
"Designing for the home is like creating clothing," says Valls. "It has to do with line, proportion, color, styling—even the season." Adds Siskin, "I'm more disciplined and restrained. We make a good balance. His strengths are color, fabric, what I call couture touches. I'm the more practical one. I have to be. Perucho never thinks about budgets."

Although Valls's background might seem the perfect training for the creation of "social rooms" ▶ 286

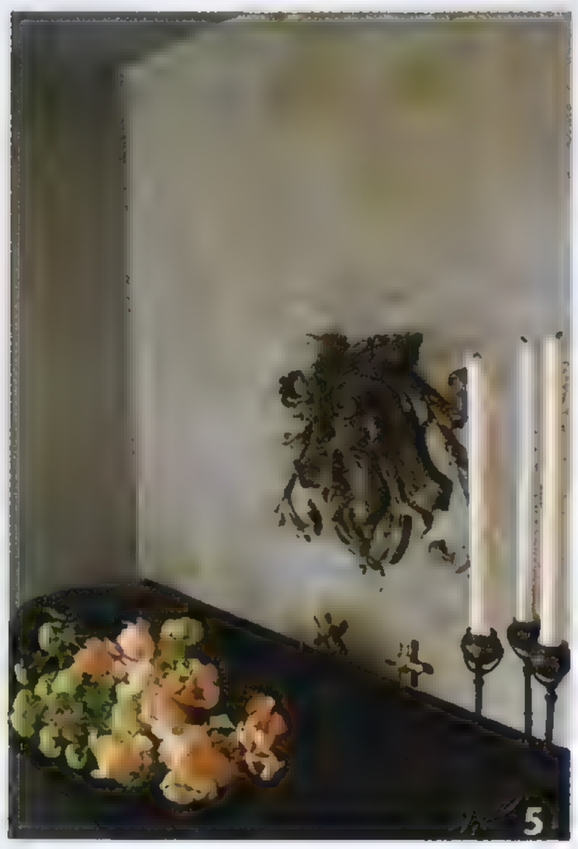
In Perucho Valls's living room, the golden-toned walls are waxed Venetian stucco. The divan and silk taffeta pillows with soutache embroidery were designed by Siskin-Valls. An Aubusson carpet rests on a hardwood floor stained with gold powder. The mosaic table is 19th-century Italian; the embossed-leather chair is Louis XVI.

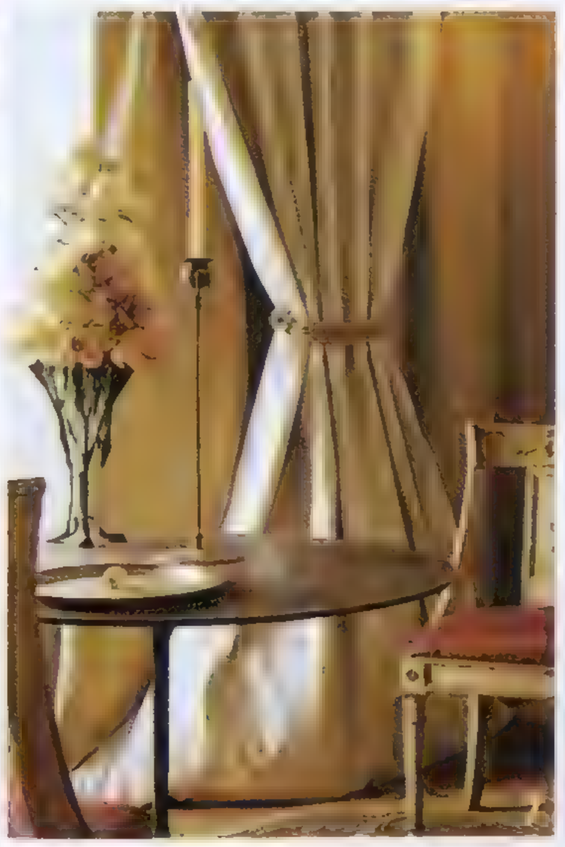
MICHAEL MUNDY. Details, last pages.

1. In Valls's bedroom, a chair slipcovered in silk sits before a French Empire commode. 2. Their office is a mix of custom pieces and antiques. 3. A chair slipcovered in embroidered velvet next to a table designed by Siskin-Valls. 4. Perucho Valls's desk is littered with samples and plans.



5. A 19th-century keystone converted to a fountain hangs above a black granite bar. 6. The bedroom ceiling shows a blown-up detail copied from a 17th-century painting. The armoire, daybed, and chair are 19th-century French. 7. A candlestick and tray from Tiffany Studio sit on a Corton-steel table by Siskin-Valls.





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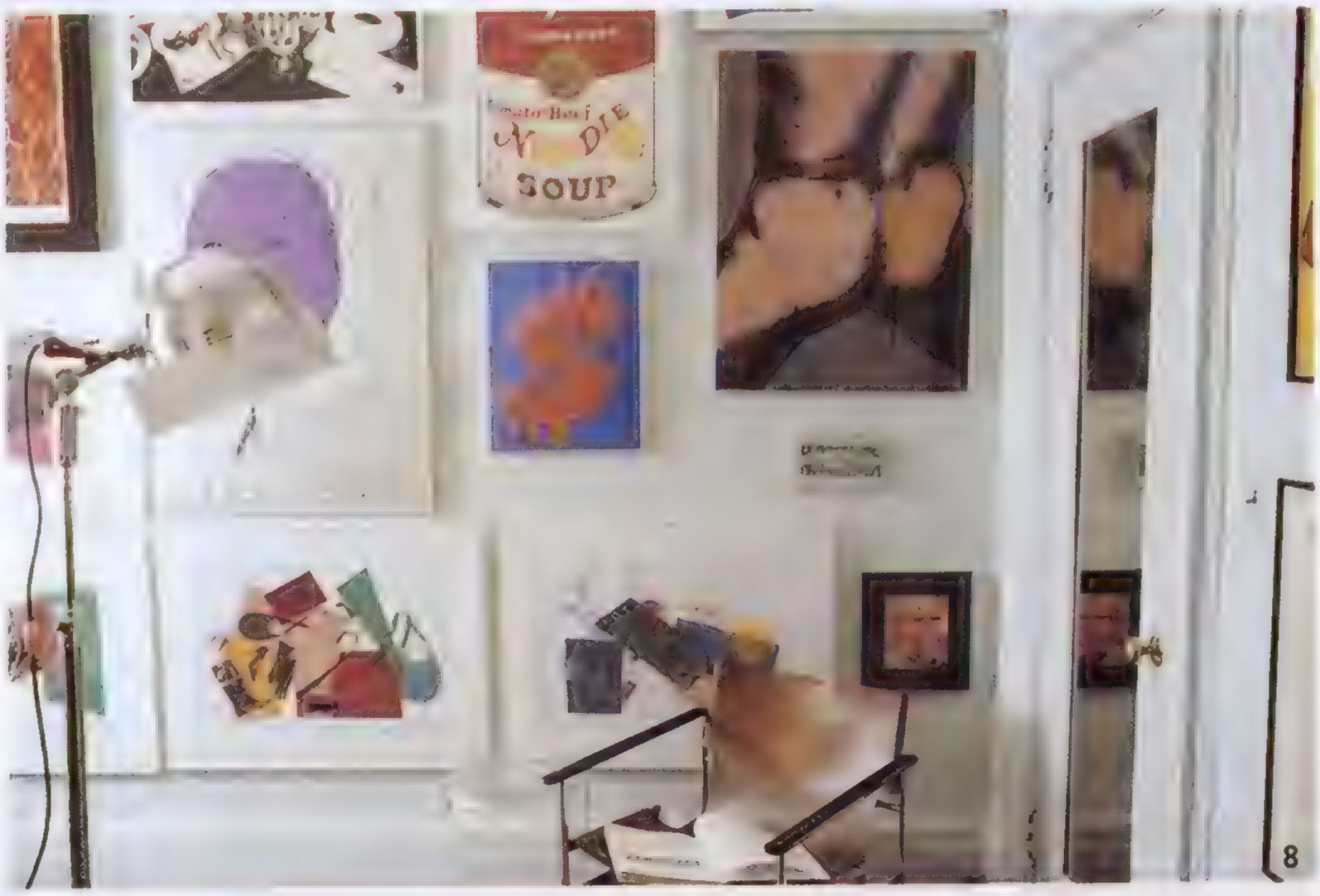
8. A Knoll prototype chair sits below a collection of Warhol prints. 9. For the office of a client, Siskin-Valls covered the walls with linen damask. A painting by Francesco Clemente hangs behind a 19th-century European desk.



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10. In Siskin-Valls's office, a 17th-century Italian carved-stone frieze hangs above a desk covered with samples. Flowers throughout by L. Becker Flowers, New York City.

—those bibelot-bedecked, overstuffed homages to English country homes or grand Parisian salons—the team prides itself on the modernity and simplicity of its work. "We don't do period rooms, we don't like clutter. Our style is more pared down," says Siskin. "When you have a lot of objects and patterns in rooms, it's easy to mask the bad stuff. We don't do that. Each piece in our rooms is fantastic."

If it isn't, they make it appear so. They are noted for masking standard reproduction chairs in slipcovers of extravagant fabrics whose hems sport six-inch widths of elaborate soutache embroidery. A chair they created for the Kips Bay Showhouse sported a virtual train. "It sold to a private collector, thank God," says Siskin, the memory of the expense still fresh.

Valls lifts up the tailored, back-buttoned slipcover on a chair in his bedroom to expose the hidden pleating. "It's draped like an Ungaro," he says proudly. He compares a voluminous silk taffeta curtain to "a Balenciaga ball gown" and then explains confidentially, "It's done on the bias. And you know who the master of the bias was, don't you—Halston." His bedspread is alternating panels of tone-on-tone brocade, trimmed with yards of passementerie.

Such is their feel for fantasy—and their success with clients—that one of the first people to hire the team, a Washington, D.C., hostess, recently asked them to create the decor for an elaborate party she gave in her Siskin-Valls home.

Their subtle and surprising details range from an attenuated brass trumpet form for a curtain rod, to a necklace used as a tieback, to a tabletop and mantelpiece of rusted and waxed Corton steel that add a touch of tasteful Venetian decay, what Siskin calls "honest aging." The varied inspirations for the tables and lamps of their own design include Diego Giacometti and the common folding catering table.

Says Siskin, "We're not locked into a look or a style," and explains that often a client will provide inspiration for a new direction. This is fortunate, since upcoming projects include an office, an airport VIP lounge, a lobby, and a house in the style of a Tuscan villa. "We believe in a certain fantasy," Siskin elaborates. "But not that Reagan-era opulence. That too-serious, drop-dead look is over. We believe in a more pared-down look." Adds Valls, "I love drama, texture, and attention to detail. Ours is a modern opulence."

—MICHAEL BOODRO

MICHAEL MUNDY. Details, last pages

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BY CAROL DERRICO

Richard Pierce

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VOGUE

Point of view

suddenly this summer...

The fashion industry has what Freud might have diagnosed as a classic case of dressing denial. Though summer is undoubtedly our longest and most grueling season (in many parts of the country **sole-scorching days and nights** continue right through September), designers keep throwing all their creative efforts at spring. Retailers, caught up in the old-fashioned, self-destructive cycle of the-earlier-the-better thinking, unpack their barest bikinis amid the snows of March. In May, just when a woman actually needs a **cool white cotton suit**, the only one left is lipstick-covered with a size-two jacket, size-eighteen skirt. (Sale-battered consumers try to ignore summer altogether and frump through the heat in trusty old T-shirts, resurrected skirts.) . . . Enter Donna Karan, Clothes Warrior. "Buy now, wear now!" she cried back in 1986, as she began refusing to ship her clothes off-season. Today, she even designs (heavens!) a summer collection. All over, in fact, there's a minor revolution brewing. Significant changes are astir . . . and summer dressing has never looked better. In this issue, clothes have been pared down to a cool one or two pieces (the sparest evening dress with built-in decoration; nothing but a city-right jacket and skirt). You'll see no heavy layers, no sticky stockings or extras that you have to wrestle with to pull on and off. Jackets have only the most imperative bits of tailoring and fewer seams and linings. When a turtleneck appears, it's made of the lightest, longest-lasting cotton lisle. Gone is typical throwaway thinking; these are **hot-weather clothes that won't wilt** under pressure . . . . Everything you see lives up to the demands of a fast-paced summer life: a navy swimsuit goes out to dinner under a long wrapped skirt; silk sarongs step off the Hampton Jitney and go right to the office. Colors and patterns move quickly into fall: a perfect little black dress that's worn with bare legs and slingbacks now will work later when teamed with a coat, stockings, and pumps. Cotton knits have become a twelve-month proposition . . . . And of course, one should not forget the fun side of summer: stone-washed denim that takes to the beach; the most **kaleidoscopic flower prints;** armfuls of Chinese lacquered bracelets; even avocado pits that dangle from leather cords.

the new summer standard

For years, designers have dismissed summer as a short and inconsequential season. Now they take it seriously, designing clothes that are pulled-together enough for the city, relaxed enough for the beach. These are clothes that do double duty: sleek swimsuits that serve as body-suits, jackets and skirts that go from morning to evening with just a quick change of accessories

WATERCOLORS

A fitted pale-pink suit takes on a comfortable look when the jacket is worn over bare skin, the sleeves are casually pushed up. Wool suit by Valentino. Martha; Saks Jandel; Valentino Boutique, Beverly Hills. More color—soft lip color that's a mix of Ultima II's Breezy and Catnap Lipchromes. The setting on these eighteen pages: Brazil's big, sexy city on the beach—Rio de Janeiro; here, on a yacht in Rio's harbor. Most of the following pages photographed at the Copacabana Palace Hotel. Transportation: Varig Brazilian Airlines. In this story: hair, Eric Gabriel for Oribe at Parachute; makeup, Maria de Schneider. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele
Photographer: Wayne Maser

STRONG SUITS

Suits—for the beach or office—take on a summery attitude in vibrant carnival colors. This page: In a season packed with sleek, athletic-style swimsuits, others are decidedly elegant. Here, a two-piece nylon and Lycra version better suited to a lunch than to an Olympic race. By Christian Lacroix "Luxe," about $208. Saks Fifth Avenue. The rose color on lips—Lancôme's Satin Lip Colour in Rendez-Vous. Opposite page: Unexpected texture from a floral cotton jacquard. By Christian Lacroix "Luxe." Saks Fifth Avenue; Creeds, Canada. Details, more stores, last pages.

Defining the body in new — and obvious — ways: bright stripes and colors with a real Latin flavor

a summer wardrobe

JEWELRY CASES

Accessories have the power to transform the casual. This page: A gold charm bracelet, linen bag, and ladylike Chanel slippers give a man-style suit a feminine twist. Cotton gabardine suit by Ralph Lauren Classics. Jacket, about $310; pants, about $120. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Sea Island cotton turtleneck by John Smedley for John Mendez, about $115. Alan Lawrence, Boston; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Edouard Rambaud bracelet. Hermès bag. Opposite page: The way to dress the simplest T-shirt dress—with a bright Chanel belt worn as a necklace, big earrings. Dress by Complice, about $257. Tucan, NYC; Carducci, Cedarhurst NY; Susan, Burlingame CA. Defining the face: Prescriptives eye-coloring pencil in Sable, Natural Cool Classic lipstick. Details, more stores, last pages.

CLASS ACTION

The classic black dress and crisp white suit step into the nineties. Opposite page: Carolina Herrera's silk crepe sheath is cut out in back. Dress, about $1,400. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Montaldo's. This page: What every woman needs—a white cotton suit that's versatile enough to go from A.M. to P.M. with nothing but a change of accessories. By Chanel. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Beverly Hills; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia.
Details, more stores, last pages.

a summer wardrobe

It started with Chanel. This summer, bold decorative buttons, navy and white, are everywhere

GRAPHIC DISPLAY

The quickest route to summer dressing: clothes with built-in decoration. This page: A silk crepe evening dress has a trompe l'oeil gold belt. By Bill Blass. Martha; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Marshall Field's. Opposite page: Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche proves that less is more—all you need are big white buttons. Wool jacket, about $1,550; skirt, about $680. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Details, more stores, last pages.

BACKSTITCH

The all-American girl, sweatshirt and a lesson in style. It's translated into white, embroidered with nautical motifs, paired with silk shantung pants and an armload of "gold" bangles. Gucci sweatshirt, about $185 (Gucci, NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills; André Van Pier pants, about $420; André Van Pier, NYC; Lenora Boutique, Atlanta; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Details, more shots, last page.

a summer wardrobe

Long lengths can be as sexy as short when the skirt is slit and a long bare leg is exposed

LENGTHWISE

The colors may be less bold this winter, but the lengths are still long. Cut like a cardigan, a red wool crepe sleeveless jacket with a keyhole neckline has a paired with a below-calf-length red matching skirt. By Carolyne Roehm for Sep., sizes 8-16. Brooklyn Industries Pea Jacket, Philadelphia Cream Cheese Peppercorn Cream Cheese. Uncapped, covered—a bell-shaped linen dress with a low-cut back. By Oscar de la Renta, about $4,000. Bergdorf Goodman; Esther Wolf Boutique, Swansons or the Plaza, Kansas City MO. Details, more stores, last pages.

a summer wardrobe

NINE LIVES

The best summer clothes have multiple personalities. This page: Missoni's precisely cut bra-top maillot is dressed enough for late-afternoon coffee. Suit, about $135. Missoni Boutique, NYC. Opposite page: Chanel's version of a sailor pullover—in cotton, with gold buttons at the side—works as a beach cover-up or as a chic off-the-shoulder top for a city lunch. Top, about $915. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Dallas, San Francisco. Details, more stores, last pages.

In summer, even evening dressing becomes more relaxed. There are simpler shapes, fewer accessories

NIGHTLIGHTS

Spare or ornamented, evening wear for summer looks best when it's worn in an offhand manner. This page: A silk crepe dress is decorated with a mother-of-pearl necklace. Dress by Oscar de la Renta, about $1,790. Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Opposite page: The unstudied look of a beaded silk tulle top worn with silk pants. Top by Gianni Versace. Gianni Versace Boutique, Chicago. Pants by Yeohlee, about $315. Bonwit Teller, NYC; Dayton's; Hudson's. The finishing touch: Elizabeth Arden's Simply Perfect Mousse Makeup #1 (foundation) on the face. The view here: one of the world's great beachscapes—Rio's Copacabana. Punctuated by the six-lane Avenida Atlantica—with its sophisticated high-rises and legendary mosaic sidewalks—Copacabana has the look of Park Avenue by the Sea. Details, last pages.

a summer wardrobe

FLORALS AND FRAGRANCE

flower prints

were practically an anthem at the recent couture. Now the story continues as a garden variety of bright florals blooms day and night—in fragrance as well as in fashion

FLOWER GIRL
Keeping flowers in mind: a straw brimmer sashed with a millefleur scarf. By Makins Hats, about $145. Charivari, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Mary Mahoney's, Portsmouth NH. Scarf by Bob Mackie Originals, about $160. Sara Fredericks, NYC, Palm Beach FL; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Another way to wear the power of flowers: floral scents—Diorissimo by Christian Dior Parfums and Animale by GMI. The bloom of color on lips—Christian Dior's Sophistiqué Haute Couleur lipstick #249. These eighteen pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

Sniff and tell

Cynthia Heimel and a good friend, Lewis Grossberger, undertake a "smelling session"

We sat in my kitchen for hours, sniffing. We took our job very seriously, washing carefully between tests so as not to mix and mangle flavors, giving the scents time to settle in and become comfortable. Unfortunately, I can never keep my house free from random teenagers and my ancient aunt, whom you may find popping up in the commentary.

An important note: scent is very personal. Never buy perfume because it is considered new and chic; buy it only if you love how it smells. And buy it only after letting it ferment on your wrist for at least ten minutes; an hour is better. Avoid nose fatigue—when everything starts to smell the same—by only testing three or four perfumes at a time.

For convenience, we grouped our sample perfumes into loosely defined categories. Skim the list to see which appeals most. And remember, you may love what we hated, and vice versa. We're only, after all, two lonely noses.

VEGAS

Cher's Uninhibited
SHE: *Light, citrusy, fresh. . .*
HE: *A little celery tossed in.*
SHE: *Cinnamony. . . unblended, slightly common. I like it.*
HE: *It doesn't smell uninhibited to me.*
SHE: *Maybe like an uninhibited salad chef? Unfortunate bottle.*
HE: *Not if you like Turkish harems.*

Caesar's Woman
HE: (Reading) *Says it's made by Caesar's Palace.*
SHE: *Apple pie and hot roads. Like an egg cream. Smells like your husband's name is Vinnie and you're madly in love with him.*
HE: *I've been to Caesar's Palace and it smells exactly like this. High rollers!*

ONCE UPON A TIME

Guerlain's Jardins de Bagatelle
HE: *Smells like a bunch of flowers. What's not to love?*
SHE: *I like it. A lot of orange. Is it sexy?*
HE: *On the right person.*
SHE: *Very sweet. Assertive! I'd say it's assertive.*
HE: *Spicy, it's gone all spicy!*

Elizabeth Taylor's Passion
HE: *The bottle looks like a fake ancient artifact from a fraternity initiation. Also, it's very purple.*
SHE: *She doesn't really have purple eyes; I sat next to her once. They're sort of greeny.* (Smells.) *Dense, heavy, a thousand points of fragrance.*
ANCIENT RELATIVE: *The wife of the doctor in the shtetl wore something very similar.*
SHE: *There is a certain whiff of entitlement.*

Molinard de Molinard
SHE: *This is from the 1800s. Queen Victoria wore it.*
HE: *Talk about sexy!*
SHE: *I really like it, although it's slightly old lady. Violets, it fades to violets.*
HE: *A good name for a perfume: Sex and Violets.*
SHE: *I'm loving it.*
HE: *You go up to the attic and open up this musty old trunk and there are these ball gowns from the czarist era, and this scent comes wafting out.*

Jontue by Revlon
HE: *Fresh. Citrusy.*
SHE: *Smells like a world traveler.*
HE: *Smells like my fifth-grade teacher. We were in love. The age difference destroyed us. I was ten. She was seventy-two.*
SHE: *Smells like Tinkerbell.*
TEENAGER: *Smells like soap.*

MONEY

Bijan for Women
HE: *Smells like the dandelion wine my grandfather used to make.*
SHE: *And dark gray plush carpeting. With fruit. A very rich-lady odor.*
HE: *Eighteenth century. Glenn Close in* Dangerous Liaisons. *In other words, big trouble.*

Boucheron
SHE: *Smells like leather and talcum powder.*
HE: *Smells like a Harley Davidson. A debutante biker girl. My fantasy.*
SHE: *Lavender.*
HE: *My nose is in a state of collapse at this point. I feel like a blind man trying to paint.*
SHE: *Let's take a break.*

EXECUTIVE WOMAN

Fendi
HE: *This is the subtlest perfume I have ever smelled.*
SHE: *It smells like a woman in furs sitting in the back of a car.*
HE: *It smells like the woman left the car about half an hour ago.*
SHE: *Candy, flowers, and dust. No musk.*
HE: *I need musk or I feel I haven't smelled anything. I'm a musk man.*
SHE: *Sweet and simple.*
HE: *An unassuming little scent, but not too frivolous.*

Red by Giorgio Beverly Hills
SHE: *Crystal-shaped stopper, very New Age.*
HE: *You know, it doesn't smell red. More of a light blue.*
SHE: *Peaches. Very light. Daytime. Practical, tailored.*
HE: *Canned peaches. I always liked canned peaches. My mother served them at their peak.*
SHE: (Reading) *"692 ingredients, blended to absolute perfection."*
HE: *I only smell 653.*

Quelques Fleurs by Parfums Houbigant Paris
HE: *Smells like my mother's lilac tree in the backyard. The one near the garage.*
SHE: *We had a lilac tree near the garage too.*
HE: *Probably a trend when we*

were growing up.
SHE: *Light and flowery with an animal undertone.*
HE: *A moose is eating the lilac tree.*

Carolina Herrera
HE: *Jaunty little polka-dot box.*
SHE: *Slightly candied.*
HE: *Sweetish. I could learn to love someone wearing this, although it wouldn't be love at first sight.*
SHE: *It's intense, intimidating. I like it but it scares me.*
HE: *Don't worry, I'll protect you.*

SWEET SIXTEEN PLUS

Tea Rose
HE: *It's roses! It's walking into a rose garden.*
SHE: *A very intense rose garden.*
HE: *If you like roses, you'll love Tea Rose.*
SHE: *I like roses, but you have to wear Tea Rose lightly or they'll smell you coming down the block.*
HE: *On my block it would be an improvement.*

Victoria's Secret
HE: *Cute bottle. It's a little precious, with the ribbon and all, but if perfume can't be precious, what can?*
SHE: *Sweet, clean, and underdone.*
HE: *Not underdone, underwear. I see all these girls running around in frilly lingerie.*
SHE: *Citrus and musk. Smells like a woman wearing antique silk shawls, on a diet, with a house in the Hamptons.*
HE: *I love it.*

Mon Classique de Morabito
HE: *Like a lynx wearing a garland of flowers.*
SHE: *Summer rain in Wales. Light, flowery.*
ANCIENT RELATIVE: *A little too virginal for my tastes.*
TEENAGER: *Not for mine.*
HE: *I like it. It's relaxing.*

Paris by Yves St. Laurent
SHE: *Starts out strange . . . wait . . .*
HE: *Heavy musk.*
SHE: *Wait . . . something from my childhood . . .*
HE: *Yes? Yes?*
SHE: *It's . . . violets! Candied violets! The violet chewing gum my dad used to buy me after I went to the dentist.*
HE: *And musk.*
SHE: *Do I detect a hint of elegance?*

SEX

Ysatis by Givenchy
SHE: *Charming, a hint of citrus. Orangy. But wait . . . musk!* (Reading press release) *They use Canadian beaver and Ethiopian civet.*
HE: *But a lovely civet . . . in the woods in upstate New York.*
SHE: *Having sex in the woods of upstate New York.*
HE: *The wrong month and you could freeze to death.*

Nina by Nina Ricci
SHE: *Sex, but innocent. First date.*
HE: *Junior high school dating.*
SHE: *Making out on the football field at night.*
HE: *Hiding under the stands, looking up the cheerleaders' skirts.*

Knowing by Estée Lauder
HE: *Smells tropical. 2:00 A.M. in Rio.*
SHE: *Roses, dusk in Philadelphia.*
HE: *A mimosa cocktail with a dusky Polynesian beauty.*
SHE: *Paulina wears it.*
HE: *I meant a dusky Czech beauty.*
SHE: *It's gone all warm and sweet.*

Paloma Picasso
SHE: *The bottle is beautiful.*
HE: *I can't open it. How do you open it?*
SHE: *Here, silly. Smells like patchouli; I'm having a sixties flashback.*
HE: *Smells like an arty pine tree.*
ANCIENT RELATIVE: *Makes my nose burn.*

FRUITY COCKTAILS

Christian Dior's Poison
SHE: *Smells like tequila.*
HE: (Rubbing it on his wrist) *This is the first one that smells blatantly sexy.*
SHE: *You're falling in love with yourself?*
HE: *I want me.*
SHE: *Stop biting your wrist.*
HE: *I lost it, where'd it go? Oh, there it is.*
SHE: *It's starting to smell like a delicious rum cake. I'm hungry.*
HE: *Christian, you've done it again, dead though you are.*

Fred Hayman's 273
SHE: *He was Giorgio; now it's Avon's Giorgio.*
HE: *Something Scarlett O'Hara might wear.*
SHE: *Quite fruity. Smells like red lipstick. Like your mother is all dressed up and comes into your room to give you a kiss goodnight.*

Gem by Van Cleef & Arpels
SHE: *Peach!*
HE: *Plum!*
SHE: *Fruit cocktail!*
HE: *Cantaloupe with orange slices!*
ANCIENT RELATIVE: *You want a man to like it, go after the food groups.*

HEADY SUMMER COMBO
It's a time for florals—visible in pattern and print, invisible in fragrance and scent. The fresh scent of a summer bouquet with the style of a sombrero. Here, Isabel Canovas's black straw with yellow flowers; Dolce & Gabbana corset. Details, last pages.

florals and fragrance

FLOWER AND WATER

A bright bed of roses. Opposite page: They blossom on a bare maillot of nylon and spandex. By Anne Cole Collection, about $50. Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Marshall Field's; Robinson's. This page: A swimsuit that can also be worn as a bodysuit. By Oleg Cassini. Lycra suit, about $112; cotton skirt, about $157. Maison Mendessolle, NYC, Dallas, San Francisco. Two rose-laced scents that carry out the rose theme: Obsession by Calvin Klein and Liz Claiborne fragrance. Details, more stores, last pages.

PERENNIAL FAVORITES

Dressed-up—and dressed-down—versions of chintz-style prints. Opposite page: Cotton pants by Ralph Lauren Classics, about $140. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. Turtleneck by Ralph Lauren Roughwear, about $60. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Birmingham MI; Neiman Marcus. Hat by Paul Smith, about $30. Paul Smith, NYC. A scent that's equally flower-packed: Lauren by Ralph Lauren. This page: For evening, Bob Mackie's jumpsuit has a beaded matte rayon jersey top, beaded silk shorts. Sara Fredericks, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. The invisible bouquet: potent Red by Giorgio Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

florals and fragrance

PRINTOUT

The print inspirations? From Realism to Pop Art. This page: Graphic flowers on a nylon and spandex suit. By Gottex, about $76. Lord & Taylor. Opposite page: Andy Warhol inspired the print; Christian Lacroix created the bustier and skirt. Of cotton and acrylic. By Christian Lacroix "Luxe," about $1,600. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Creeds, Canada. Blossom-based perfumes that go from classic to modern: Quelques Fleurs by Parfums Houbigant Paris and Trouble by Revlon. Details, more stores, last pages.

flor and fragrance

MIXED BOUQUET

[illegible] playful [illegible] floral [illegible] Opposite page: Silk skirt by Lanvin, about $1,700. Lanvin Boutique, NYC, Palm Beach FL. Cotton and spandex T-shirt by Esprit Collection, about $32. Macy's, Herald Square; Marshall Field's; Macy's California. This page: A dizzy-with-flowers shirt paired with a pantsuit. Cotton shirt by Finis, about $95. Barneys New York; Barney's [illegible] Rag Etc., Los Angeles. Silk jacket (about $364) and pants (about $185) by Agnès B. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Scents with orange notes in their fragrance palette: Beautiful by Estée Lauder and Tiffany. Details, more stores, last pages.

NIGHT BLOOMERS

Evening strategy: mixing the simple with the sophisticated. This page: Mary McFadden's sequin-spiked silk taffeta dress—worn with naive flower-power sandals (opposite page). Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue; Suky Rosan, Ardmore PA; Martha, Palm Beach FL. Barneys New York thong sandals, about $68. A pair of sparkling green floral fragrances: K de Krizia and Charlie by Revlon. Details, more stores, last pages.

florals and fragrance

BLACK AND BLOOM

A flowery complement: florals worn with black. This page: A rose-covered cotton jacket paired with cotton knit stretch pants. Jacket, Butterick Pattern #6759. Fabric by Cyrus Clark. Leggings, Butterick Pattern #3507. Fabric by Charter Fabrics. Opposite page: A jersey top and silk sarong. Both by Genny. Viscose top, about $240; sarong, about $345. Betsey Bunky Nini, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Greta, Beverly Hills. Bouquets come in bottles as well: Wind Song by Prince Matchabelli, L'Air du Temps by Nina Ricci. Details, more stores, last pages.

FULL-BLOWN

Sophisticated homages to the Hawaiian print. Opposite page: Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter silk and viscose jacket. With skirt (not shown), about $1,114. Bullocks Wilshire. Straw hat by Isabel Canovas, about $775. Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. This page: A cotton dress with a bow and a strapless neckline. By Victor Costa, about $325. Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; Neiman Marcus. Perfumes as lush and complex as a tropical print: Loulou by Cacharel and Chloé by Parfums Lagerfeld. Details, more stores, last pages.

florals and fragrance

navy maneuvers

The front-running color for spring, navy, is now favored for summer swimwear. The bathing suits themselves are sleek and simple—and they double as bodysuits when they're away from the water

DOUBLE TIME

Norma Kamali creates a suit that leads more than one life: it can go under a sarong—and undersea. The top is made of jersey (for drape), the bottom is of Lycra (for fit). About $68. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. These eight pages: hair, Garren for Garren, New York; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Penn

navy maneuvers

DECENT EXPOSURE

Suits now give an extra glimpse of skin. This page: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo twines a pair of silk gauze scarves into a top; the bottom's a bare stretch gauze brief. Suit, about $365. Barneys New York; Martha, Palm Beach FL; I. Magnin. A fragrance and moisturizer in one: Coco Luxury Body Creme by Chanel. Opposite page: A classic racing suit with a cutout back. Nylon and Lycra one-piece by Speedo America, about $44. Paragon Sports, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

navy maneuvers

LOW PROFILE

A two-piece suit that mixes the modest with the boldly bare. A low-cut, skinny-strapped top paired with high-cut boy-style briefs. Cotton and Lycra suit by Calvin Klein Swimwear, about $69. Macy's, Herald Square; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. When this much skin is bared: Swisscare Pour Givenchy Fundamental Care treatment line. Details, more stores, last pages.

navy maneuvers

STRAP HAPPY

The newest element of design: straps. This page: Calvin Klein's Antron and Lycra suit plunges low in front—and back. By Calvin Klein Swimwear, about $74. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. A moisturizer that glosses skin with a silvery shine—Eternity Body Creme by Calvin Klein. Opposite page: Adrienne Vittadini fronts her suit with a modest neckline, backs it with suspender straps. Nylon and spandex suit from Swimwear by Adrienne Vittadini, about $48. Bloomingdale's; Burdines; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

weather or not

The trench coat comes in out of the rain. In shorter lengths, new shapes (such as the trapeze), and fluid lightweight fabrics, raincoats function as overshirts and beach cover-ups. And they move—over anything from a bathing suit to a bustier dress.

DUAL NATURE

Now a raincoat can double as a swimsuit cover-up or an evening coat. This page: Salvatore Ferragamo's olive swing coat—in rubberized silk—can be thrown as easily over a bathing suit as a dinner dress. Coat, about $950. Salvatore Ferragamo, NYC, Palm Beach FL; Palace Fête, Santa Fe NM. Nylon and Lycra maillot by J. Crew, about $42. Opposite page: Practical meets whimsical—the tried-and-true Burberrys trench is paired with the unexpected: a short printed dress. Rubberized cotton and polyester coat by Burberrys Limited, about $450. Burberrys Limited, NYC, Boston, San Francisco. Cotton and polyester dress by Patrick Kelly, about $545. Martha; Marshall Field's; Macy's California. Cartier watch and diamond earrings. Details, more stores, last pages.

weather or not

BIG MACS

The new raincoats in soft, lightweight fabrics can be worn traditionally as coats or as replacements for jackets and shirts. This page: Nicole Farhi's trench is as thin as a shirt—and when wrapped and belted over crisp whites, it becomes one. Of rayon and polyester, about $820. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Hudson's. Jeans by The Gap, about $28. The Gap stores. Calvin Klein Sport rayon blouse, about $56. Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Another updated classic: Demi-Jour by Parfums Houbigant Paris. Opposite page: Fiorucci's not-so-traditional raincoat is worn like a jacket. Cotton raincoat, about $180. Fiorucci, NYC; Rain, Atlanta; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Ralph Lauren Roughwear silk shantung pants (about $190) and Ralph Lauren Collection linen shirt (about $330). Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Phoenix, La Jolla CA. Both pages, Cartier watch. Details, more stores, last pages.

POP TASTE In the living room of her new Los Angeles home, Madonna indulges in the extravagant—a silk strapless dress by Patrick Kelly couture—and the practical—her favorite snack, unbuttered popcorn. Opposite: The entrance to the house decorated by her brother Christopher Ciccone. The candelabra are 18th-century Italian; the painting is Fernand Léger's Composition, 1932.

Editor: Andre Leon Talley
Photographers:
Patrick Demarchelier (Portraits)
Oberto Gili (Interiors)

HAIR, SERENA RAPHAEL; MAKEUP, FRANCESCA TOLOT
DETAILS, LAST PAGES

madonna holds court

At thirty, she heads a multimillion-dollar corporation. Its product is Madonna, and the market keeps growing. Over dinner, **Vicki Woods** *meets the private woman behind the public merchandise*

"I'm from a poor background, and I'm still working-class in terms of my ethics"

Barring heads of state and the fast-fading Liz Taylor, the Ten Most Famous Women in the World is a list of spouses—I married Ron; I married Gorbachev; I married JFK (before I married Ari); and so on. And then there is Madonna.

Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone was born poor and Italian-American in Bay City, Michigan. She is now thirty and worth a million dollars for every year of her age (some say two million). She didn't marry her money. She made every last dollar herself. She couldn't work harder if she ran a state department or a brokerage firm or a cola company. Every eight-year-old from here to Manila knows her name. It's some achievement.

It's not an achievement you see celebrated in the press. Madonna has a wild press. A sex-bomb press, a trash press. I read through two boxes of it and threw it away: it's depressing stuff. Madonna claws her way to the top; she sleeps her way to the top; she has cancer of the womb; she gets pregnant; she loses the baby; she is trapped in her mansion by death threats; she has lover after lover after lover. She fires people in a second; is impossible to work with; fights like a hellcat; swears at reporters; wrestles paparazzi to the ground; can't sing, can't act; can dance a little. She is found Bound and Gagged; her husband is the likely culprit; she is Trussed Up Like a Turkey. She is in love; she is loveless; she is secretly a lesbian. Madonna doesn't talk to the press much. All the quotes are attributed to "aides."

"Everything you've read about Madonna has been wrong," said Liz Rosenberg of Warner Brothers, who is Madonna's press agent. We were driving around Hollywood in a rented Lincoln Town Car while "Like a Prayer" played on the stereo. I said the last thing I read was Trussed Up Like a Turkey. Liz snorted with laughter.

She said, "I'm really late. I hope Madonna isn't hanging out on the street," and lo, she was. We turned a corner and there was a little, volatile figure, by herself, hopping up and down on the dark, rainy sidewalk in a long Norma Kamali coatdress, satin slingbacks, and no hose.

Madonna got in back. She was tiny, size six or even four. I knew she was a pocket Venus, but it was still a surprise. She was beautiful, with luminous skin. Her hair was aubergine in the sodium light, with a blond lovelock in front. (Two days later, it would be back to platinum for her role as Breathless Mahoney in *Dick Tracy,* Warren Beatty's new film.) Her face was pale. She seemed to be wearing no mascara, no blusher, no eyebrow pencil on her fabulous eyebrows. Only dark red matte lipstick in that signature V-shape under the bottom lip.

She heard "Like a Prayer" wafting around the Lincoln and snapped, "Turn! That! Thing! Off! Now!" Liz Rosenberg flicked off the tape and said evenly, "How was your day?" "Full of lawyers," Madonna replied. As Liz nursed our car through traffic lights, a Cadillac swung out ahead of us. "Fuckhead," said Madonna sweetly. Then she said, in a singsong little voice, "It's Valentine's Day tomorrow, Liz.

madonna

***HIGH TONED** In the gym/bath/dressing room, below, an 18th-century Italian daybed and matching chairs sit amidst fitness equipment and backlit closets. Flowers throughout are by Daniel Andrade of Zen.* Inset: *A selection of Madonna's favorite handbags, including the monkey pouch she wore in the film* Who's That Girl.

"The only person I could have based my look on was the Singing Nun"

It's the first time for years and years I haven't had a valentine on Valentine's Day." Liz said, "The night is young. You'll find one, Madonna. There'll be someone."

We drove to Musso & Frank, an Old Hollywood restaurant. Madonna does not hang back in lobbies, waiting to be hustled to a table. She marches straight ahead while girls dig their partners in the ribs and soundlessly mouth "MA-DON-NA!" Waiters give her a big smile, a smile that says: "You're the biggest star in the world, but I'm cool; I can handle this." She gives them a smile back that says: "I know you can." She can be normal here. How much of her time is normal? "A quarter," she replied. Madonna took a six-second glance at the menu and ordered a salad chiffonade "with lots and lots of garlic" and a Perrier.

Madonna was a gracious interviewee. To my eternal shame, I didn't ask her if she'd spent New Year's trussed up like a turkey. I asked her who her role model had been when she was a girl. She said, "I was at a Catholic school. We didn't read magazines or watch much TV." Pause. "The only person I could have based my look on was the Singing Nun." Madonna is a baptized Catholic, not a practicing Catholic. This has not stopped her from taking liberties with Catholic imagery in her songs and videos. Does she worry about causing offense? "I don't make fun of Catholicism," she said. "I deeply respect Catholicism—its mystery and fear and oppressiveness, its passion and its discipline and its obsession with guilt."

Madonna polished off her garlicky chiffonade with real gusto. She gave my barely touched plate of tasteless California prawns many a glance. I asked if she felt like a rich person. "Yep," she said. She felt like a rich person, OK, but she only just started feeling like one. "I hate waste and I hate to waste money. I don't see the point of having more than one car. And I hate to waste food," she added, as the waiter took my prawns away.

She doesn't come across as a rich person. She doesn't have those money manners—that sit-back-and-the-maid-will-do-it attitude. "Well, there's a difference between being born into money and making money. I've made my money. I'm from a poor background, and basically I'm still a working-class girl in terms of my ethics." She grabbed my hands to look at my rings. "Those are pretty," she said. "Are they antique?" She had just lost her diamond earrings on the Pepsi commercial shoot. She made a sad face. "My beautiful diamond earrings. French, eighteenth-century diamond drops,

MIXED MESSAGES Madonna's style is a unique mix of high and low. **Left:** ***She wears a WilliWear T-shirt with faux pearls, her own cutoff jeans, and a pin from Yves Saint Laurent couture on her sailor cap.*** **Opposite, top:** ***One of a pair of 18th-century Italian chairs and a Mexican artifact.*** **Below:** ***A favorite acquisition, a working radio by artist Rhonda Zwillinger.***

DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

set in platinum.'' She bought them herself.

When Madonna wants something, she goes shopping. In L.A. she shops at Agnès B. and Maxfield; in New York, at Agnès B., Comme des Garçons, Parachute, Charivari. ''But lots of people give me clothes. Azzedine gives me clothes. Rifat Ozbek gave me some nice things, and Gaultier. . . .''

Up to our table loped a very beautiful, grinning boy, with a beat-up jacket and a look on his face that Madonna sees all the time. He was clearly someone who knew Madonna but was clearly aware of the hideous possibility that she might not remember him. ''Hey, uh, hi!'' he said. ''So what's going on? Whaddaya. . . whaddaya doin' out here?'' Madonna gave him a motherly smile and plenty of time to finish his question. Then she said, ''I live out here, silly rabbit.'' To me: ''This is Sasha Mitchell. Have you seen *Spike of Bensonhurst*? Paul Morrissey's movie? Well, he's in it. He was wonderful in it. He's the star.'' Mitchell the star gave Madonna a great big bashful shrug while she praised him, and scuffled his toes in an aw-shucks kind of way. As he shambled off, she said to me crisply, ''Model turned actor.'' But she added, ''He was really good in the movie. Perfect for the part.''

The other name comes up; Sean Penn drifts in and out of her conversation like a sleepy fly. Sean said this, Sean did that. ''Sean taught me how to work a stick shift when I was thinking of getting a Porsche.'' (She got a Mercedes 560SL.) ''Sean's the only person I know who's a native Californian.'' I asked if she was depressed about getting divorced, and she clammed up for a full minute. ''No.'' Pause. ''No, I'm not depressed about getting divorced. Sad. I'm sad about it.'' Long pause. ''*Very* sad. You can't be married to somebody for three and a half years and then just forget him.'' Does she ever see him now? ''No.''

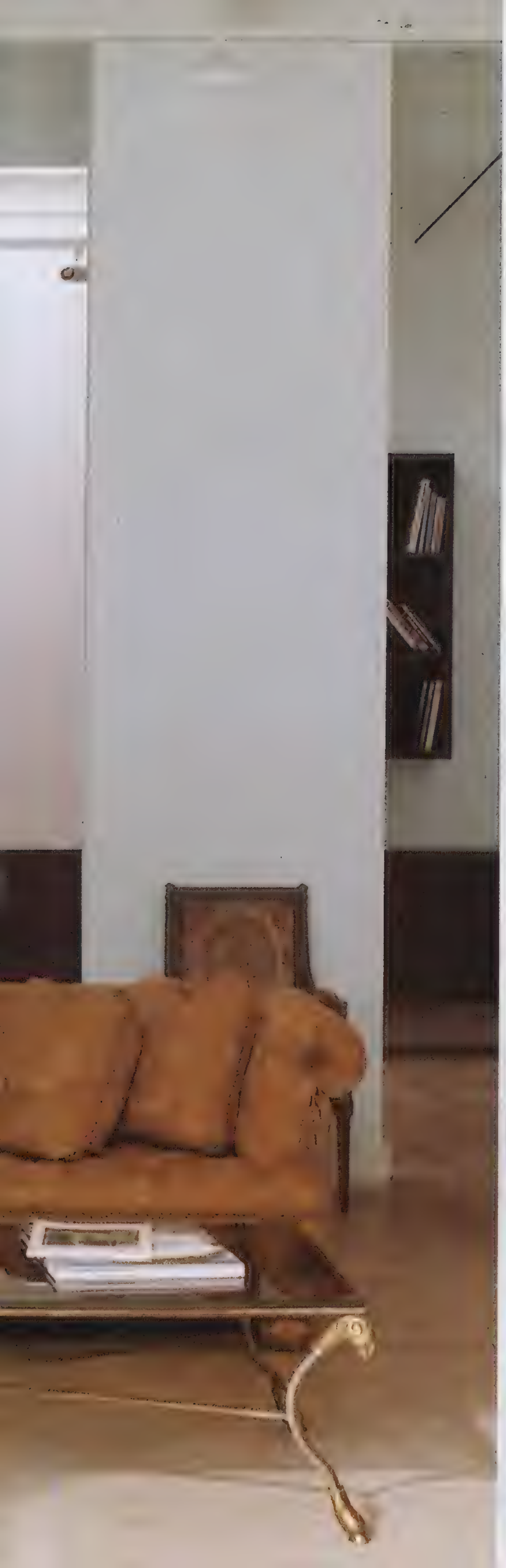
Madonna is again a single woman. She is also in the piquant position of being both a creative artist and tough chief executive of a multimillion-dollar corporation, Madonna Inc. On her new album, she brings together all three roles. The most memorable song, ''Till Death Do Us Part,'' is the sound of a shrewd talent laying bare the private details of a public event—her marriage. She sings, ''You're not in love with me anymore. . . it cuts me like a knife. I'm not your friend, I'm just your little wife.'' She knows that people will accept the lyrics as a confession, a fact. She shrugs it off. ''People don't see that you can take some of your experiences from real life and use part of them in your art. They try to make everything an absolute truth.''

Madonna hasn't had a holiday since her honeymoon. ''I have companies to run, people to pay, records to promote. Anyway, by the third day of a holiday, I feel guilty.'' How many people does she employ? ''Thousands.'' But how many directly, I meant. ''Hundreds. I keep Warner Brothers in work!'' What about personal staff? Maids? ''Yeah,'' she said, ''but I clean, too. I've been known to wash a dish or two. Make a bed or two. Sean used to make fun of me.'' She turned to Liz. ''You know those cutoff jeans I wear? Sean would bring someone back to the house, and I'd be wearing those with my hair all *erghh* and washing dishes—I mean, I would be looking like a *hag*. And he'd bring in a friend and drag me over and say, 'Look at her! She's one of the richest women in America!' '' She cackled with laughter.

''You could never look like a hag, Madonna,'' said Liz Rosenberg.

The house feels like a New York penthouse, but the view is better and there's a pool

QUICK CHANGE The living room of the house has been given an Italianate feel with a gold brocade and tasseled sofa and chair and a pair of 18th-century Italian chairs with their original needlepoint. Partially visible in the long gallery is John Kirby's 1988 painting Family Ties. Opposite: *A detail of a 1987 Keith Haring collage dedicated to Madonna that hangs in her kitchen.*



STEPPING OUT Neatly lined up in her closet, above, are identical pairs of the lace-up wing-tip boots Madonna made famous on her concert tours, as well as more elegant low-heeled and slingback shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Opposite: The star wears a jacket edged in silk flowers by Christian Lacroix couture over her signature Levi Strauss jeans.

DETAILS, LAST PAGES.

a private view

André Leon Talley finds style runs in the star's family

Never be photographed in anything you wouldn't wear yourself,'' states Madonna as piles of Paris dresses are shown to her, explained to her, turned inside out and upside down. ''This is too intense,'' she says of a Christian Lacroix dress with a Proustian bustle and train. It is thrown over an armchair. But she accepts the matching jacket, bordered in silk flowers. It may be the saint of hope emblazoned on the back that pleases her most, for, though lapsed, Madonna retains clear memories of her Catholic girlhood. Nonetheless, she insists it be worn with nothing underneath but her alabaster skin.

Clearly, Madonna has turned her style around. ''Fluid, full skirts, very romantic, I like that,'' she had informed Vogue before her photo shoot. ''I like Louis heels. Bring a lot of slingback shoes. I'm not into any high heels, and no stilettos.'' Her favorite new shoe is a low-heeled black slingback she wears for the entire day of the shoot, moving from room to room while her new album blasts throughout the house.

Madonna is definitely into basic black: her Kabuki-like closets are full of black coats, stacks of black lacy French corsets, black kidskin gloves. Even her three-piece luggage set is black. Pieces by Vivienne Westwood hang next to Norma Kamali OMO, with a Lacroix here and there. There are rows of black-leather biker's jackets and her famous cutoff jeans.

When it comes to the decor of the house itself, Madonna says simply, ''Speak to my brother Christopher. He has the most impeccable taste of anyone I know.'' To prove her confidence in him, she pretty much left him to his own devices.

Christopher Ciccone looked at twenty-five possibilities before choosing this ten-room house. And though he achieved the near impossible—''I decorated the whole place in two weeks''—he firmly states, ''I refuse to be called a decorator.

''I really wanted to avoid the overstuffed, California look,'' he says. This despite the fact that his sister's new home is high in the Hollywood Hills, overlooking Los Angeles. ''The house has the feeling of a grand New York penthouse, except the view is better and there's a pool.''

The twenty-eight-year-old artist admits, ''I really didn't know what to do. The one thing I knew I would never do is use chintz. I just started looking for pieces. As I found them, I found places for them.'' Among his discoveries are eighteenth-century chairs and a pair of candelabra from Italy. ''We both love Italian furniture,'' he explains. ''It's grand without being gaudy like French furniture.'' Ciccone purchased everything for Madonna's house—from the art (a Léger, a Diego Rivera, and a Tamara de Lempicka) to potato peelers to pots. ''In an Italian home, socializing always centered around the kitchen, so Madonna and I both know the value of a good pot to make a big batch of pasta.

''Madonna and I were very close,'' says Ciccone of their childhood in Michigan, with six other brothers and sisters, ''although we had become distant for about five years. It was difficult for me to find my niche in her world. We have a certain sibling dependency, and we spend a lot of time fighting. Yet we are each other's best critics.''

He is known throughout the English theater as, simply, "Gambon." Sir Ralph Richardson referred to him as "The Great Gambon"—as if he were a circus act, Michael Gambon believes. The appellation declares both high esteem and familiarity. Within his own profession, he is the most loved actor of his generation. Love is not easily earned in a world as competitive and critical as that of the theater, but he has it and has had it for as long as I can remember.

His public acclaim was clinched on a night in 1980 when his performance in the title role in Brecht's *Galileo* brought the audience, including several critics, to its feet. This is rare enough in English theater to warrant a mention on the front page of *The Times*. The reviews repeated the standing ovation verbally. A few contained the phrase "a star is born," though "recognized" would have been more accurate since they'd been applauding him, quietly, for a good ten years.

the mighty gambon

On the English stage, in movies, and on television, Michael Gambon is the most gifted and versatile actor of his generation. Simon Callow welcomes the next Olivier

At the curtain call that first night, Gambon himself seemed distant, uninvolved. He clung to his fellow actors (I was one of them), until, inevitably, he had to take a solo call. He shuffled forward, nodded a slight acknowledgment, smiled his characteristic half-smile, then shuffled back to the security of the line. We all trailed off back to our dressing rooms, which at the National Theatre give onto an inner well. When Gambon appeared at his window, every dressing-room window burst open, and we all hung out of them and clapped and cheered him. He wept, not surprisingly.

In twenty years in the theater, I've never seen anything like it. It was not, to repeat, very English. More than a great tribute to his performance, it was an expression of love for the man. And it was private. Actors sometimes applaud each other in public to show what good chaps they are, but this was different. Here, there was no audience.

On the face of it, both the love and the admiration are a little surprising. Gambon is a shy man, not a great socialite. He has charm and is a supreme raconteur, but he takes no pains to dominate a conversation, to dazzle. He reveals little of himself, and when he does, he is so startling ("The thing about me is I hate a lot of people") that one hesitates to investigate any further. He once told me that he needed advice on a very sensitive subject: would I come round to his place for supper to talk it over? I arrived to find half a dozen people there. The subject, whatever it might have been, was never mentioned.

Despite the veils drawn over his most private self, there are many, probably countless people who consider themselves Gambon's friend. He is most at ease with his fellow actors, and however large or central his role in a play, he always remains part of the group. He refuses to play at being a star, never makes public announcements, and hardly ever attends the award ceremonies at which he is so regularly honored. Asked if he would ever like to run a company, his "no" is instant and unnegotiable.

He genuinely dislikes fame. It has rendered him incapable of passing unnoticed in a pub or a restaurant. Not long ago he could go to the half-dozen pubs in his neighborhood in a different persona, using a different voice—Scots in one, Welsh in another—telling a different story about himself. Not any more. Like it or not, he is very famous indeed, both from the astonishing succession of brilliant performances he has given since that *Galileo* and from his television performances—above all, *The Singing Detective*, where, bedridden, his aching, flaking presence dominated the series that kept the nation, from palace to pub, glued to its sets.

He is more astonished by all this than anyone. Not that his career has been difficult: while training as an engineer, he spent every spare moment in amateur dramatics until, on an impulse, he answered an advertisement for the famous Dublin Gaiety Theatre and played a season with them. Within a year—despite having audaciously auditioned with a speech from *Richard III*—he became a founding member of Olivier's National Theatre Company. His fellow spear carriers included Derek Jacobi, Michael York, and Anthony Hopkins. He progressed slowly through the ranks, acting in all their productions in that golden period of the English theater, until, knowing that he must cut his teeth on a great role, he found himself in Birmingham playing Othello. It was then that some of his extraordinary qualities began to make people sit up: his massive stamina, a huge and apparently indestructible voice, and sudden and exquisite lyrical delicacy.

But he didn't return to the classics for some time, becoming instead the supreme interpreter of Alan Ayckbourn's bourgeois tragicomedies. He is not built quite the way classical actors are supposed to be. Though not short—5′11″—his body lacks regularity. His great box of a chest—"as deep as it is wide," in his own words—sits on top of legs whose shortness is belied by long tapering feet. His hands, too, are immense, with extremely long, delicate fingers. The contrasts thus afforded—massive weight and elegant, almost dainty precision—are perfectly embodied in a face that is big and open, but whose eyes and mouth are constantly expressing myriad intermediate emotions. The whole impact is of a humorous and subtle warrior, a giant who chooses to tease. A word from his mouth confirms the impression. Strong enough to ride Lear's storm twice a day on matinee ▶ 400

DAVID BAILEY

His impact is that of a humorous and subtle warrior, a giant who chooses to tease

eat this!

Jeffrey Steingarten confronts his food phobias and discovers there is nothing too hard to swallow

Intense food preferences, whether phobias or cravings, have always struck me as the most serious of all personal limitations. Humans are omnivores. Our teeth and digestive systems are all-purpose and ready for anything. Our genes do not dictate what foods we should find tasty or repulsive. We come into the world with a mild yen for sweets and a weak aversion to bitterness, and after four months an innate fondness for salt appears. Some people are born particularly sensitive to one taste or odor; others have trouble digesting milk sugar. And that's about it.

The nifty thing about being omnivorous is that we can take nourishment from an endless variety of sources and easily adapt to a changing world—crop failures, herd migrations, restaurant closings, and the like. Lions and tigers will starve if they are trapped in a vegetarian restaurant, as will cows in a steakhouse, but not human beings. Yet by the age of twelve, we all suffer from a haphazard collection of food aversions ranging from revulsion to indifference. Signals from our families, ethnic group, and the culture around us make a food distasteful even before we taste it. The most potent cause of food phobia is an attack of nausea after dinner—even if the food we ate did not actually cause the problem and even if we know it didn't. By closing ourselves up like this, we become failed omnivores. We let down the omnivore team.

Some foods seem to invite our loathing—slimy creatures like oysters and snails, amphibians and reptiles like frogs and snakes, offal and organs like intestines and brains. But the French love them all; a Hindu would be just as squeamish about a juicy rib steak. My own food phobias include none of the above, but they are as arbitrary and degrading as the next guy's. For three meals a day and at every little snack they insinuate themselves between me and the boundless universe of foods that Divine Providence has spread before us.

One bright morning six months ago, I awoke with a steadfast resolve to do away with every last one of them. No smells or tastes are innately repulsive, I reassured myself, and what's learned can be forgot. My first step was to compose an annotated list of my food phobias:

1. *Foods I wouldn't touch even if I were starving on a desert island:*

None (*except maybe insects*). Many cultures find insects highly nutritious and love their crunchy texture. This proves that no innate programming keeps me from eating them, too. Objectively, I must look as foolish as those Kalahari bushmen who face famine every few years because they refuse to eat three-quarters of the 223 animal species around them. I will deal with this phobia when I have polished off the easy ones.

2. *Foods I might eat if I were starving on a desert island, but only after everything else ran out:*

Kimchi, the national pickle of Korea. Cabbage, ginger, garlic, and red peppers—I love them all, but not when they are fermented together for many months to become *kimchi*. Nearly forty-one million South Koreans eat *kimchi* three times a day. They say "*kimchi*" instead of "cheese" when someone is taking their picture. I say "hold the *kimchi*."

Anything stressing dill. What could be more benign than a bunch of dill or more demeaning than a dill phobia? Imagine an art lover who so detests the color yellow that she misses out on half the paintings ever painted.

Swordfish. This is a favorite among the feed-to-succeed set, who like it grilled to the consistency of running shoes. A good friend of mine eats swordfish five times a week and denies that he has any food phobias. Who's kidding whom? Returning obsessively to a few foods is the same as being phobic toward all the rest. This may explain the Comfort Food Craze. But the goal of the arts, culinary or otherwise, is not to make us feel comfortable. That is the goal of an easy chair.

Anchovies. I met my first anchovy on a pizza in 1962, and it was seven years before I mustered the courage to try another one. I am known to cross the street whenever I see an anchovy coming. Why would anybody consciously choose to eat a tiny, oil-soaked, leathery maroon strip of briny flesh?

Lard. The very word causes my throat to constrict and beads of sweat to appear on my forehead.

Desserts in Indian restaurants. The taste and texture of face creams belong in the boudoir, not on the plate. Edmondo de Amicis, a nineteenth-century traveler, perfectly captured my feeling about Indian desserts, though he was writing about North Africa: "My first impulse was to fall upon the cook. . . . In an instant I understood perfectly how a race who ate such food must necessarily believe in another God and hold essentially different views of human life from our own. . . . There was a suggestion of soap, wax, pomatum, of unguents, dyes, cosmetics; of everything, in short, most unsuited to enter a human mouth."

Also: miso, mocha, chutney, raw sea urchins, and falafel (those hard, dry, fried little balls of ground chick-peas unaccountably enjoyed in Middle Eastern countries).

3. *Foods I would never eat if I could order a grilled chicken on my desert island, plus some vanilla ice cream:*

Greek food. I have always considered Greek cuisine an oxymoron. Its major achievements are *feta* cheese and *retsina* wine. Any country that pickles its national cheese in brine and adulterates its national wine with pine pitch should order dinner at the local Chinese place and save its energies for ▶398

east side

High up in Christadora House, a landmark building that overlooks Tompkins Square Park in New York City's East Village, SoHo art dealer Christine Burgin was hosting a dinner party when somebody looked out the window and saw flames. A nearby building was being consumed by fire; indeed, scorching red light electrified the hull of the tenement and burst out and illuminated the sky. To the guests, all of us from the art world, the image was just another apocalyptic East Village scene—the stuff of a thousand Neo-Expressionist canvases. But to Burgin's thirty-year-old husband, Amos Harris, the stepson of Ann Clark Rockefeller and an owner of the Christadora and other neighborhood properties, the fire spelled danger. It might have been one of his own buildings down there burning.

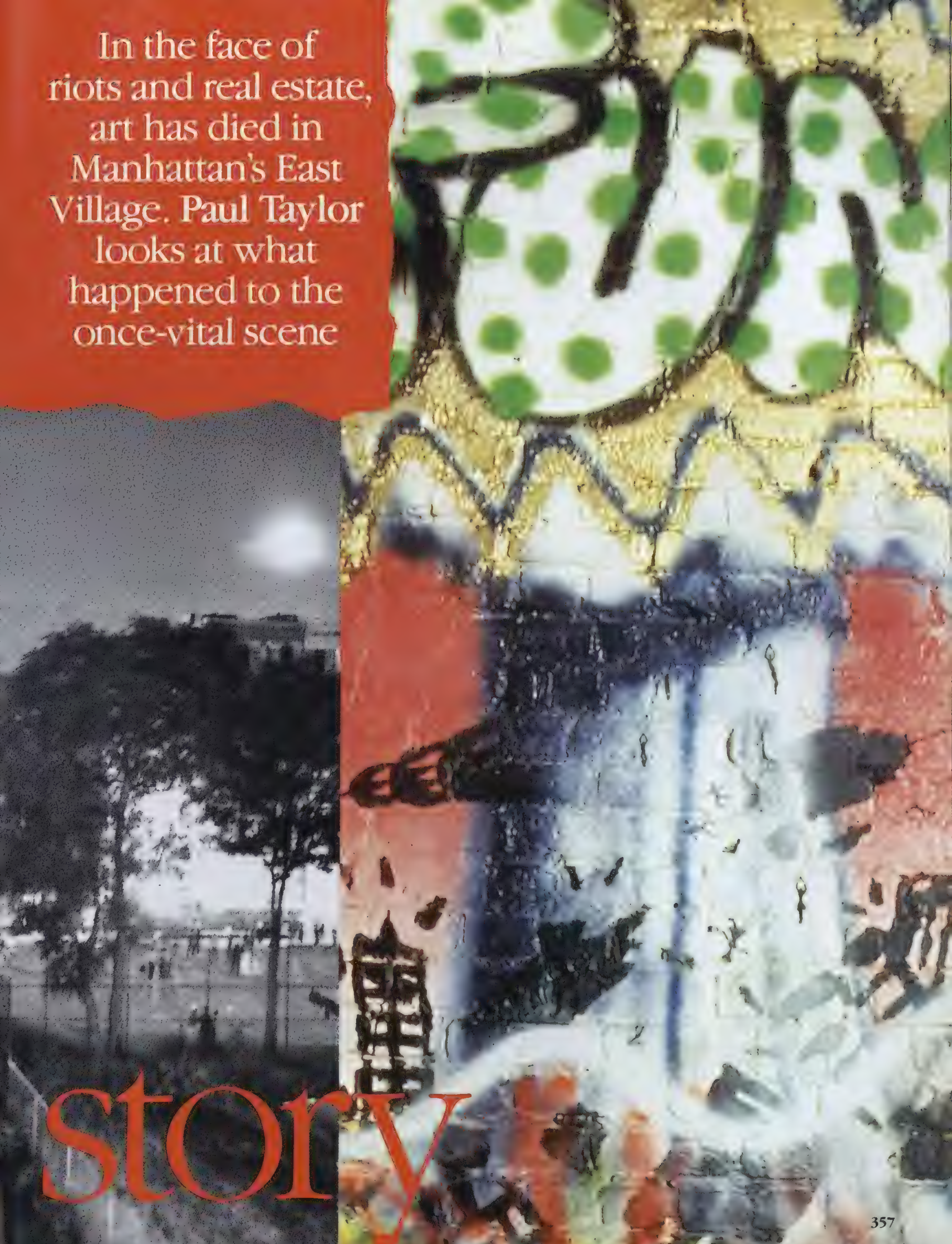
Harris ran off to check while the eating continued with gusto. On his return, the young landlord was all smiles: his holdings were safe. Nothing substantial had been harmed—except for a couple of junkies who, apparently, had made their home in the slum. "Do you mean they burned to death?" I asked. "Yeah, but those people are lower than cockroaches," came the reply.

That was a year ago, shortly before the Christadora became a target in last summer's Tompkins Square riots. The demonstrators turned the luxury condominium complex into a symbol of the gentrification of the area.

A few years ago, their targets might have been the art galleries. The rapid rise and decline of "East Village art"—

A tenement on fire in the East Village, opposite, emblematic of the area's raging real estate battles. This page: Graffiti at a neighborhood hangout expressed the spirit of the East Village art scene and became the name of its most famous gallery.

In the face of riots and real estate, art has died in Manhattan's East Village. Paul Taylor looks at what happened to the once-vital scene



story

"People are happy to have the East Village scene over," says Patti Astor. "They don't have to worry anymore. Everything's safe."

Patti Astor, above, the bleached-blond symbol of the East Village art scene, in 1983 at an exhibition/ installation by her friend Keith Haring at the Fun gallery, which she helped run. Left: After making the transition from Avenue A to Sunset Boulevard, a new, sleek, and stylized Astor today. She now lives in Hollywood, where she is attempting to break into the movie business.

embodied by the sudden appearance and disappearance of little storefront galleries that sprang up between the Bowery and the East River, Houston and Fourteenth streets—created one of the most startling developments of the contemporary art scene. The galleries showcased all the varieties of 1980s neo-Pop, but they also served as the avant-garde of gentrification on the Lower East Side.

By 1987, the galleries themselves had fallen prey to the inflated real estate values they had helped create. As they attracted new residents and businesses to the area, they priced themselves out of the market. One by one, the East Village art dealers have closed down or shifted their wares farther downtown—particularly to SoHo.

"Architecturally, the East Village was unsatisfactory," says Mera Rubell, a prominent art collector whose company, Rubell & Miller, rents out new gallery spaces in SoHo—especially in the large gallery malls on Lower Broadway. "It's sad that it all came to an end in the East Village. It was a wonderful community and opportunity for young artists and galleries. But the artists need other, larger spaces. And galleries feed off one another—they want to be near other successful galleries. And at $16 to $25 per square foot, SoHo today is cheaper than the East Village storefronts."

"It was the landlords," agrees dealer Jay Gorney, who moved from the East Village to SoHo in 1987. "They became incredibly greedy."

Of course, the East Village wasn't always Real Estate Hell. In the 1960s—the era of Love-Ins, Be-Ins, and Smoke-Ins—the neighborhood was a haven for alternative activity, an East Coast Haight-Ashbury. In those days, the Dom on St. Mark's Place (now a community center) was home to Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground. Bill Graham's Fillmore East on Second Avenue (which eventually became the Saint, a gay disco, and is now slated to become a cinema complex) showcased Jimi Hendrix, The Who, and Janis Joplin. The neighborhood was also the site of sore conflicts among local Hispanics, hippies from all over, and the Ninth Precinct police force.

The area's clubs have always monitored the changes. When New Wave music hit in the mid-seventies, CBGB's, an old bikers' bar on the Bowery, became the East Village headquarters of the sleazier side of the New Wave scene. It was followed by the brighter and more juvenile Club 57, which opened in the basement of a Polish church on St. Mark's. "Club 57 was like a clubhouse," says Keith Haring. "The best thing about those days was that they were so unselfconscious and unpretentious. And there was so much talent. Everyone was supporting everyone else."

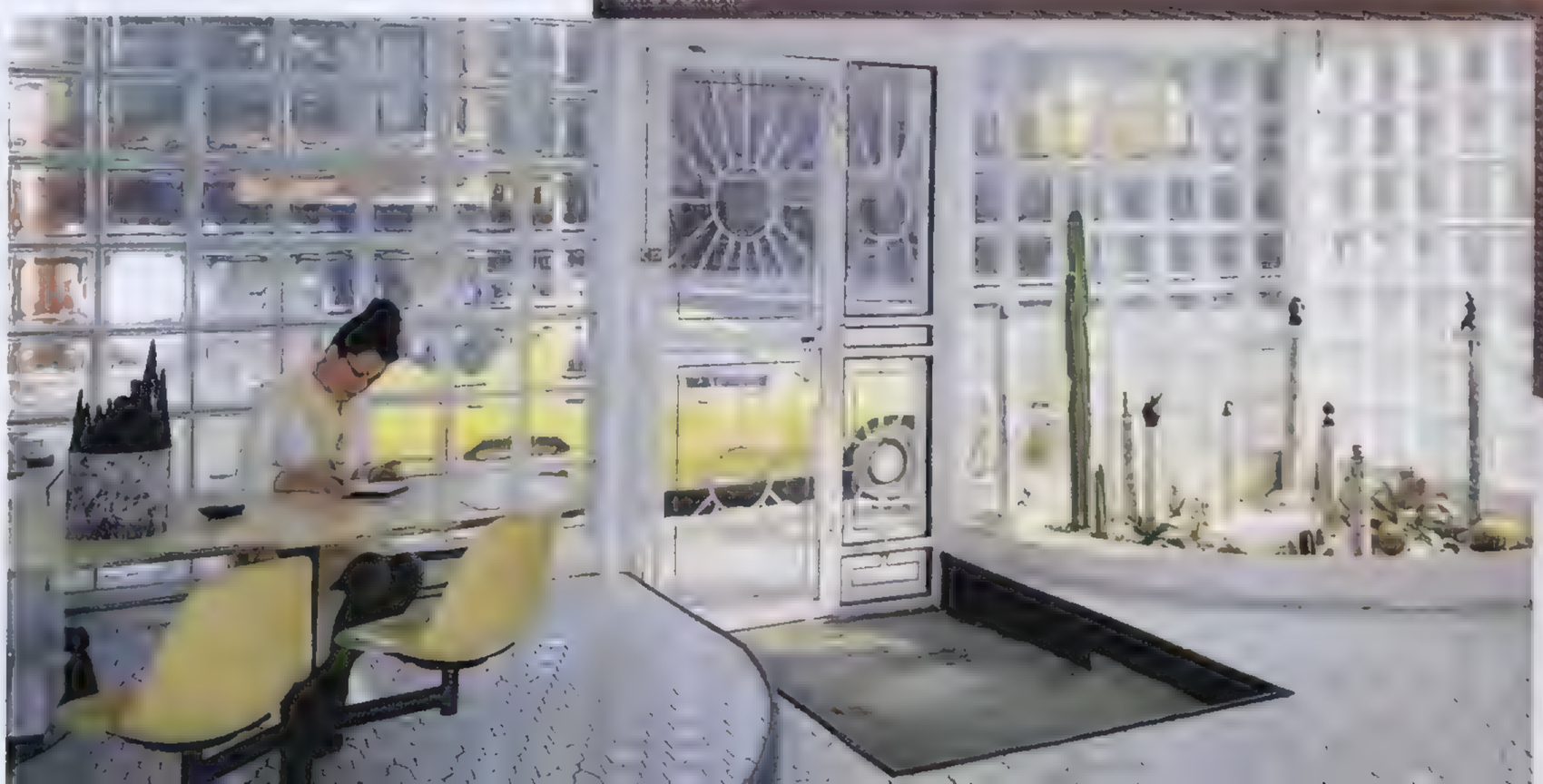
An art-music-fashion scene emerged out of Club 57 crossed with the hip-hop music scene from uptown and the Bronx, exemplified by such musicians as Grandmaster Flash

and Afrika Bambaataa. Jean-Michel Basquiat was still a pseudonymous graffitist, the Collaborative Projects group was gathering a swath of aggressive erotica, punk graphics, graffiti art, and political manifestos for its historic Times Square Show, and new alliances were being made between filmmakers, designers, writers, and artists to whom the SoHo scene seemed hopelessly out of touch. In those days, the neighborhood was inexpensive and its novelty an untapped resource. Soon enough, the idea of selling the East Village image in commodity form hit home, and a movement was born.

Bill Stelling, a twenty-nine-year-old small-time East Village landlord, opened the Fun gallery in 1981 in a rented studio with Patti Astor, an underground movie actress he employed at his roommate referral service. Their little gallery showcased the first wave of the new East Village scene—the graffiti, hip-hop, and psycho-pop painters. The art was dirt-cheap (at Kenny Scharf's first show, the most expensive painting cost $900), and the dealers naively took a mere thirty percent on sales rather than the usual fifty. Stelling owned a building on Third Street that housed Quentin Crisp in the attic and a young artist named Peter Nagy in the basement.

Within a year, Nagy joined forces with his friend Alan Belcher and opened another of the new wave of art galleries. Nature Morte occupied a small storefront on Tenth Street, a stone's throw from Fun and close to other pioneering spaces—Group Material, Gracie Mansion, and Civilian Warfare. "Fun wanted more galleries in the area," says Nagy, "and for a while, there was a real sense of camaraderie.

"When Alan and I opened the gallery," says Nagy, "we were really naive. We weren't that serious. We just thought,



At last summer's riot in Tompkins Square Park, top, protesters faced off against the police. Above right: Pat Hearn in SoHo today. Right: A beehived Hearn in 1984, in her East Village gallery with its cactus garden and tile floors.

'Let's do a show,' like Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. But it was a watershed period. So many people from our generation wanted to be artists. We were all raised on art rock, pop fashion, low culture, so the art world had to split right open. It had to accommodate three new aesthetics: the appropriation thing, the graffiti thing, and the kitsch-punk thing.''

Then came the boom. At its height, magazines like *Flash Art* and *Art in America* were publishing splashy supplements on the East Village scene, and there were no fewer than seventy new little galleries. The influx was on, with fledglings from all over the country descending on the neighborhood in a bid to be the next Madonnas and Kenny Scharfs. The whole mood changed. Deborah Sharpe, whose gallery opened in 1983, just ahead of Michael Kohn, PPOW, and Pat Hearn, remembers, ''When I moved my gallery in, there wasn't exactly a friendly welcome. We weren't part of the clique. We were considered the young professionals.''

Patti Astor is more explicit. ''The point was lost when people like Pat Hearn took grungy 5,000-square-foot tenements and renovated them with all this money,'' she complains. ''I thought there was something sick about it—the adventure had gone out of things. The whole scene had become a real money factory.'' Soon, Fun gallery closed. Bill Stelling moved his share of the business to 56 Bleecker gallery, and Astor moved to Hollywood, where she has worked in a deli while awaiting

The galleries showcased all varieties of 1980s neo-Pop, but they also served as the avant-garde of gentrification on the Lower East Side

An amiable police officer with gallery owner Gracie Mansion, above, in a Pollock dress by Mike Bidlo, 1982. Below: A mixed crowd at the Fun gallery in 1983.

East Village chic: gallery co-owners Sur Rodney Sur and Gracie Mansion, above, with artists Rhonda Zwillinger and Mike Bidlo, 1983. Right: Kenny Scharf performing at Club 57. Far right: Actress Ann Magnuson in Kenny Scharf's performance piece *Closet* at the Fun gallery in 1982.

her big break as a movie producer, screenwriter, and actress.

The most revealing East Village art success story belongs to International With Monument, which was opened in 1984 by artist Meyer Vaisman and two friends from art school. Within two years, however, Vaisman and his artists made the symbolic leap to the big SoHo galleries, a sign that bigger money was finally in the offing. "The East Village was great for a couple of years," Vaisman claims, "and it was initially important to me to have a friendship with artists. Soon the museums got involved, too, and the gallery got out of the red. But the East Village scene died from a lack of adequate spaces and from artists' ambitions to show in bigger galleries. As more and more shitty galleries opened every day, with more cheap versions of SoHo art and Neo-Expressionism, the situation became less interesting. I wanted to get out."

Vaisman and one of his partners sold back their shares in the gallery, which were purchased by Ealan Wingate, who had worked for the Sonnabend gallery. But within months, the gallery's stellar lights—Richard Prince, Sarah Charlesworth, Jeff Koons, and Peter Halley—were grabbed by SoHo dealers. (Vaisman landed at three galleries—Gorney, Sonnabend, and Castelli.)

The other galleries saw the writing on the wall and began to follow suit. By now a hit as both a dealer and a painter, Nagy was exhibiting his own art at International With Monument, and he too jumped ship. He also closed Nature Morte, in 1987. "I could tell the whole scene was falling apart," he says.

Among the last of the fashionable galleries to abandon the district was Pat Hearn's. But her gallery has been stylishly out of sync all along. "When Pat Hearn first opened," recalls dealer Michael Kohn, who reopened his East Village ▶ 401

body zones

As better shape increasingly preoccupies the American woman's mind, skin care focuses on specific body areas. Shirley Lord reports

Every woman in America grows up knowing that "perfect" measurements mean a bosom that measures exactly the same as her hips, with at least a ten-inch differential at the waist.

In real life the body shape a woman has is the one she has to live with, and fashion headlines that announce "Ungaro pares down" and "Armani slims silhouette" can chill the flesh of those who think of themselves as fleshy.

A recent report that bosoms, again revealed on fashion runways, are back in style was considered sufficiently important to appear on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*, but it offered comfort only to some. In the same news story, a Manhattan plastic surgeon commented on the increasing number of patients seeking breast augmentation. It was a fact echoed by plastic surgeons in Brazil, where cosmetic body surgery first became popular in the mid-to-late sixties. "American patients now come here for bigger breasts, smaller buttocks," says Luíz Sergio Toledo, M.D., I.P.R.S., a leading plastic surgeon in São Paulo. "In Brazil, where so much life is spent at the beach, women want more rounded buttocks, smaller breasts."

Our preoccupation with body shape can be traced back to the thirties, when Vogue began to publish the first photographs to be described as beauty photographs, as opposed to fashion photographs. They signified "a concentration on the appearance of the woman herself, as opposed to what she might be wearing...primarily concerned with a woman's bodily well-being...it was felt a new kind of woman was emerging, symbolized by a love of sun, fresh air, and exercise," wrote Martin Harrison in *Beauty Photography in Vogue* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang). It was the beginning of establishing the body—and the way it moves—as an essential part of modern beauty; from then on the body was an engrossing subject for the world's leading photographers. It was also the beginning of body grooming, of luxurious salons in Paris, London, New York, and Rome, where in perfumed air, on deep, lush chaise longues, women of leisure spent their afternoons being pampered.

With travel to the Orient opening up, the "must" place to visit for a more beautiful body became Ibusuki hot springs on the island of Kyushu, Japan, where at low tide people are buried up to the neck in sand constantly heated by an underground mineral stream. Today body fanatics still go to Ibusuki.

The majority, however, obviously feel there's no place like home for body care. At the recent National Association of Home Builders convention, 25 percent of a three-story show house was devoted to a combined master bathroom/bedroom suite—almost a small apartment within the house. It came equipped with a whirlpool, steam-bath attachment, and workout machine, reflecting the ongoing American preoccupation with fitness and body care as a way of life.

The cosmetic industry hasn't been unaware of this, and in recent years it has begun to zone the face and body into smaller and smaller parcels of skin, with of course a huge array of products and wrap treatments to deal specifically with each one. At last count there were nine cosmetic zones from top to toe, with more and more specific products targeted at each of them.

1. *The scalp*. (La Prairie's Cellular Scalp and Hair Treatment uses botanical extracts to deep-cleanse and moisturize the scalp, coat the hair shaft against environmental damage.)

BODY CONSCIOUSNESS

Earth-warmed colors become a second skin in summer and move into fall as a main color scheme. Opposite page: Issey Miyake's intimate "gathering," a one-piece bathing suit with matching tube skirt. Suit, about $242; skirt, about $275. Issey Miyake Boutique, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Avocado seeds strung on leather cords, about $120 each. Both by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Kenneth Cole, NYC; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; Indianapolis IN. A moisturizer that conditions skin—Re-Nutriv Firming Body Lotion by Estée Lauder. These pages: hair, Serena Radaelli; makeup, Francesca Tolot. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington Photographer: Herb Ritts

2. *The face*. (Of the many, Estée Lauder's Eyzone Repair Gel, Coppertone's Nosecoat, Elizabeth Arden's Lipfix.)

3. *The neck*. (Sisley's Neck Cream with plant extracts and Millenium's Throat Creme—both extraluscious moisturizers for that very thin-skinned area.)

4. *The bosom*. Since bosomy models have reappeared in print and on TV, and plunging necklines are making one of this season's favorite fashion statements, it is no surprise that this has become the industry's favorite body zone, with ingenuity expressed in many different ways. (The latest: Princess Marcella Borghese's Contorno for the Breasts consists of lightweight gauze pads; Sisley's Phytobuste, a mélange of horsetail, seaweed, yarrow, and red wine.) All the new concoctions have joined a long line of already well-established breast creams.

"Society encourages the myth that those with 'perfect' bodies are likely to be powerful"

5. *The hands*. An irony is that this part of the anatomy could really do with more attention from a zone-specific cream, lotion, or potion (especially one with sun block). Somehow hand cream has not, as yet, managed to grab women's attention and so has never been a big seller, no matter what miraculous ingredients are poured into it. (Estée Lauder's Extra Rich Re-Nutriv Creme for Hands and Arms is soothing, silky. To help hands' biggest problem—brown spots—both Porcelana Medicated Fade Cream and Esoterica use the FDA-allowable amount of hydroquinone to add bleaching to their softening claims.)

6. *The stomach and hips*. The lower torso is served by a multitude of spot firmers (Clarins' Spot Firming Gel), although so far there are few actually aimed specifically at the stomach (Biotherm's Actif Ventre Ferme is one).

7. *Buttocks and thighs*. Many creams focus on the dips and pockets of fat, otherwise known as cellulite, which appear in this zone. Lancôme joins the attack this month with Sculptural Fluide Amicissant Body Sculpting Complex, which promises to hydrate/moisturize and tackle unsightly bumps. (Since this kind of fat is usually found around unused or underused muscles, it's unlikely topical creams will do much without exercise—and a low-fat diet.)

8. *The legs*. So far they haven't been further subdivided—knees, calves, etc.—but don't count on it not happening. (Clarins' Relax is specifically recommended for tired legs, and on this one they throw in the feet, too.)

9. *The feet*. Foot creams (such as Barielle Total Care Foot Creme) are said to help preclude or smooth away tough, even callused skin underfoot.

At the same time that the demand for "instant" shape has brought all these zoned products into being and there has been a stepped-up demand for cosmetic body surgery, a study recently released by the University of Michigan seems to indicate that young women, aged eighteen to thirty-four, are actually getting fatter, not thinner. (The same study states young men of the same age group have not shown any significant weight change.) Involving data from three consecutive national health surveys by the federal government of thousands of people over two decades, the study marks the first time national weight trends in young people have ever been analyzed.

Nutritionist Katherine Flegal, Ph.D., now with the National Center for Health Statistics, was one of the researchers involved and comments on why the increase in body mass and weight gain showed up in young women and not in young men. "We have no scientific explanation, but our research suggests that body size in women is more under social control than it is in men. It seems to be more influenced by income and education, social factors, career, marital expectations, role models, and images created by the media." Does this mean that on-and-off dieting patterns could have some bearing on these statistics? Dr. Flegal says it's possible, noting that in men body weight is not and never has been such an important factor with their professional and peer groups.

Michael Pertschuk, M.D., associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania and one of the founders of the university's Center for Human Appearance, points out, "A myth that society encourages is that those with 'perfect' bodies are much more likely to be powerful, successful, and popular and exhibit more self-control than those who are heavy. It's a basic assumption, especially of the overweight, that the 'perfect' shape is one that's on the thin side of thin, but that's nonsense. There isn't an absolute or ideal perfect body. The person who is 5′5″ and 150 pounds can work to lose fifteen or twenty pounds and achieve it. At 135 pounds, she won't look super-thin but she won't look overweight either. It's when she forces herself to get down to 115 pounds or less that the trouble begins. It can become a preoccupation that interferes with the rest of life. The emphasis on this mythical society with perfect bodies contributes to the eating disorders I deal with every day.

"Many women don't accept or understand that there are fashions in body shape, just as there are fashions in everything else," Dr. Pertschuk continues. "Remember Scarlett O'Hara's near fainting spells as Mammy struggled to pull her waistline to the required seventeen inches of the day? There was no mention of hip size then, because along with the legs, hips were well concealed beneath crinoline fashions. No one expects or wants a seventeen-inch waist today. In fact, there's already a move away from the stick-thin figure to one that's more shapely, womanly."

This month, a sign of the times: the Institute of Reconstructive Plastic Surgery at New York University Medical Center and New York's Manhattan Eye, Ear, & Throat Hospital are sponsoring a major symposium to be attended by the country's leading plastic surgeons. The subject? Face and Body Contouring: Controversy and Refinement.

The chairman, Gerald Pitman, M.D., says there is no question that with changing goals and improved surgical techniques there is and will continue to be increased demand for body-shaping surgery.

Will anyone ever want again the kind of voluptuous curves that Mae West made popular in the thirties, starting a whole new trend toward hourglass figures in oomph clothes?

Dr. Pertschuk doesn't think so. "That's too much of a pendulum swing. Body fashions change slowly, but they do change. My hope is that women will eventually learn how to be happy with the body they were born with...to keep it fit, healthy, and above all, to enjoy being who they are."

BARE ESSENTIALS

When first sighted at the couture, African-inspired jewelry was polished, refined; now it shows up in raw, earthy versions there: a handmade ebony and rope necklace (about [illegible]) and [illegible]. Worn with Azzedine Alaia's raffia skirt. To order at Alaia, New York. Helping breasts hold up to summer weather, Clarins' brand-new Multi-Tenseur Buste moisturizing gel

EXTERIOR DECORATION

Designs that cover as much as they reveal. This page: A sandal without sole—it walks the line between footwear and jewelry. By Kris Ruhs, about $250. Artwear, NYC. Opposite page: Go fish—in a hooded, cropped top. By Romeo Gigli, about $300. Linda Dresner, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Printemps, Denver. Tina Chow's jade ring, about $1,521. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. A pair of summer beauty-care boosters: Neutrogena Emulsion (on feet) and Revlon's Fabulous Feeling Hand and Nail Moisturizing Regimen.

Details, more stores, last pages.

the new body building

Women are gaining shape and muscle in the neglected upper body, says Dorothy Schefer. One payoff: the way bared shoulders look

On the West Coast, where fitness is a Fact of Life, women are bench pressing. For them, there's a new end to the means. Now, rather than losing "it"—weight, stomachs, thighs—women are into the next phase of fitness: gaining strength, muscle, and tone. Darcy Troy, a real powerhouse—Yale graduate and investment banker—pumps up at the Sports Club/LA. "It's the coolest thing," she says. "Like Popeye eating spinach. One minute, nothing. Next minute, muscles. It doesn't take long to see results."

Women, who for years have dedicated themselves to flatter stomachs and slimmer thighs, have finally acknowledged the need for upper-body strength. For good reasons: exercising the upper body improves posture, protects against bone loss and backache, and improves confidence.

One fact worth paying attention to: women lose 3 to 5 percent of muscle mass every five to ten years after age thirty if muscles are not worked. Weight training is the easiest way to gain back muscle and to displace the fat the female body naturally gains with age. The good news, according to trainer Dan Isaacson of Winning Results, Inc., L.A.: "Women can see results after four to six weeks of cardiovascular training, ten to twenty weeks of weight training."

Although Nautilus training is one of the best ways to strengthen upper-body muscles, Nautilus machines are primarily designed for health clubs and their use must be supervised by an instructor. Aerobics, which promotes heart health and also burns fat, does little to increase muscle. Aerobic arm movements, which are fast-paced, build endurance, not muscle. Even the weights used by more advanced exercisers to increase aerobic difficulty don't increase muscle. For most women, the answer is free weights. These can be safely used at home as well as at a gym, and the slow movements required build the strong, toned muscle women are after.

Toni Beck of The Greenhouse spa suggests starting with one-pound weights and working up slowly to no more than five pounds. A combination of light weights and more reps builds muscle that is sleek. More definition can be achieved by combining more weight with fewer reps.

Both Beck and Kate Gyllenhaal, who runs Homebodies, an NYC personal-training group, suggest that women begin weight training by lying on the floor with knees bent, to keep the back flat and prevent injury. (If you exercise with free weights standing up: keep stomach in and pelvis tucked; concentrate on isolating and working the upper back. Perform exercises *slowly*; working too quickly can lead to injury.) Most experts suggest that beginners consult a trainer.

Gyllenhaal suggests a few other tips when working with free weights. Staccato arm movements, she says, build short, little muscles. Strive for a smooth feeling; arms must be raised and lowered in smooth movements, without jerking. Avoid uneven motions: women often move their arms out slowly, return them too quickly. It's important to work arms in and out evenly. Don't hold arms too high: hands should never be above shoulders. Breathe correctly: exhale at the hardest part of the movement. Women also tend to overwork biceps and underwork triceps, leading to uneven muscularity.

Toni Beck's five-step, fifteen-minute program (do each exercise twelve times; work up to three sets):

1. *To work chest (pectoral) muscles*: lift arms forward at shoulder height, elbows slightly bent, palms facing each other. Open arms to the side and bring them back to start. Take a thirty-second break between sets.
2. *To work mid-back (lat*—latissimus dorsi—*muscles)*: hold weights with arms down, palms facing forward. Lift weights to chest, bending elbows; straighten both arms up over head, bring hands back to chest; then press down, straightening elbows and holding upper arms close to body.
3. *To "open" upper back (deltoid muscles)*: start with arms in front of body, palms facing thighs. Raise arms out to side; keep elbows bent and lower arms down.
4. *To strengthen fronts of upper arms (biceps)*: while standing, hold arms down by side, palms facing forward. Bring weights in toward chest, then lower them slowly. When bringing weight toward chest, squeeze to resist motion; loosen grip as weight is lowered.
5. *To firm backs of upper arms (triceps)*: stand with pelvis tucked, knees bent; lean slightly forward from waist, back straight. Hold arms straight in back of you, palms up. Bend forearms at elbow; keep upper arm steady and elbow close to waist; push back out behind you.

One all-around upper-body exercise for women is the classic modified push-up (with knees bent). Push-ups can strengthen arm and chest muscles as well as tone areas just above the bra line and under the arm. According to Gyllenhaal, different push-ups work different upper-body muscles. One can do a push-up any which way: against a wall (works pecs); diagonal to a wall (works biceps and triceps); in a V-pike position (with legs apart, butt in the air, which works the lat muscles in the back and stretches legs too). Doing the classic push-up with hands on floor below the shoulders and fingers pointed inward isolates the triceps; with fingers straight ahead, the biceps; with hands further apart, fingers facing inward, the pectorals. Push-ups, in fact, are as close as women will ever come to "instant" exercise.

WRAP UP

Another way to display the body: a coat wrapped over bare skin. Opposite page: Callaghan's linen coat, about $900. Bagutta Soho, NYC; Dayton's; Hudson's. The smoothest route to softer skin: Crabtree & Evelyn's Swiss Skincare Body Cream. Details, more stores, last pages.

EAST MEETS WEST

After flirting with Indian-inspired dressing this fall, designers now move further east. This page: Jean Paul Gaultier's tunic dress. Opposite page: Recharging the black base—bracelets, a jeweled vest. Jean Paul Gaultier vest, about $840. The dynasty of bangles, far left, wrist to elbow: Kenneth Jay Lane's in red and black, about $85. In enamel by Azuma, about $13. In red by Azuma, about $8 each. Gold swirl by Dinny Hall, about $245. In red and black by Elsa Peretti at Tiffany & Co., about $325 each. In gold by Antigona, about $70. Fans by Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux, about $190. Near left: Antigona's swirl, about $92. With frosted balls by Dinny Hall, about $460. In beige by Ornamentation, about $25 each. In black by Elsa Peretti at Tiffany & Co., about $325. In red by Azuma, about $8. In beige by Ornamentation, about $25 each. In red by Elsa Peretti at Tiffany & Co., about $325. The earrings: by Dinny Hall, about $150. The ring: by Robert Lee Morris, about $100. Cartier watch. These four pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

asia major

Jean Paul Gaultier chooses Chinese brocade for vests, slices a jacket like a mandarin top, and douses dresses in cinnabar red, creating what may be the next China syndrome

Designers borrow from Chinese tradition, using luxurious evening fabrics in imperial colors for day

FINE CHINA

It doesn't take a total conversion: a couple of pieces can turn a look. This page: Gold-trimmed Chinese pants, satin bag, and a tuxedo jacket—but worn for day. Jacket (about $1,125), pants (about $585), and bag (about $730) by Jean Paul Gaultier. Moschino top, about $250. Black and amber necklace by Pellini Bijoux, about $325. Cinnabar necklace by Azuma, about $24. Opposite page: An evening jacket and lacquered bags give a new twist to a T-shirt and capri pants. Patrick Kelly jacket, about $640. Adrienne Vittadini top, about $55. Capezio by Ballet Makers pants, about $24. Black Fendi bag, about $350. Large cylinder by Robert Lee Morris, about $290. Small cylinder by Rafael Sanchez Designs, about $90. Silver pendant necklace worn as a belt by José & María Barrera, about $400. Gold bracelet by Dinny Hall, about $245. Charm bracelet by Robert Lee Morris, about $240. Cartier watch. Details, stores, last pages.

THE LIGHT SHOW

Pale, sun-bleached tones give denim a softer, feminine look. Opposite page: A double-breasted cotton coatdress gets the treatment. By Emporio Armani, about $410. Emporio Armani, NYC. This page: Reinventing the classics—a denim shirt is transformed into a bodysuit; jeans are bleached to their softest hue. DKNY cotton bodysuit, about $85. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus. Lee jeans, about $43. Woodward & Lothrop; Belk, Raleigh NC; Gayfer's, Pensacola FL. These six pages: hair and makeup, Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Transportation, Eastern Airlines. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Ellen Von Unwerth

beach blues

Designers are experimenting with denim–tailoring it, tucking it, turning it into bikinis

beach blues

ROUGH CUT

Denim is a rough-and-tough fabric that's practical enough for beach gear. This page: The style-conscious version of shorts and a T-shirt. Cotton denim shorts by Calvin, a division of Calvin Klein Industries, about $38. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Cotton shirt by Matsuda, about $270. Matsuda, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Denim vest by Emporio Armani, about $135. Emporio Armani, NYC. Opposite page: Beach palette for 1989—blue and yellow (striped T-shirt), pink (marbleized denim skirt). Cotton top by Agnès B., about $70. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Cotton denim skirt, Guess? by Georges Marciano, about $48. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Hudson's. Details, more stores, last pages.

beach blues

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George Hamilton:

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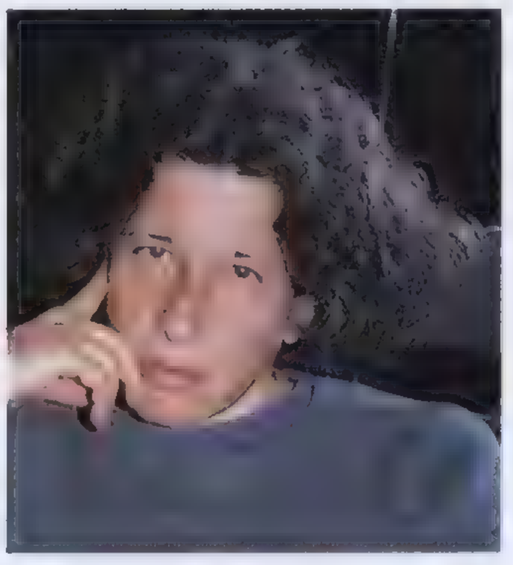
Asleep

Fran Lebowitz:

Sweating bullets

Gushing



Enraged

Billy Idol:

Romantic

Philosophical

Ashamed

practice makes plastic

In the 1930s, when cameras moved out of the studios and into Hollywood night spots, celebrities suddenly found they were at risk of getting caught being themselves. Since then, the paparazzi have intensified their guerrilla tactics, and celebs have perfected a form of passive resistance: they trot out the same camera-ready smirk or scowl at the first sight of a poised Nikon. Whether a star is falling apart or on the rise, grinlock is the best defense. One picture, it seems, is worth a thousand . . . other pictures. —MARTHA PICKERILL

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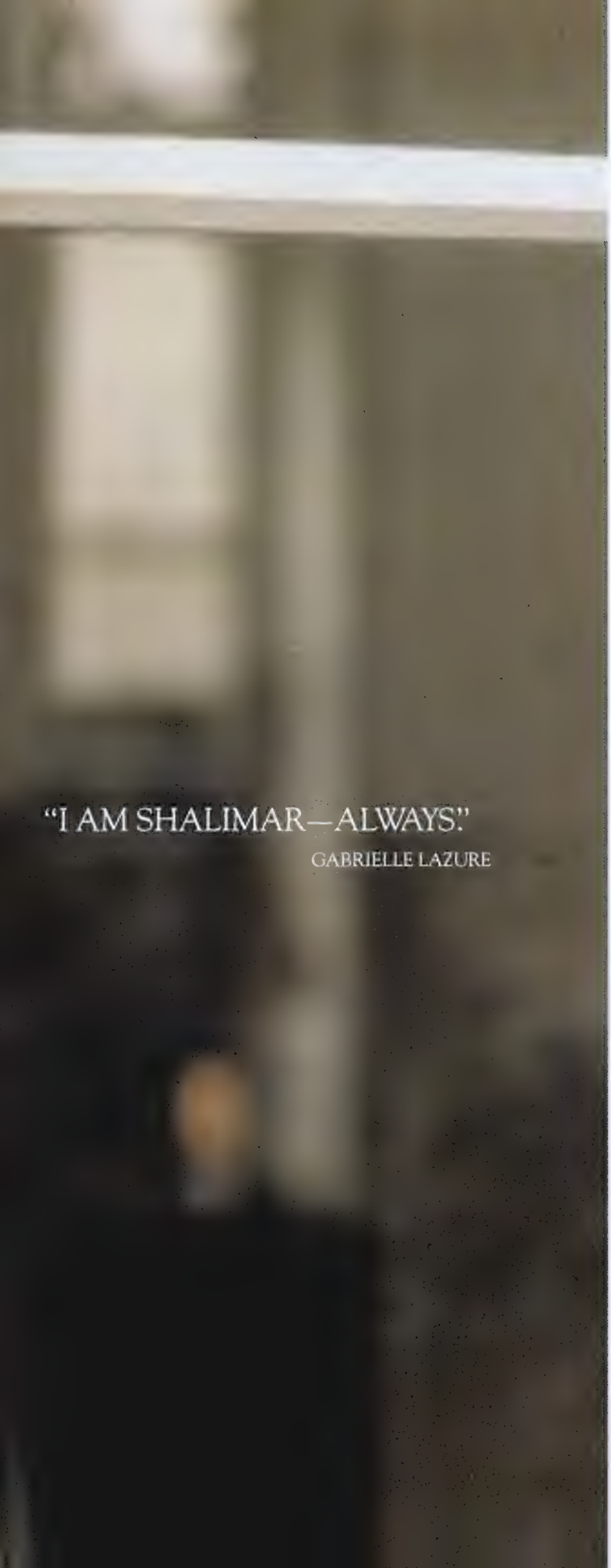

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Julie Hagerty on automatic pilot in *Airplane!*

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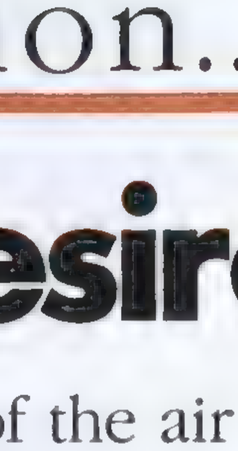
Lindsay Wagner—a hair disaster

Sylvia Kristel—soft-core on the Concorde

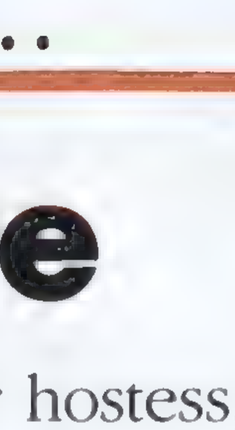
Brenda Vaccaro in *Airport '77*—a jettisoned career

PAST STEWARDESSES They back-combed, they flew, they married. Very well. "Magazine, Mr. Carson?"

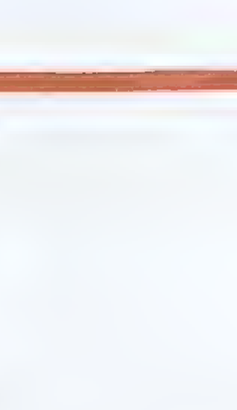
Mrs. Henry Fonda



The ex–Mrs. Lee Iacocca



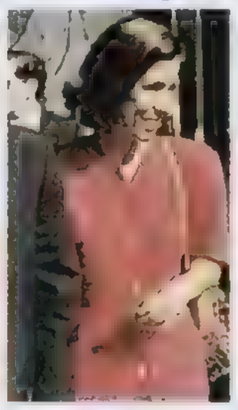
Mrs. Ed McMahon



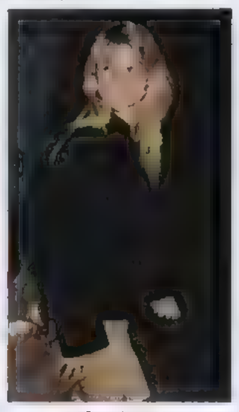
Mrs. Bryant Gumbel

FUTURE CANDIDATES Bag at the ready, smile to go, windproof hair

Jane Pauley



Marilyn Quayle



Christie Brinkley

Jacqueline Onassis

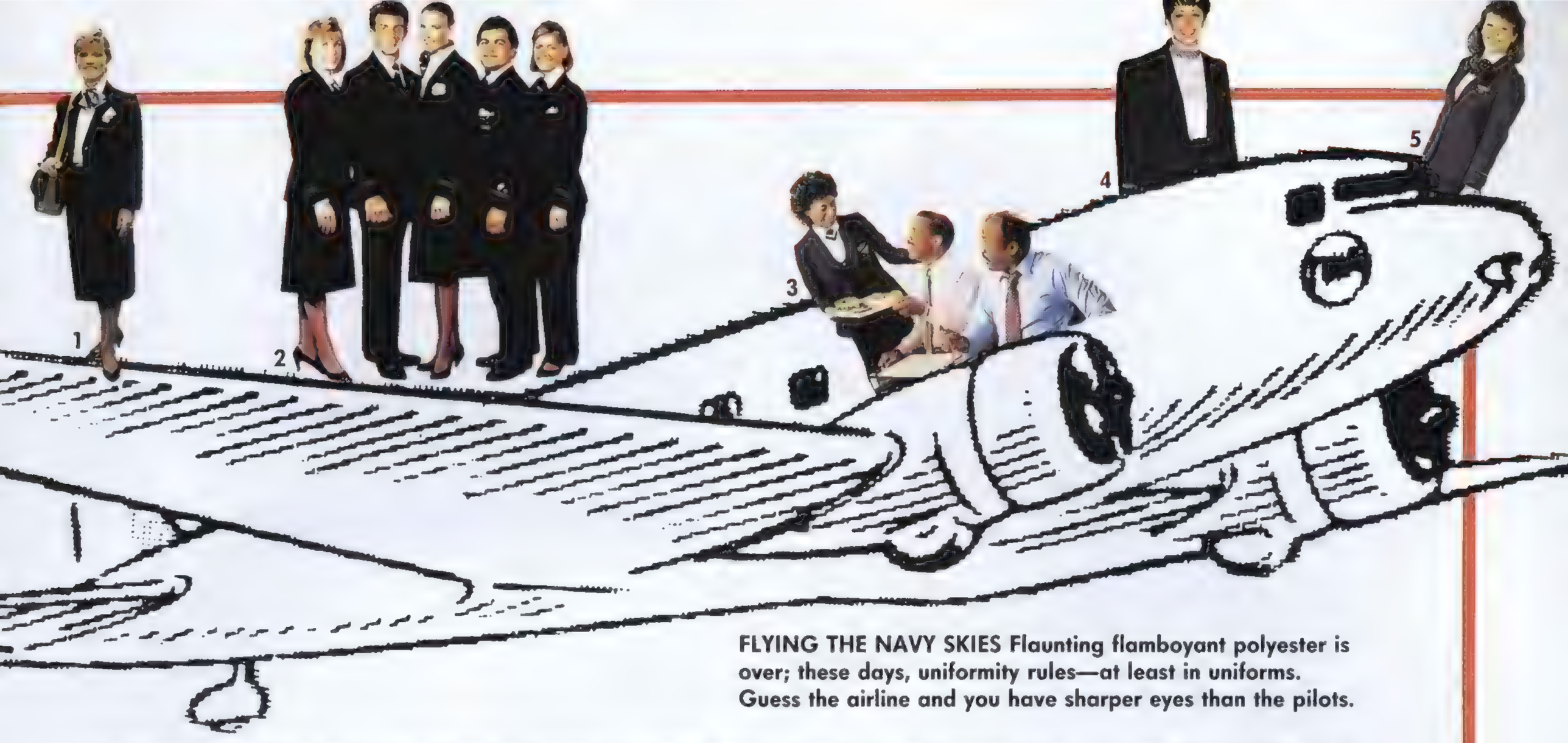
The stewardess is humanity perfected. A Sky Mom, an Air Barbie, a winged goddess in navy blue polyblend and sensible heels—she is impersonal grace personified. Now we are supposed to call her a flight attendant, a presumably genderless, more dignified title, but this will not do. A flight attendant could be anyone, some dull-eyed drone; only a stewardess—or better yet, a "stew"—can soar.

The stewardess was minted in 1930, with the growth of air travel. She was mannishly uniformed and trained to distribute minipillows, instruct passengers on the use of the oxygen mask and the air-sickness bag, and steer the unwary toward the bathrooms and away from the exit doors. The stewardess was, and remains, a waitress who can save your life, an angel with a frosted page boy who demonstrates how, in the event of a "landing at sea"—never say crash—one's seat cushion transforms into a "flotation device." The stewardess is a hardworking professional, and yet so much more. She has become mythic, the stuff of Jackie Mason routines and 3-D, soft-core fantasia.

Pauline Kael, in condemning a Farrah Fawcett performance, compared Farrah to a stewardess: "She is nice because she is paid to be nice." The stew does not smile; her makeup smiles for her, in perpetuity. The stewardess is unfailingly polite, helpful, patient; she lacks evil and anger, without seeming the least smidgen repressed. She is not particularly sexual; she's strictly hands-off—a packet of smoked almonds is the most she'll provide.

The stewardess has a proud movie history. Recall Karen Black, tearfully piloting a blasted jet in *Airport 1975*; the drag queen imitating Karen Black, right down to the shoulder-strap purse, in *Outrageous!*; Lindsay Wagner sassing terrorist hijackers on TV's *The Taking of Flight 847*; Karen Valentine in the video rendering of the classic stew memoir *Coffee, Tea or Me?* A woman need not fly to embody the stewardess creed, that dimpled tradition of wholesome serenity—think of Vanna, Whitney, Jaclyn, all women easily pictured striding through O'Hare with flight bag and jaunty Courrèges bubble cap. A stewardess who attempts profundity, or even a frown, is only inviting sorrow; witness Victoria Principal's recent TV portrayal of a lawyer. Victoria, a true honorary stew, diligently researched her role by studying female prosecutors, telling *TV Guide* that "none of them had longer than shoulder-length hair."

The male flight attendant has not attained true stew stature. Male stews seem finicky, like Mormon gigolos. The stewardess, however, is an American icon, a cheerleader serving mimosas, an Epcot guide equipped for a sudden loss of altitude. The stew is valiant and tireless, but we love her for another reason—she is the last woman on earth able to knot a Dacron scarf perfectly off-center. Talking. . . ▶386



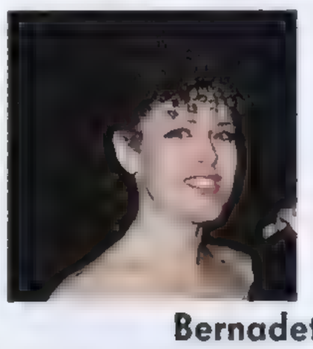
FLYING THE NAVY SKIES Flaunting flamboyant polyester is over; these days, uniformity rules—at least in uniforms. Guess the airline and you have sharper eyes than the pilots.

1. Pan Am's crisp navy. 2. TWA's sedate navy. 3. Delta's friendly navy. 4. United's stylish navy. 5. United's professional navy.

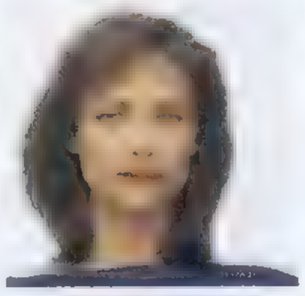
Suzanne Somers

WOMEN WHO CAN'T BE
They lack lacquer, bounce, tray skills. They're no hostess cupcakes. According to Pan Am's *Uniform Guidelines*, these 'dos are "unacceptable," and these ladies would never fly. They're too much to deal with in a hair-raising situation.

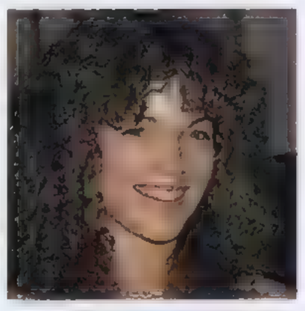
Liza Minnelli



Bernadette Peters



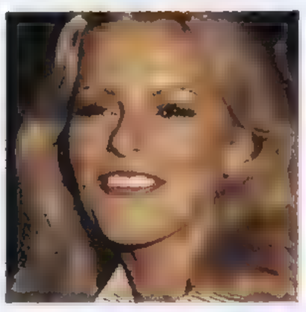
Charlotte Rampling



Amy Irving

Gayfryd Steinberg

Roberta Flack



Cheryl Ladd

Brigitte Nielsen

DUTY FREE It's no cinch fighting off terrorists and plumping pillows. But a stew's life has never been easy.

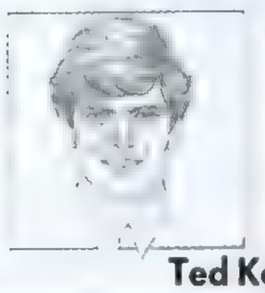
Early Qualifications—1931
Age: under 28
Ht.: max. 5'4"
Education: college graduates or registered nurses
Wt.: maximum 125 lbs.
Flying time - 40 hours a week: $125.00 a month

Flight Attendant Duties *(as indicated in the first Flight Attendant Service Manual)*

- Offer newspapers, gum, cotton for the ears, and ammonia capsules for the passengers.
- Serve coffee from thermos bottles.
  Offer bags of donuts.
- Adjust the altimeter at each stop to confirm the altitude on the ground, and make certain the air speed indicators in the cockpit function.
- Assist station hands in a bucket brigade to fuel the airplane.
- Before each flight, clean the cabin, sweep the floor, dust off the seats, windowsills, etc.
- Make sure that all seats are securely fastened to the floor.
- Warn passengers against throwing cigars and cigarettes out the windows.
- Carry a railroad timetable in case the plane is grounded.
- Keep an eye on the passengers when they go to the lavatory to be sure they don't mistakenly go out the emergency exit.

Ronald Reagan

Prince Andrew



Ted Koppel

MEN WHO COULD BE FLY GUYS
Good groomers, "acceptable" to Pan Am. Born leaders of the snack trolley; excellence under pressurized cabins. The Robert Wagner dream team—"Good afternoon, Mrs. Cleaver. Welcome aboard."

Drawings from Pan Am's current *Flight Attendant Uniform Guidelines*; Eastern Airlines' 1931 qualifications reprinted from *Walking On Air* by Helen E. McLaughlin, 1986, State of the Art, Ltd., Denver, CO. Photo credits, details, last pages

tracey ullman: just being herselves

BART BULL takes a tour of the comedienne's closet and multiple personalities

to get to Tracey Ullman's closet, you need to go through the bathroom. You don't really *need* to go through there, but she wants you to: it makes for a more colorful tour. The color is purplish, in fact, or lilac, sort of, or actually a turbocharged neon mauve. "The man who lived here before was a Czechoslovakian plastic surgeon," she says, delivering the next line in the cigar-chewing gurgle of an elderly Las Vegas lounge comic, complete with perfect pause for the drummer's rim shot: "And if he does this to his house, what does he do to your body?" Ullman plans to have his remarkable upholstered toilet seat enshrined in a clear Lucite case and mounted on the wall.

She has fewer shoes than Imelda Marcos, but they make a far more interesting mess at the bottom of her closet. She's down there now, flinging out Tony Lama cowboy boots and alarming French wedgies with rock-star photo patches sewn to the heels and then this...this fairly restrained bustier. "Every girl has one of these Madonna bodice-type tops, these slaggy Stevie Nicks–type things. Though they look terribly sad on someone like me, who breast-fed a nine-pound infant." She sweeps an unmatched pair of her daughter Mabel's Barbie dolls off the dressing table to clear more room and discovers a complicated sweater by her hero, her idol, her absolute favorite, Jean Paul Gaultier. "My friend last night said it falls into every cardigan category. He said, 'You like it because you're not wearing one cardigan, you're wearing *every* cardigan.' But I do love it, because you wear it and people get frightened."

When it comes to Gaultier, it's impossible for her to keep from rhapsodizing, and she readily admits it. "He's the king for me. I just think he's brilliant, I really do. I'm always attracted to all his stuff. It has great shape and always looks great years later. He still has an element of street about him as well. I went to his shop in Paris last summer—I'd never done any shopping in Paris until last year. I told my husband, 'Go bog off—I'm going shopping in Paris.' First time I'd ever had the money, I'm in Paris, and it was a truly debilitating experience. They were so rude to me. [Smarmy French accent, wreathed in Gauloise smoke]: 'What do you want, stupid British girl?'

"They were *so* rude—the only people who were nice were a couple of Japanese people who had just opened a shop and were desperate to sell gear. It was horrible. At one boutique, they practically spat at me. Until I got my Platinum American Express card out and ▶388

EDDY KOHLI. Hair and makeup, Wayne Nyberg. Details, last pages

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Talking Fashion...

said, 'Look! Look!' '' She laughs uproariously at the sheer folly of it. ''They didn't give a *damn*.

''It wasn't good fun at all shopping there. Then again, in Beverly Hills, the people who work for the top places are all like [pursed lips, dysfunctional adenoids]: 'Millie, seventy-two, I've worked in sales a long, long time. . . . Oh, this is just *beautiful*! The colors this season are so *gorgeous*!'

''Here's a bit of Christian Lacroix,'' and she yanks free a finely detailed top. ''Had a skirt that went with it—it's here somewhere. I wore this to an awards show and the zipper burst as I went onstage.

''I love clothes,'' she declares from deep inside the closet, where the hangers are all clumped together. ''I love fashion. I used to work in shops on the King's Road when I was sixteen. I was always one who saved up weeks for a decent skirt.'' Her head is buried deep in the closet again. ''And always somewhere I have a leather miniskirt. I just bought another one, and I know it will be the last one of my life 'cause I know I'm getting too ridiculously old to wear leather miniskirts. I put it on and I do look a bit tragic.

"Some people spend four thousand dollars and look like a bag of spanners"

''I mean, I don't even keep my clothes in a very nice state or anything. I'm like a magpie: I'll wear anything unusual or bright. But when you see these Beverly Hills women who pay twelve thousand dollars and they're sitting at one of those functions with their big freckly armpits hanging over the edge of their bustier—I'd like to bring Christian Lacroix to a Beverly Hills function. 'Don't look now, Christian, but there's a fat tart in one of your frocks.' *'Merde!'*

''The Japanese gear, I haven't really gotten into that—the black, baggy, shapeless trousers with the big, sort of platform shoes. I mean, some people spend like four thousand dollars and they look like a bag of spanners. So they have to keep reminding you who designed it. [Voice of a schlump]: 'Djya like the jacket? It's by, uh, Matsudo, you know?' ''

She's back in the closet. ''This is the first piece of Gaultier I ever bought,'' she says, cradling a charcoal shirt in both hands. [Elaborate stage whisper]: ''*Cost me three hundred pounds*. I couldn't believe I had a Gaultier shirt. It was like a dream. Always looked a bit strange on me, though.

''Here's my *Tracey Ullman Show* jacket.'' It's a perfect example of what fashionable Hollywood cameramen can be seen wearing in supermarkets. ''Can you imagine if I wore that? [Dopey TV star]: 'Hey, that's ME! It's MY SHOW!' ''

Her own closets revealed, Ullman can't resist invading her husband's. ''These are the suits he buys now that he's got a bit of money. These over here are the ones he used to buy off the back of the lorry. All men in England have to buy stolen suits. They can't bear to pay the retail price. And these''—she laughs even as she touches them—''are his trendy shirts.''

Mabel's closets are next. Ullman sweeps up a blue wool coat with wooden toggle buttons down the front. ''I love this, her little Paddington Bear coat—so very British. She wore it once and threw up all down the front. You can still smell the vomit on it.'' She acquires a thoughtful, puzzled look. ''So hard to remove the smell from designer wear, you know.'' Talking . . . ▶392

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Rodders, Fresno
Rumours, Santa Barbara
Tasha, Petaluma
Teri's Unique Boutique, Tulare
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Emary Fashions, Miami
Jarrods*
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Studio Vogue Inc., Ocala
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Walt Disney World, Lake Buena Vista
Zayas Fashions, Hialeah

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Chocolate for Breakfast, Honolulu
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Michael's of Main Street Ltd., Salem

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Chez Moi, Forest Hills
Chez Moi Studio, Forest Hills
Sterns*

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Ohio
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Washington
Moxie, Kirkland

Wisconsin
Lake Lawn Lodge, Delavan

Puerto Rico
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Dianest Fashions, Guayanna
Finale Btq., Carolina
Gino's Boutique, Arecibo
Images, Bayamon
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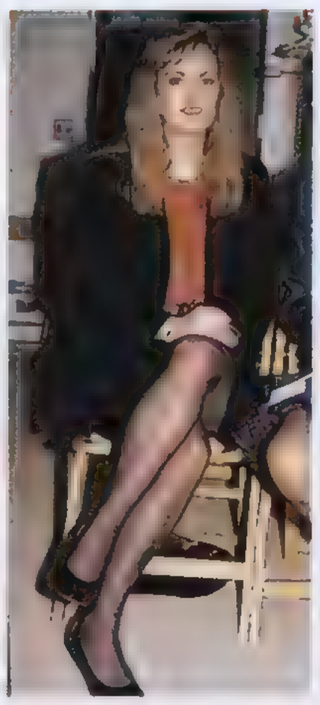
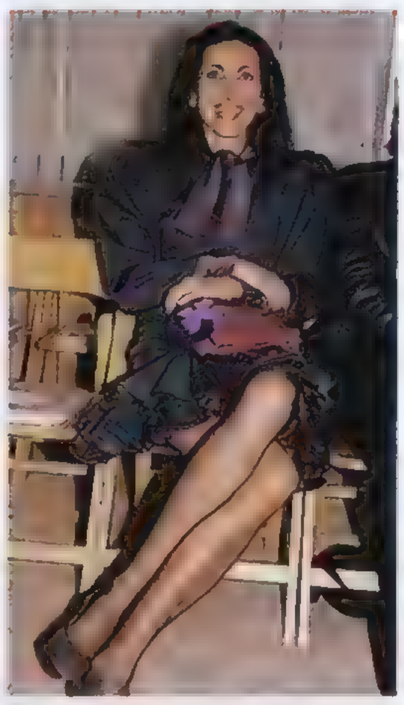
Talking parties...

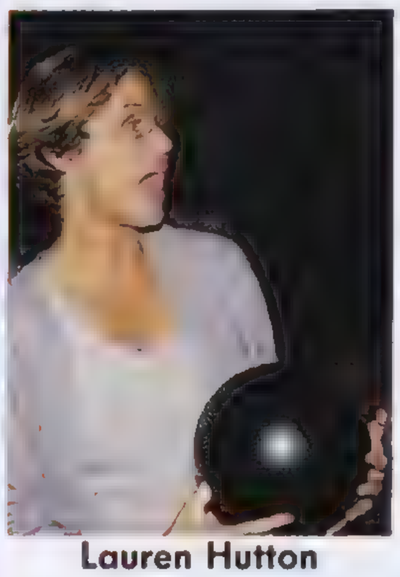




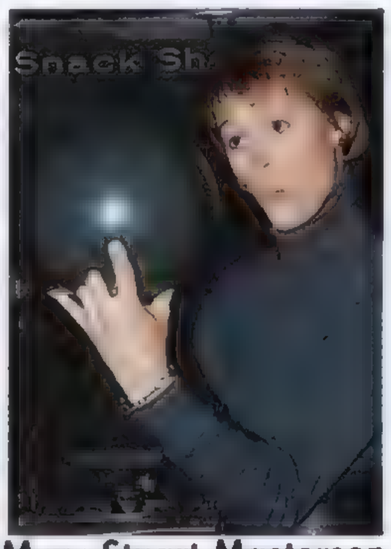
Anne Bass; Blaine, Ivana Trump; Yasmin Aga Khan; Elizabeth Johnson; Patty Hearst Shaw; Veronica Hearst

Legs and Diamonds

A bevy of long-legged ladies came to see the gowns Arnold Scaasi showed for spring. With their wives were Sidney Lumet and Dr. Robert Levine. Observed Scaasi's assistant, Timothy Sampson: "The husbands come because they pay, but they get lost in a sea of legs."



Lauren Hutton



Mary Stuart Masterson

Ricky and Ralph Lauren view Lemoyne's *Louis XV*

Mosquito Nets by John Singer Sargent

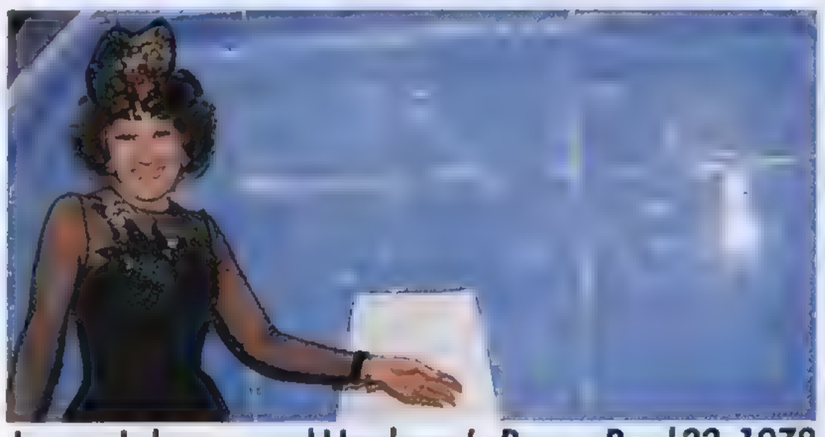
Bill Blass with *Beach Day* by Jane Wilson

Emily Lloyd

Eric Stoltz

Bowling for Dollars

Few stars struck during Celebrity Bowling at Madison Square Garden. Nevertheless, the tournament was a success, raising $100,000 for Second Stage Theater.



Laura Johnson and Hockney's *Paper Pool 22, 1978*

How the Other Half Bids

Six thousand works of art at prices of up to $5 million went on sale at the opening of the Art Dealers Association show in New York City. Though Bruce Springsteen and Bill Blass were among the crowd, the real star of the show was John Singer Sargent's *Mosquito Nets*. The painting drew raves but failed to sell and is now back at New York City's Coe Kerr Gallery.

Henry Kravis; Iris Love

Arnold Scaasi; Linda Janklow

Vartan Gregorian; Barbara Walters

John Veronis; Casey Ribicoff

Barbara Goldsmith; Leonard Lauder

The Long Goodbye

Barbara Walters and Merv Adelson hosted the farewell party for NYC Public Library head Vartan Gregorian at Mortimer's. Iris Love took pictures; guests wished Gregorian luck as president of Brown University.

Talking . . . ▶ 394

Parties *top and right*, ROXANNE LOWIT; *left*, DICK CORKERY; *bottom*, IRIS LOVE.

DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK

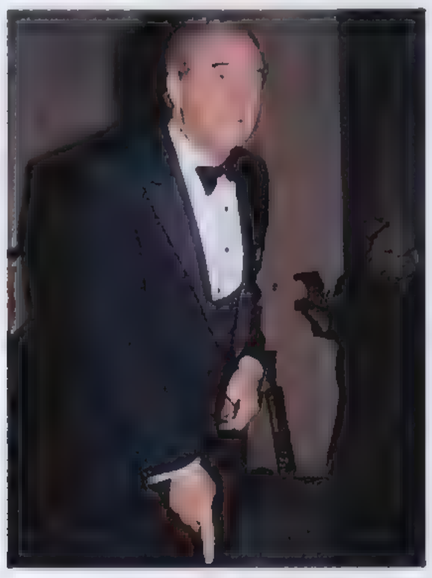
Talking parties...

Silvered Screen Greats

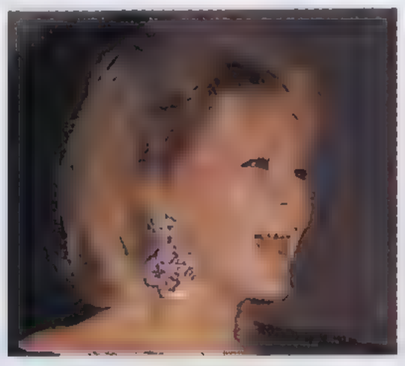
The American Film Institute's tribute is considered the party of the year for Hollywood insiders and old-timers. The institute this year honored Gregory Peck with speeches from his peers, who were glad for a reason to reunite. Though now the blonds are brassier and the glasses thicker, the old stars still shone with movie-star glamour.

Danny Thomas

David Hockney



Karl Malden



Angie Dickinson

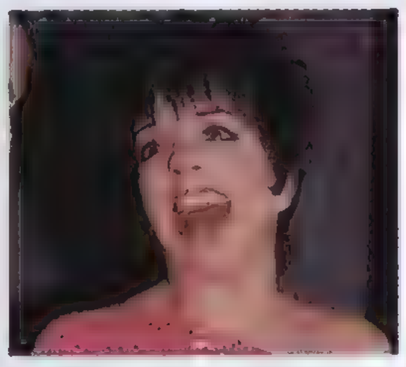
Dinah Shore

Swifty Lazar

Billy Wilder

Anthony Quinn

Audrey Hepburn



Liza Minnelli

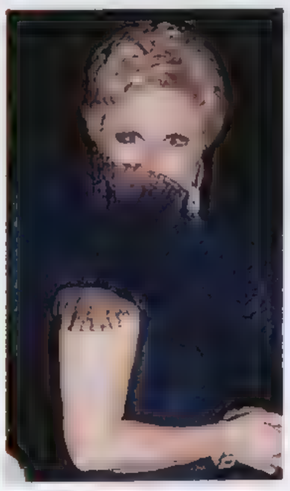
Red Buttons

Gregory Peck

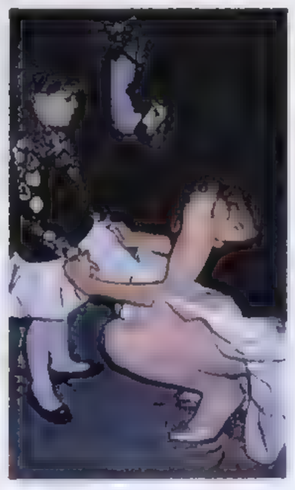
Betty White

Lauren Bacall

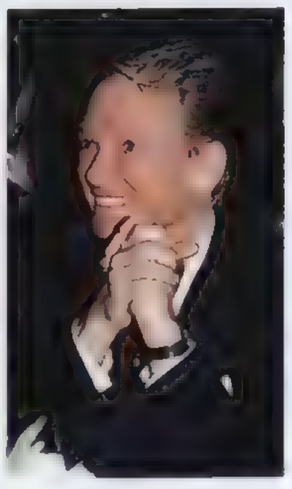
From rags to riches: Carol Burnett's striptease



Mitzi Gaynor



Pia Zadora, daughter Kady



Bob Mackie

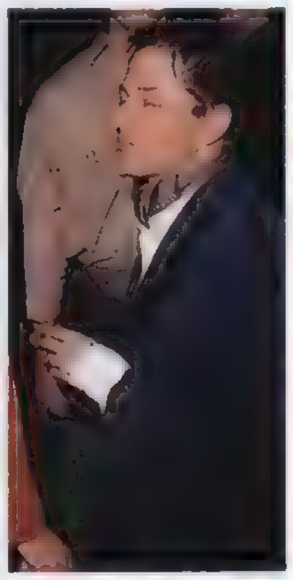
Starry Starry Night

The sequins were as blinding as the flashbulbs at the California Fashion Industry Friends of AIDS Project party honoring Bob Mackie in Los Angeles. Said Mackie: "There were so many photographers there, even Joan Collins was shocked."

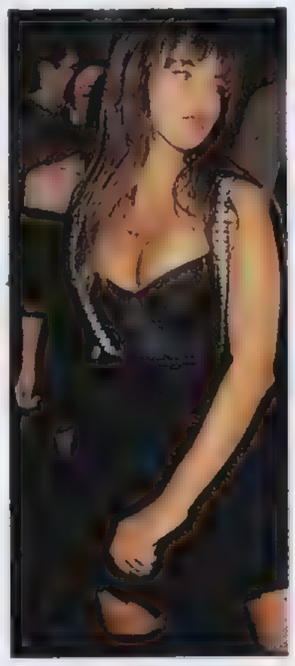
Helmut Newton

Herb Ritts

Paul Jasmin



Matthew Rolston



Nicolette Scorsese

Annabel Schofield

Sandra Bernhard

C N BCeen

Crowds opened B.C., the L.A. club by M.K. owners Eric Goode and Serge Becker. Though the L.A. club lacks the NYC taxidermy, it has S&M–influenced Alan Jones tables. Talking... ▶406

Top: ROXANNE LOWIT; Lazar, Wilder photos, ALAN BERLINER/Visages. Bottom left: ROXANNE LOWIT; right, ALEX BERLINER/Visages.

Marshall Field's

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(Continued from page 355)

philosophy and classical sculpture. The British travel to Greece just for the food, which says volumes to me. Nations are like people. Some are good at cooking, while others have a talent for music or baseball or churning out VCRs. You would probably think twice before buying a Moroccan- or Russian-made television set. I thought for ten years before buying my last Greek meal.

Clams. I feel a mild horror about what goes on in the wet darkness between the shells of all bivalves, but clams are the only ones I dislike. Is it their rubbery consistency or their rank subterranean taste, or is the horror stronger than I know?

Blue food (not counting plums and berries). This may be a rational aversion, because I am fairly sure that God meant the color blue mainly for food that has gone bad.

Also: cranberries, kidneys, okra, millet, coffee ice cream, refried beans, white rice, and most forms of yogurt.

Now I had a list of about twenty debilitating food phobias but nothing to do about them. For two weeks I immersed myself in the scientific literature on human food selection, and when I resurfaced, I had six weapons to choose from.

Method one: brain surgery. Scientists have successfully fiddled with the brains of laboratory rodents to eliminate their old aversions, prevent the formation of new ones, and increase their acceptance of novel foods. Any volunteers?

Method two: starvation. As Aristotle pointed out and modern science has confirmed, any food tastes better the hungrier you are. But as I recently confessed to my doctor, who warned me to take an antibiotic only on an empty stomach, the last time I had an empty stomach was in 1978. He scribbled "hyperphagia" on my chart, a doctor's name for making a spectacle of yourself at the table. He is a jogger.

Method three: bonbons. Why not reward myself with scrumptious little chocolates whenever I successfully polish off an anchovy, a dish of *kimchi,* or a bowl of miso soup? Parents have used rewards ever since spinach was discovered, and the results are always perverse: the spinach becomes more repellent and the little chocolates more desired.

Method four: drug dependence. Finicky laboratory animals find new foods more palatable after a dose of chlordiazepoxide. According to my prescription drug handbook, this is nothing but Librium, the popular tranquilizer, also bottled as Reposans-10 and Sereen. It warns you not to operate dangerous machinery after taking the stuff, which I assume includes a Cuisinart, and to call your doctor if you experience mental confusion, depression, itching, or shortness of breath, all of which I already experience.

Method five: brainwashing. School dietitians try to trick defenseless little children into believing that a balanced diet from the school cafeteria tastes better than a delicious order of fries from the local McDonald's. Their techniques include games, puzzles, flashcards, and insidious stories. One fanatical team of nutritionists analyzed the food references in 1,666 reading texts for grades K through 3. Stunned to discover that cake accounted for one out of every twelve foods mentioned and that snacks and parties appear more than family meals, they demanded the censorship of all reading texts before the kids get hold of them. My own reading material is already brimming with rosy allusions to dill, millet, lard, and Greek food, thus far without effect.

Method six: exposure, plain and simple. All that remains is this least glamorous path to self-improvement. Many great gastronomes report that in their youth, whenever they encountered a repellent dish, they would eat nothing else until they had caught on to its nuances and understood why it was admired. Scientists tell us that many aversions fade away when we eat moderate doses of the hated foods at moderate intervals, especially if the food is complex and new to us. (Don't try this with allergies, but don't cheat either: few of us have genuine food allergies.)

The plan was simplicity itself: every day for the next six months I would eat at least one food that I detested. I immediately booked a table at a Korean restaurant.

Kimchi, the national pickle of Korea. By now I have sampled ten of the sixty varieties of *kimchi,* without much luck. But I expect that some day soon one of the other fifty will become my national pickle, too.

Anchovies. I began relating to anchovies a few months ago in northern Italy, where I ordered *bagna caôda* every day—a sauce of garlic, butter, olive oil, and minced anchovies served piping hot over sweet red and yellow peppers as an antipasto in the Piedmont. My phobia crumpled when I understood that those anchovy fillets that inhabit pizza parlors bear no relation to the sweet, tender anchovies of Spain and Italy, cured in dry sea salt and a bit of pepper. Soon I could tell a good *bagna caôda* from a terrific one, and on my next trip to Italy I will seek out those fresh charcoal-grilled anchovies of the Adriatic you always hear about.

Clams. My first assault on clams occurred at a diner called "Lunch" on the end of Long Island, where I consumed an order of fried bellies and an order of fried strips. My aversion increased sharply. A few weeks later it was *capellini* with white clam sauce at an excellent southern Italian restaurant around the corner from my house. As I would do so often in the future, even at the expense of my popularity, I urged my companions to cast out their food phobias by ordering at least one dish they expected to detest; in exchange I would order nothing I liked. All agreed but one, a slim and lovely dancer whose credo once embraced an openness to all sensory experience. She protested that her body tells her precisely what to eat and that I am the last person in the universe fit to interfere with those sacred messages. I had certain proof that she is a major closet food phobic when she spent five minutes painstakingly dividing her appetizer into two piles; the pile made of grilled peppers, fennel, and eggplant sat sadly on the plate until her mortified husband and I polished it off. She was so disoriented by either the meal or the unsparing advice and analysis I shared with her throughout it that she ate a large handful of potpourri as we waited for our coats.

As for me, the evening was an unqualified success. The white clam sauce was fresh with herbs and lemon and clean salt air, and my clam phobia was banished in the twinkling of an eye. There is a lot of bad pasta with clam sauce going around these days. If you have a clam phobia, here are two surefire solutions. Order four white clam pizzas at Frank Pepe's in New Haven, Connecticut, perhaps the single best pizza in the United States. Or try the wonderful recipe for linguine with clams and *gremolata* in the *Chez Panisse Pasta Pizza & Calzone* cookbook once a week for four consecutive weeks. It is guaranteed to work miracles.

Greek food. My wife, who considers herself Greek-food-deprived, was on cloud nine when I invited her to our neighborhood Greek restaurant, widely reviewed as the best in the city. As we walked along the street, she hugged me like those women in the TV commercials who have just been given a large diamond "for just being you," and launched into a recitation of the only classical Greek she knows, something about the wrath of Achilles from the opening of the *Iliad.*

The restaurant was called neither Acropolis nor Parthenon, names I had thought were required by statute for Greek restaurants. The second good sign was that only one *retsina* befouled the wine list; the others were made from aboriginal Greek grapes in Attica or Macedonia or Samos but fermented in the manner of France or California. The dreaded egg-and-lemon soup was nowhere to be seen, and *feta* was largely suppressed.

We ordered a multitude of appetizers and three main courses. Only the gluey squid, a tough grape leaf that lodged between my teeth, and the Liquid Smoke that somebody had smeared over the roasted eggplant threatened to arouse my slumbering phobia. The rest, most of it simply grilled with lemon and olive oil, was delicious, and as an added bonus I was launched on what feels like an endless journey toward the acceptance of okra.

Later that evening, my lovely wife was kept up by an upset stomach, and I was kept up by my wife. She swore never to ▶ 400

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EAT THIS!

(Continued from page 398)

eat Greek food again.

Lard. Paula Wolfert's magnificent *The Cooking of South-West France* beguiled me into trying lard with her recipe for *confit de porc*—half-pound chunks of fresh pork shoulder flavored with thyme, garlic, cloves, and pepper, poached for three hours in a half-gallon of barely simmering lard, and mellowed in crocks of congealed lard for up to four months. When you bring the pork back to life and brown it gently in its own fat, the result is aromatic, savory, and delicious. Contrary to Wolfert's advice, I had always used commercial lard, those one-pound blocks of slightly rank, preservative-filled fat in your butcher's freezer, and I always made sure that no trace of it was left in my house.

One snowy afternoon I found myself alone in a room with four pounds of pork, an equal amount of fresh fatback, no commercially prepared lard in the freezer, and a few hours to spare. Following Wolfert's simple instructions for rendering lard, I chopped up the fatback, put it in a deep pot with a little water and some cloves and cinnamon sticks, popped it into a 225° oven, and came back three hours later. After straining out the solids and spices, I was left with a rich clear golden elixir that perfumed my kitchen, as it will henceforth perfume my life.

Desserts in Indian restaurants. Five Indian dinners taught me that not every Indian dessert has the texture and taste of face cream. Far from it. Some have the texture and taste of tennis balls. These were named *gulab jamun,* which the menu described as a "light pastry made with dry milk and honey." *Rasmalai* have the texture of day-old bubble gum and refuse to yield to the action of the teeth. On the bright side, I often finished my *kulfi*, the traditional Indian ice cream, and I would like to revisit carrot *halva*. But I may already have traveled down this road as far as justice requires.

Over the past six months I have in crucial ways become a more perfect omnivore, and I will continue eating repellent food until every last phobia is banished. For I still have a dream in which all skillfully prepared foods, regardless of taste, texture, or ethnic origin, take their rightful place in my open mouth.

THE MIGHTY GAMBON

(Continued from page 353)

days, or to take Galileo through his four-hour decline eight times a week in the most vocally hazardous auditorium in the country, his voice can have the same consistency as Ralph Richardson's: a kind of mille-feuille lightness that is almost literally delicious. And when this big man makes love, his voice is strangely affecting. At the end of the first production of Pinter's *Betrayal*, Gambon gave the final declaration of love a lyrical urgency, an almost Puccini-like golden melodiousness that hasn't been heard in the English theater for many years. It wasn't until *Galileo*, in which he was unexpectedly cast by the great actor-trainer John Dexter, that the range of the tragic was opened up to him. The danger, the anger, and the big shout that dwell deep inside him fueled his performances, which have redefined these roles for the eighties.

He has no imitators. Like Katharine Hepburn, what he does works only because it is he who is doing it. His rhythms, his inflections are so unusual that they would be thought mannered were it not that they come from inner certainty, not from a desire to impress. He was born in Dublin, and an occasional Irish vowel sound will seep into his speech, but he owes little to his Celtic background. He claims to hate the Irish—"low, crafty, grasping people"—but as he says it, there's something sly at the corner of his eyes that makes you wonder whether you or perhaps the

WHAT TO WEAR AT SEA

whole idea of national differences are being sent up.

He seems, too, to owe nothing to any other actors. Laurence Olivier is the subject of some of his best stories, but if Gambon acquired the trumpets in his voice from Olivier, the orchestration is so different that you'd never notice. He speaks with awe of Brando and De Niro, but what he has taken from them is summed up in his dictum that "you've got to be brave, haven't you?"

And brave, above all, is what he is—whether in the cockpit of the plane he flies in his spare time ("I like the power, the authority") or on the stage. I caught his *Uncle Vanya* in the last week of its run. I was startled by something he did in the third-act confrontation. At the height of his tirade against Serebryakov, he fell to the floor, apparently in the throes of a heart attack. Pumping his arm, he dragged himself to his feet and retired to the corner of the stage. I rushed back to see him and asked why? and how? "The scene needed it," he said darkly. Chekhov doesn't ask for it, I don't know how one would ever think of it, but it was perfectly right, and at the same time was the single most audacious piece of physical acting I've seen in a decade.

He is the great original of our theater.

EAST SIDE STORY

(Continued from page 361)

gallery in Los Angeles in 1985, "everyone thought it was the most ridiculous thing they'd ever seen. She had this big beehive hairdo, and her gallery had a sort of sixties fake rock garden in the interior and ceramic tile floors. It was like a B-52s album come to life."

But Hearn's artists transcended her image. One of them, Philip Taaffe, is arguably the most successful of the new generation of neo-Pop, -Op, and -Conceptual artists to come out of the East Village. When Hearn sold his paintings at her first space, they went for a few thousand dollars; last year one sold at auction for $95,000. And this month, Hearn is showing Taaffe in a two-gallery show, at her new three-story SoHo gallery and at Mary Boone's $100-per-square-foot West Broadway gallery. Gore Vidal is writing the introduction to the show's catalog. Says Boone, "To Pat, I guess I represent the older generation."

There are hardly any galleries left in the old neighborhood, and the storefronts are again for rent, while the galleries get better value per square foot on Broadway, but the spaces are bigger, the overheads higher. "There is no question that this is going to be a tough new time for young artists," says Mera Rubell. "In the East Village, works could sell for $500 to $1,500. Now SoHo commands $5,000 to $6,000 for an artist's first show."

According to Patti Astor, "The SoHo dealers are real happy to have the East Village scene over in SoHo now. They don't have to worry about having black people running around. Everything's safe. I think art should be dangerous and they think art should be safe. Safe makes money. Dangerous makes history."

But who makes history in a scene inflated by money and media attention? In the East Village, as in the art world at large, fashion and marketing maneuvers have taken the place of real change. When last year's Tompkins Square riots erupted, a few survivors from the East Village of the 1960s remarked to me that at last the people were asserting their power against the trendy young landlords. But conflict in the East Village has become ritualized posing, and change purely illusory. Those were no ordinary riots—they were designer riots. I saw the neopolitical protestors and the new gentry, and there was no visible difference between them. In the East Village these days, both sides are wearing Gaultier.

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THE LOOK THAT LASTS FOREVER

In this issue...

Details, prices, more stores, more... on this month's looks...

To photograph "The New Summer Standard," Vogue's fashion team flew down to Rio de Janeiro and back on VARIG Brazilian Airlines. VARIG has twenty-two flights a week to Rio and other Brazilian cities from New York, Miami, and Los Angeles. VARIG also has a number of Brazilian tour packages that take in Rio as well as exotic spots such as Manaus on the Amazon River and Bahia on the northeastern Atlantic coast. For flight and tour information, call 1-800-GO-VARIG nationwide, (212) 683-2100 in New York City, or see page 270.

While in Brazil, the Vogue team stayed at both the classic Copacabana Palace Hotel on Copacabana Beach (800/go-to-Rio) and at the sprawling Hotel Inter-Continental Rio resort (800/332-4246). Ground transportation arrangements were made through South American Tours, Inc. (212/489-7790).

Page 4 (cover): Anne Cole Collection nylon and spandex swimsuit, $41. Saks Fifth Avenue. **103:** 1) Shirt, $230. Michael Kors wool jacket, $960; wool jumpsuit, $1,190. Bergdorf Goodman; The Gazebo, Dallas. 2) Silk shirt, $1,420. Barneys New York; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. 3) Cotton organdy shirt, $260. Isaac Mizrahi wool jacket, $500; cotton pants, $220. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Lord & Taylor. 4) Silk crepe de chine shirtdress, $370. Jennifer George tank dress, $240. Bergdorf Goodman; Christian Michi, Charleston SC. 5) Fendi linen shirt, $675. Fendi Boutique, Short Hills NJ. **104:** 1) Isaia NYC unitard, $200. If Soho, NYC; M.G.A., Los Angeles. Shoes, Robert Clergerie. 2) Cotton skirt, $98, and top, $65. Both by Isaia NYC. Barneys New York; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. 3) Isaia NYC cotton and Lycra dress, $218. Barneys New York; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. 4) Isaia NYC cotton and Lycra unitard, $100. Charivari, NYC; Tootsies, Houston. **105:** 5) Cotton shirt, $70, and shorts, $36. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Guess Footwear by Georges Marciano. 6) Cotton jacket, $200; cotton and spandex leggings, $48. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. 8) Linen and viscose vest, $272. Agnès B. linen and viscose blazer, $318, and pants, $195. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. 9) Man's trench, $330, shorts, $130, and shirt, $155. All in cotton. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, L.A. Gear. 10) Paul Smith shirt, $135. Paul Smith, NYC. **112:** All accessories, DeVecchi by Hamilton Hodge. 1) Bag, $310. 2) Clutch, $355. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. 3) Purse, $400. Belt, $140. Belt at I. Magnin. 4) Bag, $266. 6) Tote, $370. Bergdorf Goodman. **118:** All accessories, DeVecchi by Hamilton Hodge. Top bag, $355. Middle bag, $733. Bottom clutch, $545. Lizard clutch at I. Magnin. **120:** 1) Cotton T-shirt, $125; rayon and cotton shorts, $295. Barneys New York; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. 2) Polyester, cotton, and nylon underwear set, $175. Carol Rollo/Riding High, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. 3) Silk charmeuse coat sold with silk pants (not shown), $2,200. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix, Beverly Hills. Undershirt, $20. Loverde, NYC; Judith Powers, Key West FL. Satin boxer shorts, $15. Prime Time Sports & Fitness, Farmingdale NY; Metro Sports Fitness Depo, Marietta GA. Everlast handwrap. Herman's, NYC. 4) Wool crepe jacket, $630. Barneys New York. Silk shirt, $300. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Cotton and satin boxer shorts by John Mendez for Derek Rose, $30. Button Down, San Francisco. In the background: Norma Kamali wool jacket, $620. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Ralph Lauren Swimwear terry-cloth shorts, $65. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix AZ, La Jolla CA. **126:** 1) Jeans, $310; silk blouse, $455. By Studio 000.1 by Ferre. I. Magnin; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Robert Clergerie. 2) Ultrasuede jeans, $315. Okeon, NYC. Michael Leva cotton gabardine jacket, $265. Okeon, NYC; Street, Boston. 3) Sequined cotton T-shirt by Jeanette, $130. Silk and spandex jeans by Jeanette for St. Martin, $449. Martha. 4) Cotton bra, $90; cotton poplin jeans, $150. Bergdorf Goodman; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Linen shirt, Banana Republic, $78. Banana Republic stores. 5) Outfit by Jean Paul Gaultier. 6) Jacket, $2,200; jeans, $350. Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC, Los Angeles. Shirt at Gianni Versace Boutique, NYC. **132:** 1) Shawl, $555. Also at Cashmere-Cashmere, Short Hills NJ, Chicago. J. Crew cotton shirt, $32. For info., call toll-free 1-800-932-0043. 3) Brett Lewis Couture Jewelry bracelets, $75 each. Mishon Mishon, NYC; Tootsies, Houston. Harry L. Neufeld bracelets, $55 for a set of five. Barneys New York; Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Craft Caravan bracelets, $8 each. Craft Caravan, NYC; Opus 204, Seattle. Ralph Lauren Roughwear linen and ramie sweater, $210. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Manhasset NY, Boston. 5) Gloves, Chanel Haute Couture. **145:** Towel, designed for Descamps by Primrose Bordier. Necklace, Jay Feinberg. Saks Fifth Avenue. **146:** Inset: Sunglasses, Cutler & Gross London, $85. Morgenthal-Frederics, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; American Rag Cie, Los Angeles. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Nordstrom, Walnut Creek CA. Esprit top, see page 320 for stores. Claude Montana for Alain Mikli tortoise sunglasses, $260. Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; I. Magnin; Optical Design, Santa Monica CA. **282:** All custom pieces available from Siskin-Valls, NYC. Walls, Livia Monaco, NYC. Divan fabric, Flam Assoc., NYC. Pillow fabric, Old World Weavers, NYC. Oil painting by Jacobo Borges, CDS Gallery, NYC. Carpet, F.J. Hakimian, NYC. Commode,

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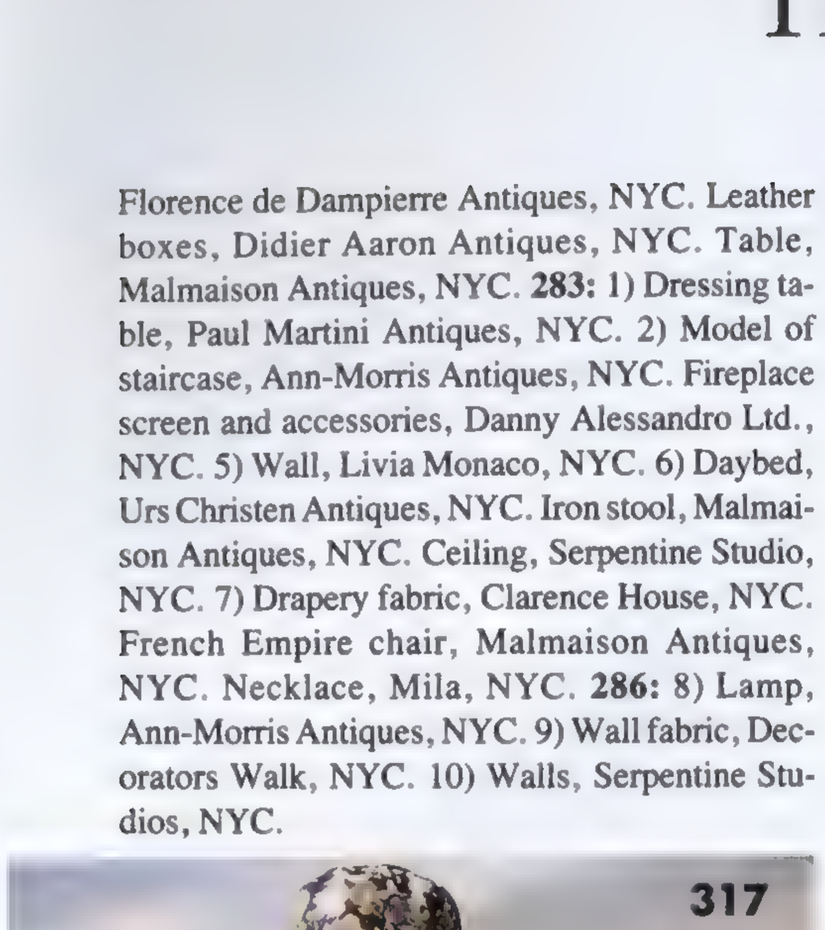
In this issue...

Florence de Dampierre Antiques, NYC. Leather boxes, Didier Aaron Antiques, NYC. Table, Malmaison Antiques, NYC. **283:** 1) Dressing table, Paul Martini Antiques, NYC. 2) Model of staircase, Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC. Fireplace screen and accessories, Danny Alessandro Ltd., NYC. 5) Wall, Livia Monaco, NYC. 6) Daybed, Urs Christen Antiques, NYC. Iron stool, Malmaison Antiques, NYC. Ceiling, Serpentine Studio, NYC. 7) Drapery fabric, Clarence House, NYC. French Empire chair, Malmaison Antiques, NYC. Necklace, Mila, NYC. **286:** 8) Lamp, Ann-Morris Antiques, NYC. 9) Wall fabric, Decorators Walk, NYC. 10) Walls, Serpentine Studios, NYC.



The new summer standard

293: Suit, $2,790. Also at Panache, Millburn NJ; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Barton Sligh's, Jacksonville FL; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; I. Magnin. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Barneys New York. **294:** Earrings, Pinky. Biba, Chicago; Axio, San Francisco. Bracelets, Edouard Rambaud. Ylang-Ylang, NYC; Biba, Chicago; Axio, San Francisco. **295:** Outfit, $4,952. Scarf, Wendy Gell Jewelry. The Disney Store, McLean VA, Costa Mesa CA. **296:** Viscose dress also at Gitobet, Edgewater NJ; Martini Carl, Boston and Burlington MA; Susan, San Francisco. Accessories, Chanel. Earrings at Chanel Boutiques, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Honolulu; Nordstrom, Seattle. Belt at Neiman Marcus. Bag at Chanel Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach FL, Beverly Hills, Honolulu. **297:** Sunglasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Lord & Taylor. AG Artwear earrings. Edouard Rambaud bracelet, see info. on page 294 for stores. **298:** Suit, $2,000. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Chanel Boutiques, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bloomingdale's; The Broadway, Los Angeles. Bag, Chanel. Chanel Boutiques, NYC, San Francisco, Honolulu. **299:** Dress also at Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY, Westport CT; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Martha, Bal Harbour FL; Jacobson's; Neiman Marcus. Earrings, Edouard Rambaud. Ylang-Ylang, NYC; Biba, Chicago; Axio, San Francisco. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. Bonwit Teller, NYC and Manhasset NY. **300:** Dress and jacket, $6,600. Also at John Wanamaker; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Bracelet, Kenneth Jay Lane. Kenneth Jay Lane Trump Tower, NYC. Bag, Prada, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **301:** Hat, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings, Crystal Persuasion by the Bead Shoppe. **302-303:** Cotton sweatshirt also at Gucci, Bal Harbour FL, San Francisco. Pants also at Andre Van Pier, Englewood Cliffs NJ. Earrings, Tacque. Scarf in hair, Chanel. Bangles, Roxanne Assoulin. Bag and towels, Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. **304:** Earrings, Steve Vaubel. Henri Bendel; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL. Bag, Chanel. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Sunglasses on table, Persol by Euroframes. **305:** Suit also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Lord & Taylor. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Bergdorf Goodman; Posh, Chicago. **306:** Sweater also at Chanel Boutiques, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Sunglasses, Persol for Euroframes. Morgenthal-Frederics, NYC; Georgetown Opticians, Washington DC; Optical Illusions, Seattle. Earrings, José & María Barrera. Martha. **307:** Polyester and elastin swimsuit. All towels and accessories, Hermès. Hermès Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Houston, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. **308:** Dress also at Suky Rosan, Ardmore PA; Martha, Bal Harbour FL; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. José & María Barrera necklace. Martha. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **309:** Top, $4,200. Pants also at Spear & Stephen, Baton Rouge LA; I. Magnin. Earrings, Christian Lacroix. Bergdorf Goodman.

Florals and fragrance

310-311: Hat also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Jackie Chalkley, Washington DC; Ice, Los Angeles. Scarf also at Sara Fredericks, Boston. Earrings, Jim Calderon. For stores, see info. page 315. **313:** Hat at Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. **314:** Swimsuit also at Carlton Ltd., Fredericksburg VA; Atlanta Beach, Atlanta. **315:** Hat, Makins Hats. Scarf, Bob Mackie Originals. For both, see page 311. Earrings, Jim Calderon. Savage Jewelry, NYC; In Tempo at L.H. Rogers, Salem MA. **316:** Outfit, $4,200. Also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Nordstrom, Walnut Creek CA. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Manhasset NY, Boston, Bal Harbour FL, Beverly Hills. **317:** Wide bracelets, Jay Feinberg. Saks Fifth Avenue. Thin bracelets, Ornamentation. **319:** Cotton and acrylic swimsuit also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. Sunglasses, 10/10 Optics, NYC. **320:** Shirt also at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Nordstrom, Walnut Creek CA. Bag, Sonia Rykiel. Shoes, Unlisted by Kenneth Cole. Kenneth Cole, NYC. **321:** Shirt also at Betsy's, Wellesley MA. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. Barneys New York. **322:** Dress, $3,440. Also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. **323:** Dress, Mary McFadden. For details, see page 322. **324:** Top and skirt also at Harriet Kassman, Washington DC; Harry B's, Nashville TN; Greta, Palm Springs CA; Bacci's, Canada. Hat, Isabel Canovas. Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Geoffrey Beene for Diego Della Valle. Diego Della Valle, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA. **325:** Jacket fabric at The Fabric Place, Framingham MA; Woof & Warp, Long Beach and Placentia CA. Leggings fabric at Fabric Bonanza, Valley Stream NY. Hat, Makins Hats. See page 311 for stores. Shoes, Andrea Pfister. Barneys New York. **326:** Dress also at Macy's South, Plantation FL; May D&F, Denver; Macy's, San Francisco. Earrings, Roxanne Assoulin. Savage Jewelry, NYC. Shoes, Geoffrey Beene for Diego Della Valle. For stores, see info. page 324. **327:** Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Nordstrom, Walnut Creek CA. Bag, Yorke & Cole. Bagutta Soho, NYC.

Navy maneuvers

328-329: Polyester jersey and Lycra suit. **330:** Silk, nylon, and spandex swimsuit. **332-333:** Swimsuit also at Cage, Virginia Beach and Norfolk VA; Everything But Water, Orlando and Daytona Beach FL; The Beach House, Naples FL; Dayton's; Hudson's; Just Add Water, Dallas, Houston; Bullock's. **335:** Suit also at Macy's South; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Hudson's; Just Add Water, Dallas, Houston; Bullock's.

Weather or not

336: For details, see page 337. **337:** Raincoat also at Sweet Inspirations, Scarsdale and Chappaqua NY; Georgina, Hewlett NY; Mary Chancis, Fort Lee NJ; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Buffalo, Tarzana CA; Poupee, Palo Alto CA. Top and leggings also at Printemps, Denver; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Bags at Louis Vuitton Boutique, NYC. Hat, Makins Hats. Parachute, NYC, Boston. Calvin Klein Footwear. **338:** Polyurethane and silk raincoat. For swimsuit info., call toll-free 1-800-932-0043. **339:** Raincoat also at Burberrys Limited, Manhasset NY, Philadelphia, Stamford CT, Washington DC, St. Louis, Chicago, Seattle. Dress also at Tallulah Couture, Woodbury NY; Miss Baker, Providence RI; Belk; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; La Befana, San Marino CA. Bag, Louis Vuitton Boutique, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **340:** Cotton poplin raincoat also at Steev 19, Deal NJ; Fiorucci, Miami, Houston. Blouse also at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palm Beach and Tampa FL. Bag, Prada, NYC. Shoes, Keds. **341:** Coat also at Molly Moses, Pittsburgh; Perkins Shearer, Den-

ver; Ecru, Los Angeles. Cotton jeans. Belt, Ruza Creations. Butterfly Plus, South Salem NY; Lucy Baltzell, West Hartford CT; Dressings on Fifth, Des Moines IA. **342:** Silk satin fabric by Chatillon. Silk tulle fabric by Goutarel. **346:** WilliWear WilliSmith cotton and rayon top, $60. The WilliWear Shop, NYC; L'Dor, Columbus OH; Helen Lyall, Vallejo CA. Eric Javits hat. Henri Bendel. Yves Saint Laurent rose pin (on hat). Pearls, Miriam Haskell. Barneys New York. **351:** Silk chiffon jacket fabric by Bianchini. Viscose and cotton with polyamide lace, Marescot. **356-357:** Left: Ken Schles. Right: Tseng Kwong Chi. **356:** Left: Hair and makeup, Terence Finnigan/HMS Bookings; stylist, Jane Ross. Right: Martha Cooper. **359:** Top to bottom: Christoph Lingg/JB Pictures. Makeup, Rumiko for Suga. Stephen Barker. **360:** Top: Gary Azon. Bottom: Martha Cooper. **361:** Left, top: Courtesy Gracie Mansion Gallery. Left, bottom: Tseng Kwong Chi. Right: Tseng Kwong Chi.

Body zones

363: Nylon and polyurethane suit and skirt also at Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA. **367:** Polyester and spandex top also at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. **369:** Coat also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles; Savannah, Santa Monica CA; Simpsons, Ontario Canada.

Asia major

370: Silk vest. Jean Paul Gaultier wool jacket, $1,125. Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Linda Dresner; Carla Martinengo, Dallas; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Earrings, Dinny Hall. Barneys New York; Caméléon, Pittsburgh. Model's left arm, top to bottom: Ring at Robert Lee Morris, NYC; Twigs, Birmingham MI. Antigona bracelet at Macy's, Herald Square (master-piece department). Dinny Hall bracelet, see stores listed for earrings. Azuma bracelet at Azuma, NYC. Model's right arm, top to bottom: Kenneth Jay Lane bracelet at Kenneth Jay Lane Trump Tower, NYC. Azuma bracelets at Azuma, NYC. Dinny Hall bracelets, see stores for earrings. Antigona bracelet at Macy's, Herald Square (master-piece department). Karl Lagerfeld Bijoux bracelet at Bloomingdale's, NYC, Chicago. **371:** Polyester and nylon dress, $2,245. Bergdorf Goodman; Romanoff Boutiques, Coconut Grove and Bal Harbour FL; Dayton's; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Scarf, John Jacobus. Charivari, NYC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour and Boca Raton FL; Ecru, Los Angeles. **372:** Jean Paul Gaultier wool jacket and viscose pants at Bloomingdale's; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Pants at Carla Martinengo, Dallas. Moschino polyester, rayon, and spandex top. Bergdorf Goodman; Serenella, Boston; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Sasha Frisson, Atlanta; Tootsies, Houston. Jean Paul Gaultier bag at La Boutique Francaise, Washington DC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Cinnabar necklace at Azuma, NYC. Pellini Bijoux necklace at Henri Bendel. **373:** Patrick Kelly cotton and viscose jacket at Martha; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Miss Baker, Providence RI; Alene, Boca Raton FL. Adrienne Vittadini cotton top at Bloomingdale's; Neiman Marcus; Macy's California. Capezio by Ballet Makers pants at Capezio stores. Fendi bag at Neiman Marcus. Robert Lee Morris bag at Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Rafael Sanchez Designs bag at Galloping Boutique, West Hartford CT; Cebo, Naples FL. José & María Barrera pendant at Martha; Neiman Marcus. Dinny Hall bracelet at Barneys New York; Caméléon, Pittsburgh; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA. Robert Lee Morris bracelet at Robert Lee Morris, NYC.

Beach blues

374: Bodysuit also at Famous-Barr, St. Louis; I. Magnin. Earrings, Gisela von Eicken. Glitz Blitz, NYC. Belt, Ruza Creations. Bloomingdale's; Jones & Jones, Baltimore; Joseph, Chicago. **375:** Sunglasses, Men's Club 15. **376:** Dress also at Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA. **377:** Swimsuit also at Dillard's; Dayton's; Hudson's. Hat, Makins Hats. Parachute, NYC, Boston. **378:** Shirt also at Maxfield, Los Angeles. **379:** Skirt also at M.G.A., Los Angeles. **385:** Left to right, top row: Photos by Ron Galella, Ltd., Patrick McMullan, Roxanne Lowit, Patrick McMullan; second row: Ron Galella, Ltd.; third row: Patrick McMullan, three photos by Roxanne Lowit; fourth row: Ron Galella, Ltd. **386:** Outfit by Jean Paul Gaultier. **393:** Photos by Movie Star News (Black, Hagerty); Gamma-Liaison (Rampling); Jerry Ohlinger (Bisset, Kristel, Vaccaro); Villard/Stevens for Sipa-Press (Prince Andrew); Marina Garnier (Iacocca); Ralph Dominguez/Globe Photos (Ladd); Geoffrey Croft/Outline (Pauley); Wayne Maser (Steinberg); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Peters, Fonda, Sommers, Reagan, Gumbel, Brinkley, Minnelli, Onassis, Koppel, McMahon, Nielsen, Flack, Irving); Roxanne Lowit (United stewardess); Wide World Photos (Quayle); NBC Photos (Wagner). Other photos courtesy of Pan Am, TWA Airlines, United Airlines, Delta Air Lines; illustrations courtesy of Pan Am Inflight Service. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Correction: On page 370 of the March 1989 issue, the caption credits the photograph to Denis Piel. The caption should have read: "photographed by Peter Arnell."

VOGUE PATTERNS

Front views, yardage, details, page 325.

Page 325. Jacket: Butterick Pattern #6759, View A. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 3¾ yards 45" fabric or 2⅝ yards 60" fabric. $5.50. Canada, $7.95. **Pants:** Butterick Pattern #3507, View B. Sizes 6-22. Size 10: 1 yard 60" fabric. $6.95. Canada, $9.50.

6759

3507

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fit for a queen

MARY KILLEN visits corsetiere Rigby & Peller, supporter of royalty and the rank and file

People are always ringing up asking what size bra the queen wears,'' says June Kenton, English corsetiere by appointment to Her Majesty. ''And you know I'd rather have my head cut off than tell them.'' Despite the plaque over the door announcing the royal warrant, Rigby & Peller, Kenton's odd little corsetry shop in London, was for years forsaken by the fashionable. Rigby & Peller, thought some, was a tailor to the disabled. Others with a greater, though still dim awareness assumed they catered only to middle-aged governesses with matronly spreads.

In 1985, when the first trendy did actually venture inside, she was greatly surprised. Though she did not find herself sharing a cubicle with Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Margaret, or the Queen Mother (Rigby & Peller visits the palace to fit the royals, not vice versa), she did find the store carried a surprising array of the most ungoverness-y undergarments available. Stashed among eccentric, made-to-measure harnesses for less-pert buttocks, and brassieres with bust pockets for the insertion of silicone enhancers, were pieces so exquisite and beautifully made they could easily be worn as outerwear. Waist Clinchers and Merry Widows were duly adopted by such trendsetters as Lucy Ferry and Madonna. Isabelle Pasco graced the cover of *Tatler* magazine cinched into one of Rigby & Peller's cream satin brassieres.

The Rigby & Peller sales staff is trained to fit and advise customers on every matter of the corset—beginning with how to get into one. When a prospective brassiere purchaser enters the fitting room, a saleswoman follows. She encourages the client to lean forward and reaches around from behind with firm hands to help feed the bust correctly into the cups.

And at Rigby & Peller they know how important it is that a bust be ''trained'' from its earliest existence. ''Most mums buy a 32B for their daughter's first bra,'' says Kenton, ''then keep increasing the numbers—34B, 36B. They never think that it's the cup size that should go up. But then who is there to tell them? Most stores don't have well-trained salespeople. You just pick up a bra and try it on yourself.

''Most important,'' she stresses, ''any woman who is bigger than a C cup should wear a bra.'' Kenton paints a chilling picture of the dreaded condition of women who, for various reasons, decide to go without bras for extended periods of time, only to find that their once erect chests have descended into distressing ''banana bosoms.'' Throwing her elbows back, she jerks them like an adolescent who must, must increase her bust. ''You could go like that for twenty-four hours solid,'' she warns grimly, ''and you'd never get your bust back.''

Kenton is equally articulate about the dangers of ill-fitting brassieres; whenever hers appear in American stores (Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, among others), they are sold by experts. ''Bras can be a detriment to your health,'' she lectures, her eyes conveying that same mix of consternation and motherly concern they have conveyed to generations of ignorant bra buyers. ''When you ask ladies who need the bigger cup size if they get pains in the bottom of their neck, they say yes. It's because the bra has been badly fitted. The shoulders are doing all the work.'' The superbust in particular must be trained like a climbing rose to grow upward and outward, not to flop sideward and downward. Fortunately, Americans can take advantage of the professional guidance that has shaped some of England's most prominent figures.

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